

LIFE



PLAYING WITH SHADOWS

JULY 30, 1945 **10** CENTS
BY SUBSCRIPTION: TWO YEARS \$8.50

**PRIORITY
AA-1**



**OVER HALF THE VERY FEW PARKER 51's BEING
MADE ARE DELIVERED TO THE ARMED FORCES
ON PRIORITY AA-1 ORDER.**

PARKER 51's play their part in scheduling troop movements—in keeping ships' logs up to date on all the seven seas—in stimulating the flow of those precious letters to home.

Here's a typical sample of what their fighting owners think about them. It comes from a rifleman who has seen plenty of action with the 7th Army. "My Parker '51' always seems so anxious to write, it makes it easy to keep up on my letters to home. Naturally, we don't have blotters, so I'm mighty thankful for the way this pen writes dry with the special '51' Ink. I guess everyone in the outfit has borrowed my Parker '51' at one time or another. And some of these G.I.'s are pretty heavy-

handed. But this pen is really rugged. It writes smoothly as ever."

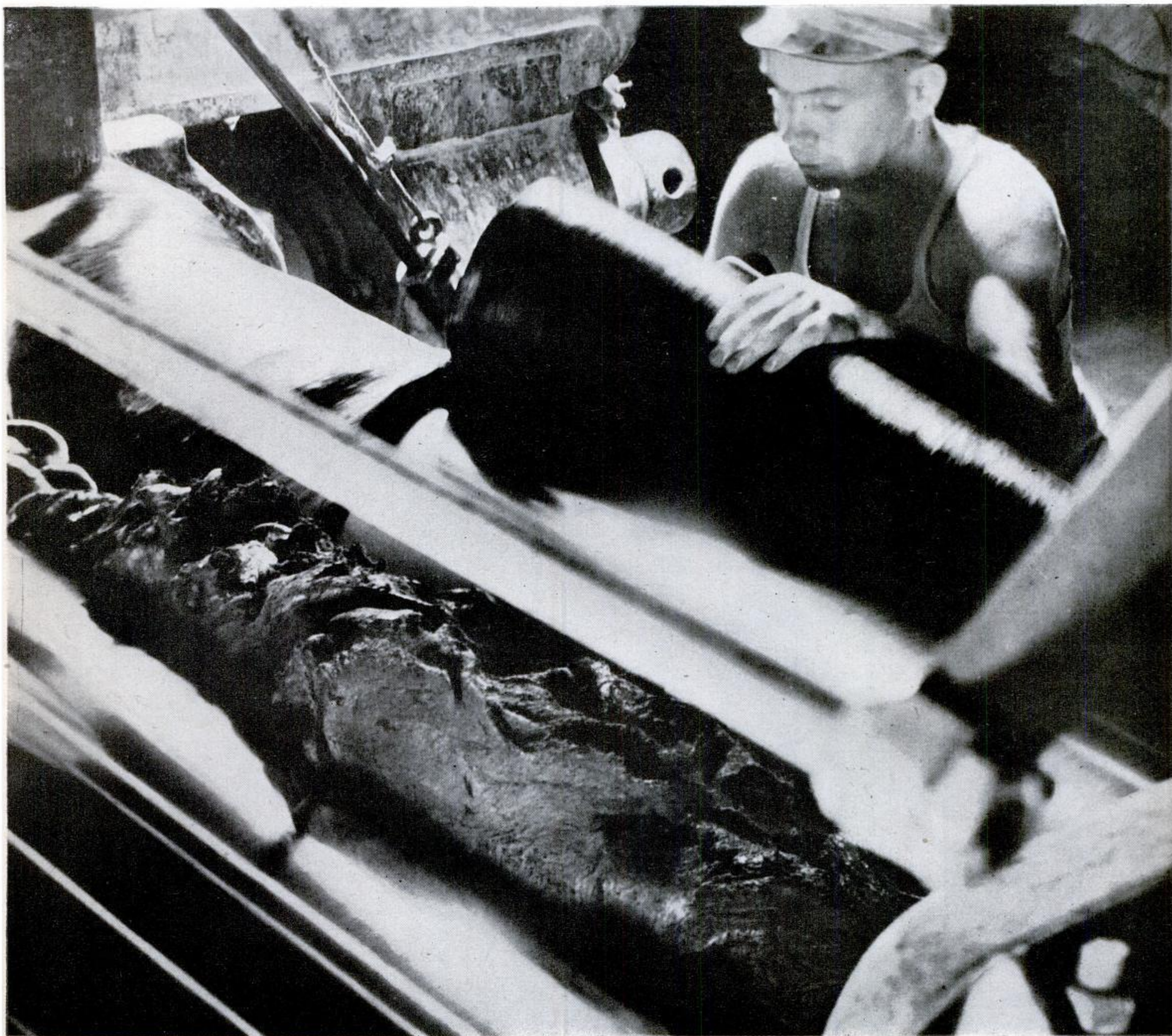
Parker 51's are scarce because we are producing rocket fuzes and other war materials . . . and that will continue to be our first assignment until final Victory. Furthermore, the limited number of 51's we do make are the result of patient, precise craftsmanship. But more may be available sooner than you expect. Your Parker "51" is well worth waiting for. The best way to assure yourself a "51" is to place a reservation order with your Parker dealer now.

Parker "51" Pens are made in four colors: Black, Blue Cedar, Dove Gray, Cordovan Brown. \$12.50 and \$15.00. Pencils, \$5.00 and \$7.50. Sets, \$17.50 to \$80.00. Parker Vacumatic Pens, \$8.75. Pencils, \$4.00.

The Parker Pen Company, Janesville, Wisconsin.

MAKE YOUR DOLLARS FIGHT—BUY WAR BONDS!

PARKER "51"



Announcing a new, better synthetic rubber for tires

Another example of "building for today, testing for tomorrow"

B. F. Goodrich has announced that it is now making tires of a new kind of synthetic rubber, different from the synthetic rubber which is in general use by the tire industry.

The new rubber is a B. F. Goodrich development. Tires made of it give longer wear than those made of ordinary synthetic. They run cooler, which is especially important in big truck tires that often get hotter than boiling water

under heavy loads on hot pavements.

The new rubber was actually developed months ago and made in plants operated for the government by B. F. Goodrich. For a while it was used only in military tires, then in tires for heavy trucks. Now it is also going into new B. F. Goodrich tires for passenger cars. Tires containing it will stand up better under heat or under constant flexing, will wear longer, will even have more

resistance to bruising or damage from accident. They'll also have more resistance to cracking, and they'll be able to stand higher speeds.

This new, better rubber, so important it was a military secret until recently, is one more example of constant development at B. F. Goodrich—the kind of improvement that will bring America far better products after the war than we ever had before. Yet it's only one of dozens of tire improvements made by B. F. Goodrich in the last few years. It's

another indication that you get extra value, extra economy, whenever you buy a B. F. Goodrich tire. *The B. F. Goodrich Company, Akron, Ohio.*

In war or peace

B.F. Goodrich

FIRST IN RUBBER

This One



9S03-LE4-0XQX



"Gee—Mom!

**You thought of everything—even
my BIG YANK SHIRTS!"**

Thousands of our boys—home again—are thanking their mothers and wives for remembering their old favorites. The special things they loved to eat—and the Big Yank Shirts they liked to wear. Their Big Yank Shirts and Pants are their civvies now.

The Reliance factories, winners of three Army-Navy "E" flags, are still largely engaged in production for our armed forces, so the supply of Big Yanks and other famous Reliance brands continues far smaller than the demand.



RELIANCE MANUFACTURING COMPANY

212 W. Monroe St., Chicago 6, Ill.

New York Offices: 200 Fifth Ave., 1350 Broadway

MAKERS OF Big Yank Work Clothing • Yank Jr. Boys' Wear • Ensenada Shirts and Slacks • Kay Whitney and Happy Home Frocks • Universal Shirts and Pajamas • No-Tare Shorts • Aywon Shirts • Parachutes for Men and Matériel.



LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

"BEEF"

Sirs:

LIFE scored another smash in the July 9 issue. Your sensational article on the meat situation should make everyone realize the vast supplies that are required by the armed forces.

Because of such interesting and timely articles LIFE grows better and better each week.

JOHN C. LIPSEY

Chicago, Ill.

126 POUNDS

Sirs:

Paddy Ellerton, your cover girl for July 9, certainly does have "an ideal figure for this type of 1945 suit," but at 5 ft. 10½ in. it takes more than 126 pounds to look like that.

JUDY MIGNARD

Springfield, Mo.



5 FT. 10½ IN. TALL, 126 LB.

Sirs:

I am 5 ft. 9 in., weigh 170 pounds and am not considered hefty. I have several friends at 5 ft. 10 in. who weigh at least 150 pounds and they're considered skinny.

DOROTHY M. STUMP

Detroit, Mich.

Sirs:

... I am surprised that she even looks healthy.

R. MACK

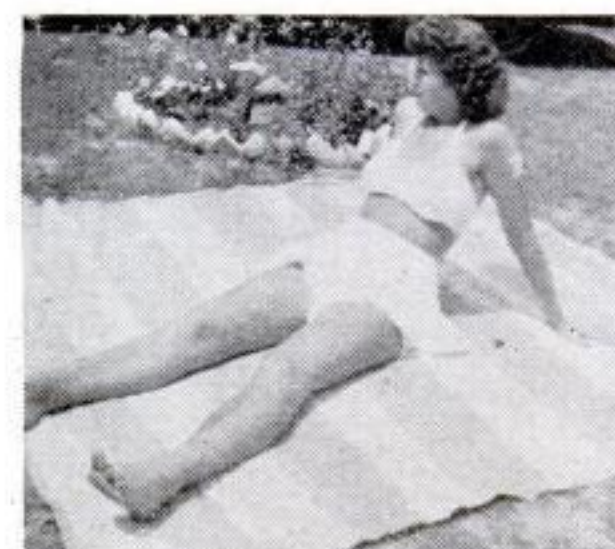
Quincy, Ill.

● Cover Girl Paddy Ellerton does stand 5 ft. 10½ in. tall, does weigh 126 pounds, is extremely healthy.—ED.

Sirs:

Here is a snapshot of my sister Betsy Anne. She happens to be exactly the same height and weight as Paddy Ellerton, your cover girl.

She has always worried about her height, but now since the trend seems



to be to long, lean gals, I think she should relax, don't you?

RUTH L. RIDDICK

Harriman, Tenn.

● Yes.—ED.

"DESERT OF MAINE"

Sirs:

In your article "The Desert of Maine" (LIFE, July 9) you neglected to mention some of its most interesting sights.

As a devoted Maine vacationer and a frequent visitor to the desert, I feel an urge to sound off about this unusual spot.

The last time I was there, about three years ago, there was an apple tree in full bloom. Its branches had determinedly pushed up through the fine, colored sand. There is also a natural spring of pure, clear water. The springhouse had been completely covered by sand. About a year later water bubbled up some 50 feet away. The water is constantly filtered through the sand, thereby purified, and a temperature of 50° is maintained.

Girls from surrounding farms worked in the small store there, separating vari-colored sand and pouring the sand with a spoon into jars, forming lovely rainbow patterns. These were favorite souvenirs.

Last but not least, the late Mr. Polahewich who, I believe, owned the Freeport freak desert, imported a camel for the desert. He named it Tuna.

Some of my friends have expressed skepticism when I told them about the desert of Maine. Many thanks for lending credence to my story.

ADRIENES ST. STERN

Washington, D.C.

INTERNATIONAL ROMANCE

Sirs:

Talking about keeping up the American GIs' morale, how about the girls back home? We're referring to the article "Life Visits the GI Riviera" (LIFE, July 9).

If T/Sgt. Jimmy Stewart has a girl back here in the States, we can imagine that she enjoyed the pictures....

MARGARET MINNER

KAY KIRK

HELEN BERN

ALMIRA BOCK

Detroit, Mich.

Sirs:

... If I were overseas I'd certainly try and get myself a doll like that French babe. You can keep all your jive-happy May Joneses and Lizzie Smiths, just give me a girl like Josette.

JOHN FRANK

New York, N.Y.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 4

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LIFE
July 30, 1945

Volume 16
Number 5



AMERICAN MORTAR CREW IN ACTION ON PACIFIC BATTLEFRONT. SOLDIER AT LEFT IS GETTING TELEPHONE REPORTS FROM AN OBSERVER.

Millions of Military Telephones

In the last five years the Bell System has furnished millions of telephones for war, including 1,325,000 head sets for air and ground forces and more than 1,500,000 microphones. . . . Also more than 1,000,000 airplane radio transmitters and receivers . . . 4,000,000 miles of telephone wire in cables . . . a vast quantity of switchboards, gun directors and secret combat equipment. That helps to explain why we are short of all kinds of telephone facilities here at home.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM



★ **GARY COOPER** producer and star of "Along Came Jones",
an International picture

BACK FROM THE SOUTH PACIFIC

Gary Cooper

SAYS

**"I've never
found
anything
like it!"**



"I discovered Ammen's Powder during my short visit to American and Australian troops in the South Pacific. I think it is wonderful."

FOR QUICK RELIEF FROM IRRITATED SKIN, SUNBURN

When stinging, itchy skin makes you feel like a pincushion, get fast relief. Try Ammen's Antiseptic Powder yourself.

Ammen's is so soft and gentle, so soothing, it quickly puts your skin "at ease." Just dust it on. Its medically active ingredients go to work—fast!

Discover, as Gary Cooper did, how effective this supersoft powder is. It's used the world over by the U. S. Army, Navy and Marine Corps. Ammen's dries irritating perspiration, checks harmful bacterial growth and soothes the skin. It's wonderful for baby's tender skin, too.

Ask your doctor about Ammen's. Get a package at your favorite drug counter today. No finer powder is made. 25¢.

AMMEN'S

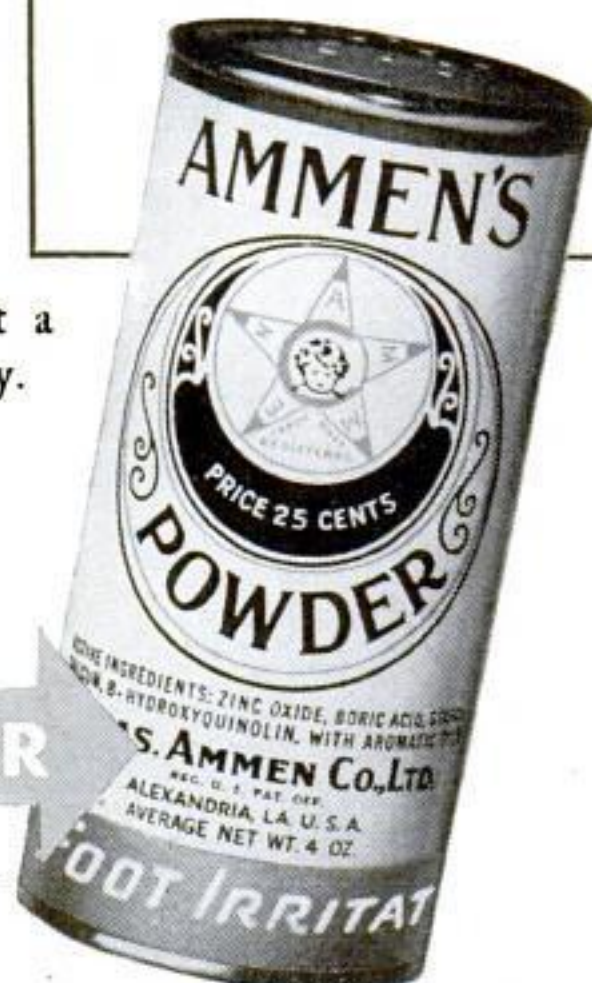
ANTISEPTIC POWDER

ABSORBENT • ANALGESIC

CHAS. AMMEN COMPANY, LTD., ALEXANDRIA, LOUISIANA

Its medically active ingredients go to work fast on

Itching Skin • Chafing • Prickly Heat • Insect Bites • Sunburn • Nettle Rash • Diaper Rash • and all minor skin and foot irritations.



LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

CONTINUED

BARENESS AND SPANKING

Sirs:

Darn Mrs. Scrofulos for her suggestion (Letters to the Editors, LIFE, July 9) that girls who enjoy bareness should be spanked. Though I don't belong in the "bare" category, nonetheless Mom took her suggestion. The result—I have just been spanked. Me—at 19!

When I came in at 2 a.m. and Mom started lecturing me, I talked back. The result was a spanking on my own bare bottom with the flat of her hand. I hadn't been spanked since I was 12, so I didn't remember how it could burn...

Much as I hate to admit it though, it really does a girl a lot of good when she thinks she's too big to mind. I imagine that I'm the only girl in the country who is ever spanked, but I do wish you would print this letter so that the good mother may know that at least one parent took her well-meaning advice!

ANNE ELLEN DAVIS

Petersburg, Va.

PSYCHOLOGICAL WARFARE

Sirs:

The Japanese, too, are using propaganda leaflets like those you show in your July 9 issue. This one I received from a friend of mine serving in the Pacific Theater. The Japs call it the "Triple Threat" card. On the back of this crude drawing they point out that "your commander certainly chose a helluva place to land." The Triple Threat is the tamarau, which is the "fiercest animal on earth," the Anopheles mosquito, which is a "veritable malaria bomber," and the Japanese soldiers. They're even worse than the tamarau or the Anopheles.

The little man being confronted with the Triple Threat is evidently an over-optimistic Japanese version of the American soldier.

C. C. HATHAWAY

Chief, Information Division

U. S. Civil Service Commission
Washington, D. C.



TRIPLE THREAT

BEN JONSON

Sirs:

In the July 9 issue of LIFE I find that you have committed a very common error in spelling Ben Jonson as Ben Johnson. His name is often confused with that of Samuel Johnson, the great lexicographer of the 18th Century.

LOUIS G. HERGERT JR.

Millard's West Point
Preparatory School
Washington, D. C.

Sirs:

O rare Ben Johnson!

LIEUT. E. J. WOODHEAD

West Palm Beach, Fla.

● A stinging rebuke to LIFE's proof-readers.—ED.

ROXBURY

Sirs:

I was, until my recent graduation, a student of the Roxbury Latin School, and I was fortunate enough to appear in three of the photographs you used in your recent account of the school's 300th anniversary (LIFE, July 9). Both as a secretary of the class of 1945 and as an individual may I express my thanks

to LIFE for the honor you have done the school in describing and portraying its activities. . . .

JAMES F. RYAN

Cambridge, Mass.

UNCIO

Sirs:

Your article on the signing of the United Nations Charter (LIFE, July 9), in particular the pictures of the chairmen of the delegations signing, was excellent.

In my mind no better way could be found to place these men in history than you have by picturing them in the process of signing the Charter. . . .

NORMAN A. BONSALE

Brooklyn, N.Y.

Sirs:

... Everyone used his right hand in signing the Charter, which is extremely interesting to note. Evidently the world is currently being represented by right-handed statesmen.

W. C. FRIED

Leesburg, Ind.

Sirs:

... Now I ask you, just what kind of a league can you have without any southpaws?

J. F. O'NEAL

Eagle Bend, Minn.

LIFE for Navy, Coast Guard or Marine Personnel OVERSEAS

On July 1, 1945, a new postal order went into effect providing that subscriptions for Navy, Coast Guard and Marine personnel overseas must be requested in writing by the recipient. To LIFE subscribers and subscription-givers this means:

1. Subscriptions entered prior to July 1, 1945, will continue to be serviced for the full term of the subscription.
2. A new or renewal subscription from an overseas serviceman himself is in itself a request for the magazine.
3. But a new or renewal subscription ordered by anyone other than the serviceman—a relative, friend, or subscription agent—must be accompanied by a written request from the addressee. This applies also to Christmas gift renewals.

In an effort to avoid confusion when gift subscriptions are up for renewal, LIFE has sent to all of its FPO subscribers a Navy-approved form asking for the required request. But we also suggest that readers who have entered or who wish to enter or renew subscriptions for overseas Navy, Coast Guard or Marine personnel ask for the necessary written request from overseas so they'll have it when needed.

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The Very **LATEST** Mystery Best-Sellers by

- ① ERLE STANLEY GARDNER**
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- ③ MARGERY ALLINGHAM**

All 3 Novels COMPLETE in This One Volume!

YES, IT'S TRUE! This grand feast of suspense-packed mystery reading is yours to enjoy **FREE**. Erle Stanley Gardner (creator of the great Perry Mason)—Ngaio Marsh—and Margery Allingham are three of the most famous names in mysterydom. And the very **LATEST** detective novel of each (described below) is selling everywhere right now for \$2.00.

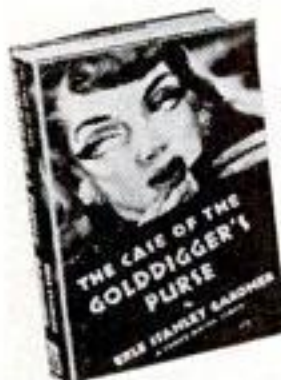
But, as a new member of the Detective Book

Club, you receive **ALL THREE** of them **FREE** in this single handsome gift volume—a \$6.00 value if bought separately!

Yet this is **NOT** a heavy, awkward, "jumbo" book. Its handy size and large, clear print are perfect for comfortable hour-after-hour reading pleasure. Here is a "triple-decker treat" for every mystery fan. Accept it now—as your trial-membership gift from the Detective Book Club!

A gold digger almost digs **PERRY MASON'S** grave—in this **NEWEST GARDNER** thriller—
The Case of the

GOLDDIGGER'S PURSE



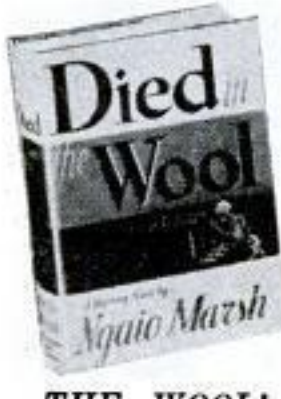
WHEN PERRY MASON'S streamlined secretary, Della Street, looked inside the blonde gold digger's purse, she spied a roll of bills big enough to choke a sword-swallower... AND the gun that killed Harrison Faulkner!

Mason and Della (for reasons of their own) fail to let the police in on their secret. Then—too late—it dawns on them that Della's fingerprints are on the gun. The police hold the gold digger AND Mason AND Della for murder. Mason has to solve the disappearances of (1) "The Fish of Death," (2) the medicine formula, (3) the vanishing bullet, and (4) the real murderer!

FIVE MILLION Erle Stanley Gardner books were sold last year alone! As you watch Perry Mason fit together this macabre jig-saw puzzle, you'll quickly know why!

World's first "died-in-the-wool" murder victim
—in **NGAIO MARSH'S** **NEWEST** Baffler

DIED IN THE WOOL



YOU MAY NOT speak so lightly of being a "dyed-in-the-wool" mystery fan after *this*. You will remember Florence Rubrick!

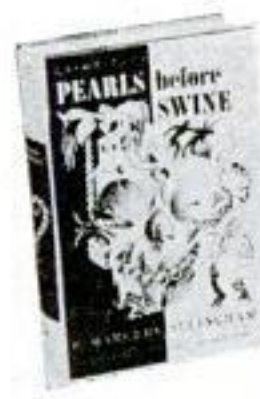
While the guests at her great New Zealand sheep ranch *supposedly* searched the dark garden path for her missing brooch—while the Dunkirk veteran *supposedly* "blackened out"—while the young musician *supposedly* played Bach's "Art of Fugue" inside—**Florence Rubrick DIED IN**

THE WOOL! Some horribly literal-minded killer stuffed her unconscious body down into the freshly-sheared fleece in the wool press—and baled her up!

Now follow the famous Inspector Alleyn—or steal a march on him if you can!—as he goes over the swiftly fading murder trail. You'll have a murderous tussle with quite a few baffling questions and clues... in this first novel by the great Ngaio Marsh in 2 years!

Poof! Murder is a mere trifle—in this **NEWEST MARGERY ALLINGHAM** triumph

PEARLS BEFORE SWINE



IMPORTANT? A modest murder like this? Poof! Compared to the great secret plot slowly gripping London, the poisoning of a flyweight flit like Moppett Lewis seems a mere bagatelle...

But sleuth Albert Campion suddenly senses that it—and the deucedly odd events which follow it—are all *separate fingers of the same giant menacing hand*. For what else would explain Campion's being chloroformed in "the taxi with the sawed-off door handles"? The peculiar reappearance of the rare wine in a restaurant owned by the murdered woman's husband? That strange wedding "gift" of a faded paper rose and imitation pearls?

Where would you go from here? Maybe you can beat Margery Allingham's noted sleuth to the exciting solution. But you'll have to look sharp and think fast, for this is the author's first novel in four years—and one of the craftiest crimes she's ever created!

WHY THE DETECTIVE BOOK CLUB GIVES YOU THIS TRIPLE-VOLUME FREE

MEMBERS of the Detective Book Club can get in one handsome volume, three **BRAND-NEW** topnotch mystery novels each month—for the usual price of **ONE!** And **EACH** of the three is a complete, full length, unabridged and uncondensed novel. So that your eyes may be opened to what our members have been enjoying—and what *you* have been missing—you are invited to accept one of these three-in-one Club volumes **FREE**.

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The selections of the Club are **ALL** books that sell everywhere for \$2.00 each. Yet, as a member of the Club, you get three of them in one volume (a \$6.00 value) for only \$1.89! You do not have to take a volume every month—you may accept as few as four during the whole year and still save two-thirds of the usual price on those you purchase.

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(1) Every month you are offered the cream of the finest modern detective books—by the best authors. (2) You save two-thirds usual cost. (3) Your books are delivered right to your door. Each book is fresh, clean, unopened. It will be right at your elbow whenever you are in the mood, to read as leisurely as you please. (4) You will receive volumes so well printed, so attractively bound, that month by month they will grow into a handsome library of masterpieces of modern detective fiction.

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By accepting this **FREE** copy of the triple-volume described on this page now as a Charter Membership Gift from the Club, you will not be obligated to take every month's selection during the next 12 months. You may take as few as four during that time. You may cancel your membership whenever you wish. A description of the next month's selections will be sent you with each month's book, and you may reject in advance any volume you do not want.

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PLEASE PRINT PLAINLY

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City..... Zone No. (if any)..... State.....



FIVE-YEAR-OLD JOHN CURTIS SINGLEAR III MAKES A GROTESQUE SHADOW IN THE SAND



ON STATEN ISLAND, N.Y. BEACH SANDRA LUCAA STUDIES A FISH, MAKES CURIOUS SHADOW



WITH FRIEND SANDRA MAKES SHADOW OF DUCK ATTACKING ANOTHER DUCK



BY STANDING ON A CRATE SANDRA CAN MAKE SKIRT FLAP, CREATE SHADOW OF A WITCH



EXPERIMENTING WITH DUCK SHADOW (ABOVE) SHE ACHIEVES THIS EFFECT

SPEAKING OF PICTURES . . .

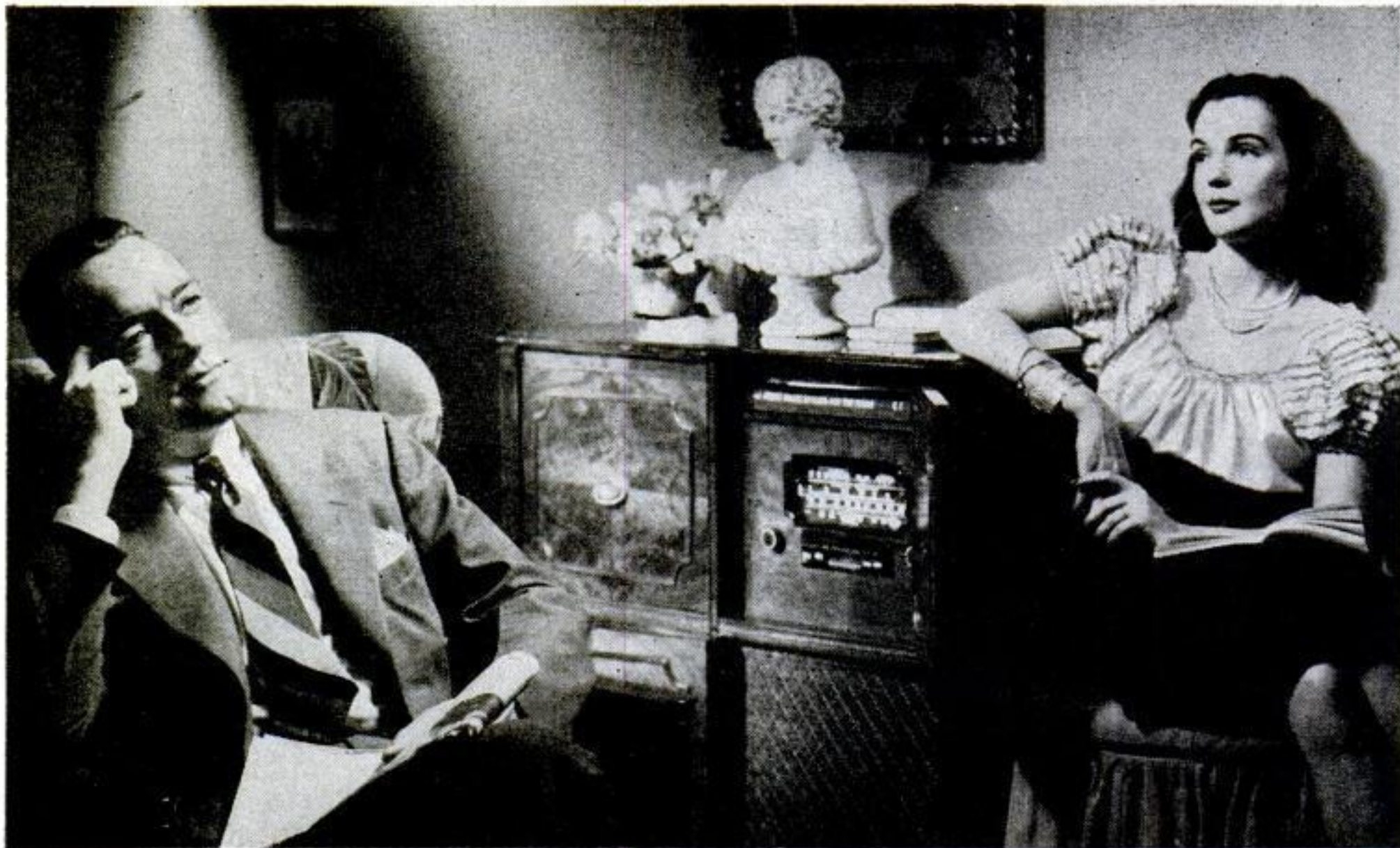
. . . CHILDREN MAKE FASCINATING SHADOWS ON THE SAND

The infinite imagination of young children rarely finds as fertile a field for its expression as when the children are turned loose on a wide stretch of wet, velvety sand. The ebb of waves against sand produces a very interesting prickling sensation about the toes

(next page). Wet sand generally makes quite as satisfactory castles as mud. It also tastes better. But one of the beach's most fascinating uses is that of furnishing an excellent background for shadows.

Besides fascinating the children, this shadow game

caught the attention of New York Photographer Harriet Arnold when she was visiting in Florida last winter. Miss Arnold became so preoccupied with this sand game that she has been photographing it at every opportunity since. These engaging pictures are the result.



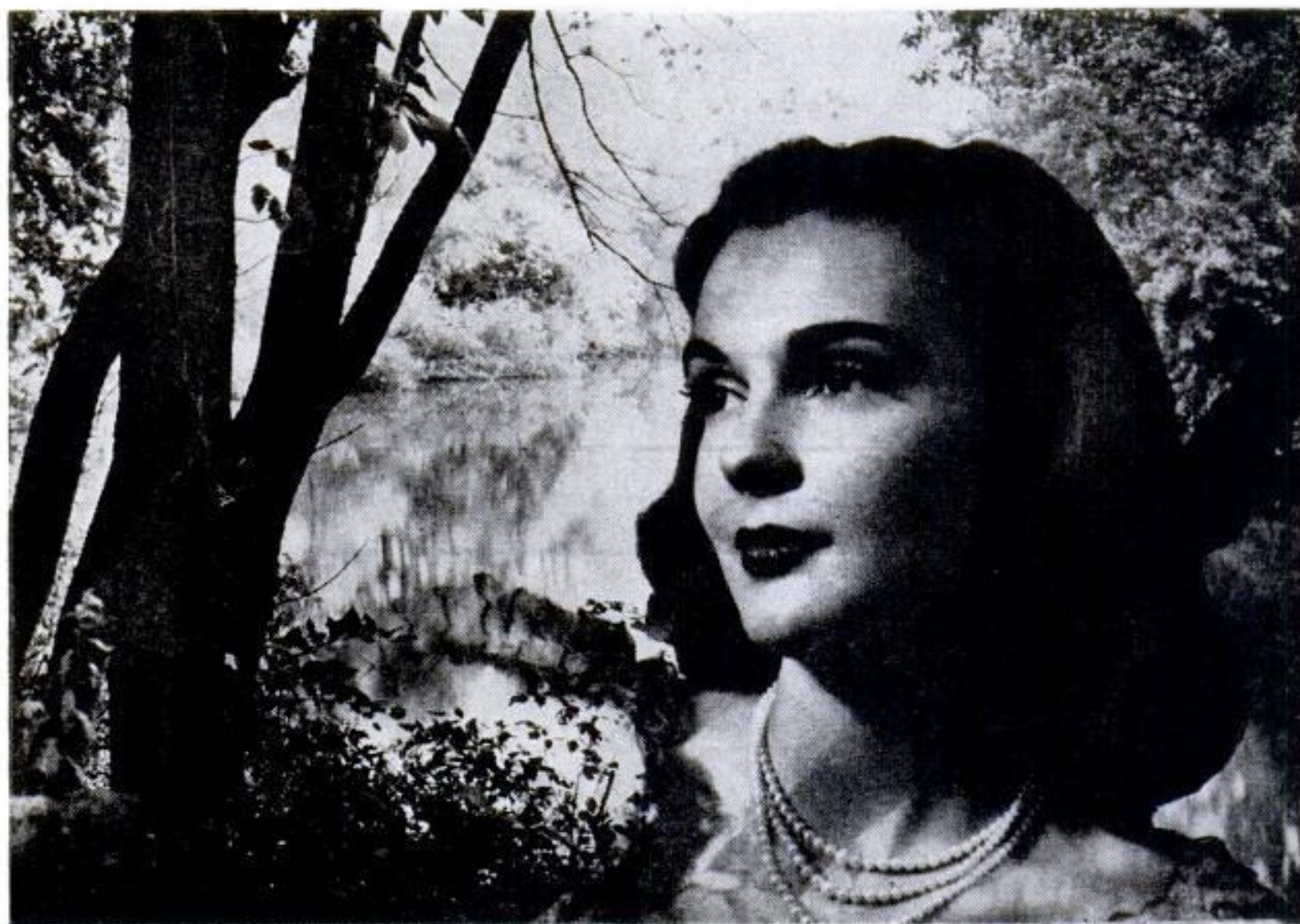
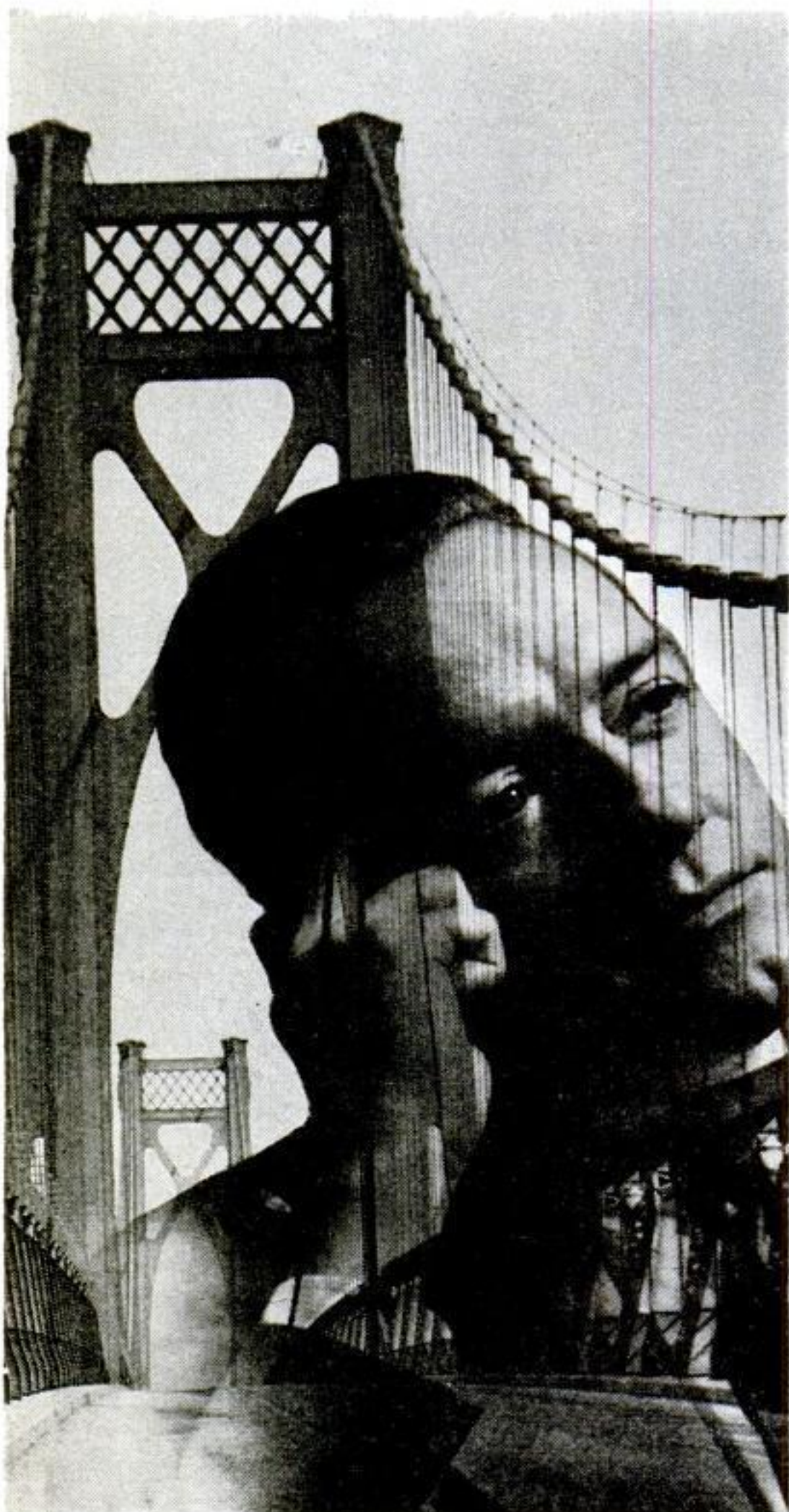
Even above the special pleasure of sharing music with others are the things that music does for you alone as it reaches deep inside into your private world of memories, ambitions, hopes. Sometimes it's loneliness made into a song by a cowboy under the stars... or primitive sadness that's worked its way into a dance tune... a love song centuries old, or one published yesterday... Whatever kind of music means most to you will mean even more when you hear it at its best — on a Stromberg-Carlson.

For as Stromberg-Carlson brings you FM and standard broadcast, you will hear all radio programs as you would expect to hear them in the broadcasting studio... music with tones you couldn't hear before! Richer. More beautiful, more meaningful.

When you listen to Stromberg-Carlson clarity and tone, you won't settle for less.

HE PLANNED A GREAT BRIDGE...

FOR HER IT WAS TWILIGHT BY A LITTLE LAKE



EVEN GREATER TREATS ARE IN STORE for those who choose Stromberg-Carlson as their *next* radio-phonograph—after the war. For in planning our new instruments we have put even stronger emphasis on traditional Stromberg-Carlson features—handsomely designed cabinets—glorious tone in radio reception and record reproduction. You can be sure that the coming Stromberg-Carlsons, priced in a broad range, will satisfy your highest expectations.

For the main radio in your home...

there is nothing finer than a

STROMBERG-CARLSON

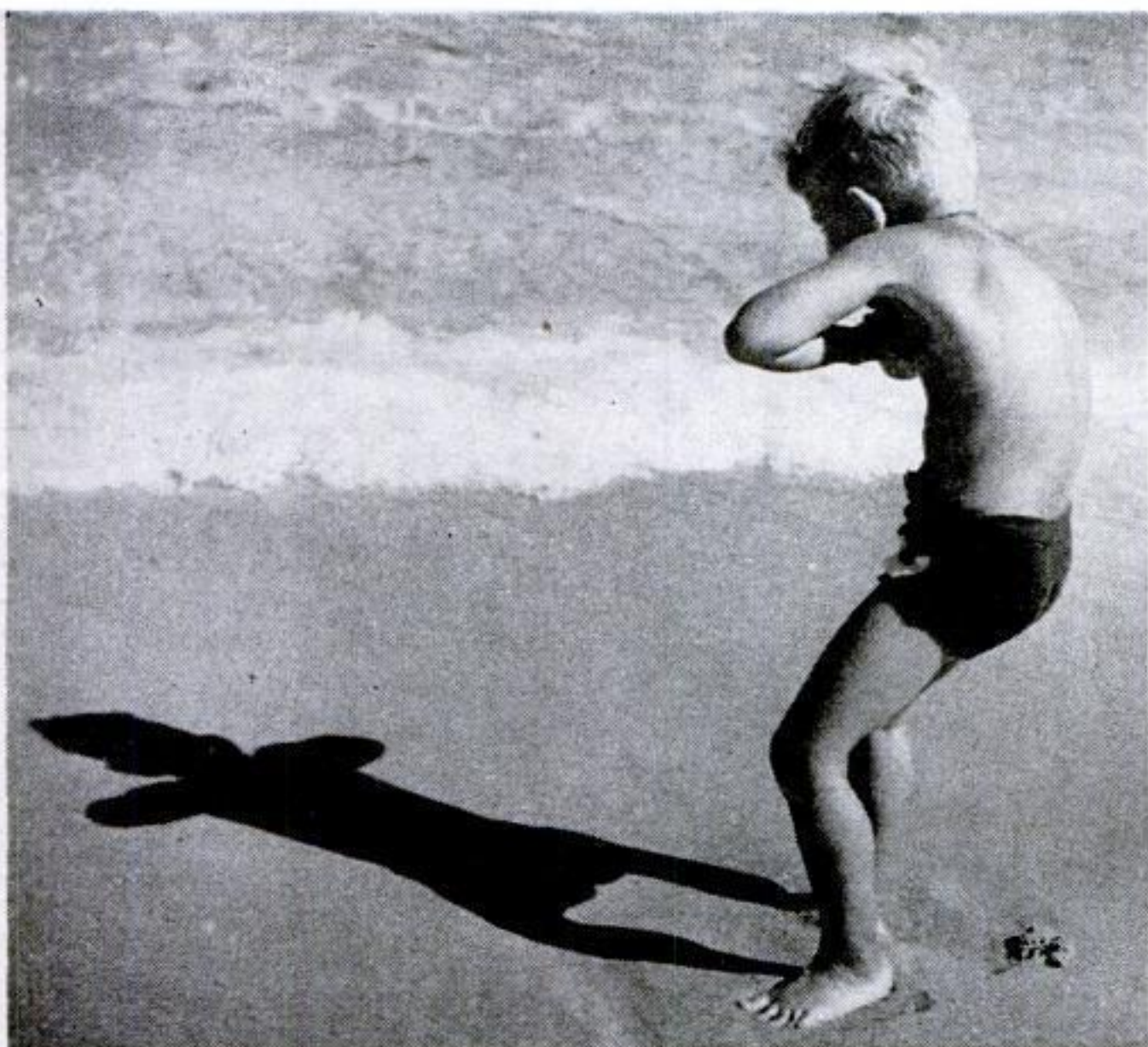
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SPEAKING OF PICTURES

CONTINUED



Lane Delbridge uses two fingers and ten toes to experiment with mild undertow at the water's edge. This picture, like one on cover, was taken at Delray Beach, Fla.



"Jackie" Sinclear hunches his shoulders to make a more interesting shadow than one on page 6. Jackie's father is Army major, has not seen Jackie for three years.



Rockwell P. Harrington manages a head-and-shoulders shadow by squating down in the sand. "Rocky" is visiting his grandparents on Staten Island for the summer.



HE SELLS FLYING FROM THE GROUND UP!

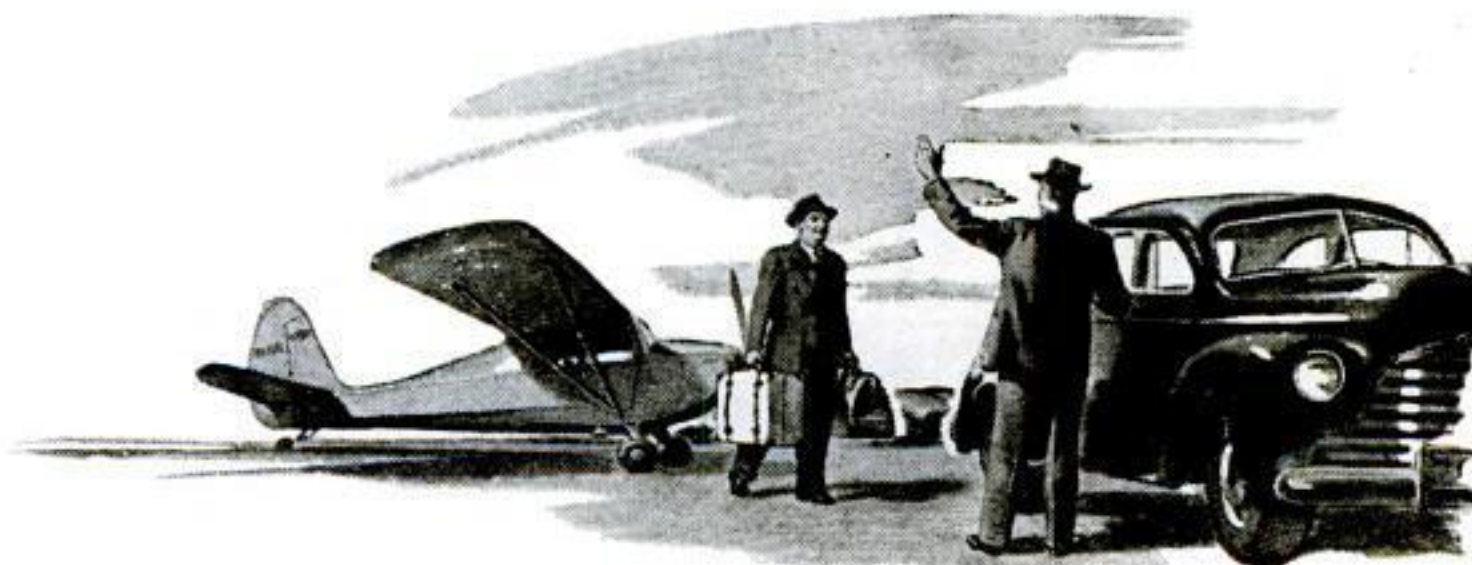
He's a new kind of independent business man. His head's in the clouds, but his feet are on the ground. He sells Aeronca personal planes and service, with equal emphasis on both—proud to represent Aeronca in his territory.

Aeronca can't help knowing a thing or two about personal flying. They produced the first light plane ever made. That was 17 years ago, and they've been making 'em ever since. They know good flying depends on good service—and that you can't enjoy good flying without a network of airports and landing strips everywhere.

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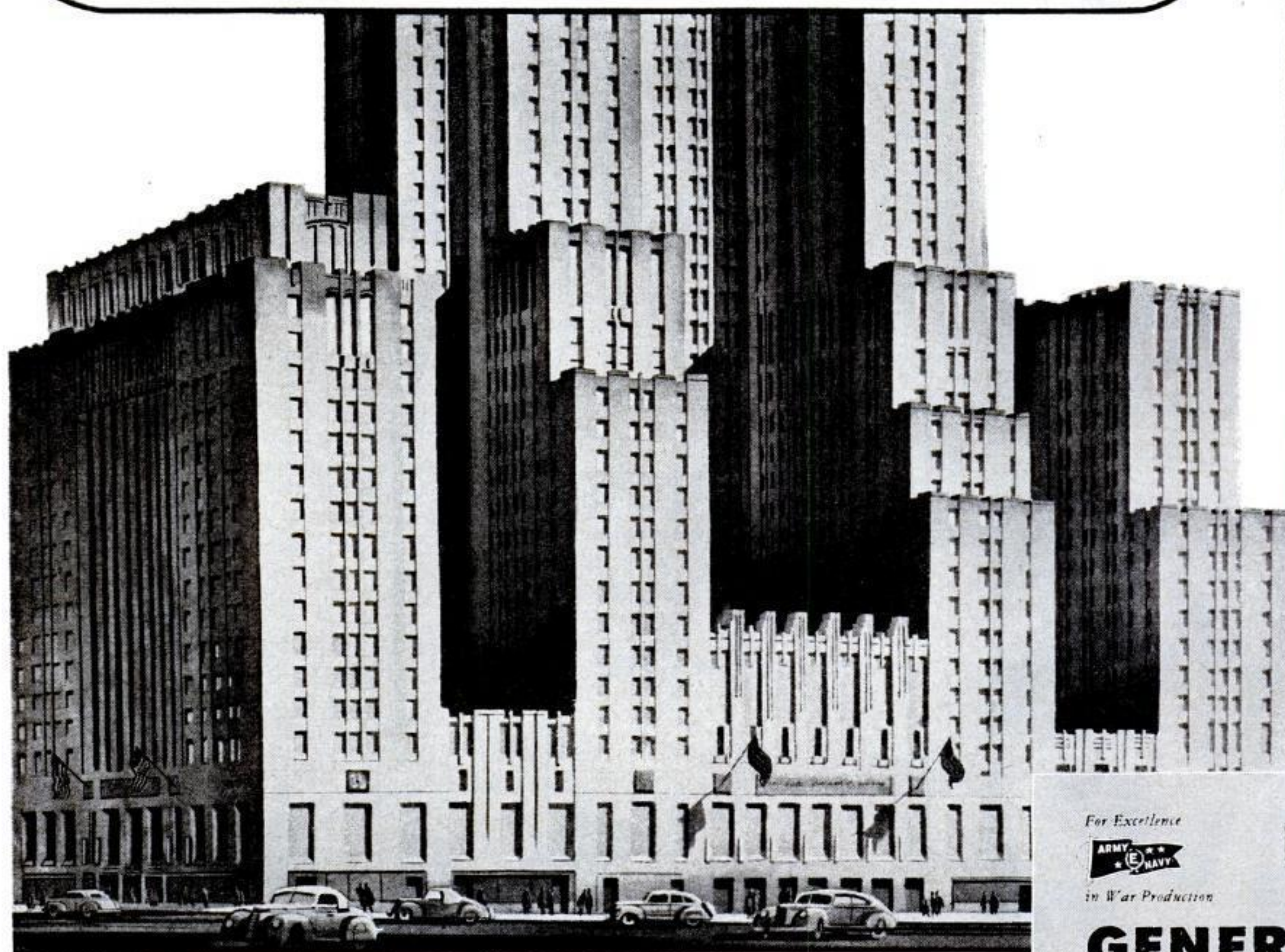
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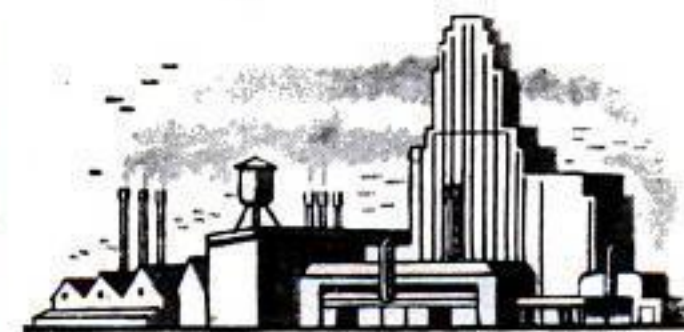


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LIFE'S PICTURES

To get the exhaustive story on Displaced Persons in Europe (pp. 13-19), LIFE Photographer David Scherman traveled 1,500 miles through five countries in just seven days. He was shocked by the squalor of the trainloads of Russians. His final job was to follow two Dutch girls from their transient camp in Bavaria to their homes in Amsterdam and Leiden. When he finished, he was an authority on the vast and complex subject of Displaced Persons.

The following list, page by page, shows the source from which each picture in this issue was gathered. Where a single page is indebted to several sources, credit is recorded picture by picture (left to right, top to bottom) and line by line (lines separated by dashes) unless otherwise specified.

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ABBREVIATIONS: T., TOP; A. P., ASSOCIATED PRESS; B. S., BLACK STAR; INT., INTERNATIONAL; W. W., WIDE WORLD



LIFE'S COVER

The curly-headed girl on LIFE's cover is Lane Delbridge, who is a North Carolinian but like many another child spends most of her time away from home following her Army father. Corporal Delbridge is instructing at Boca Raton Field, Fla., which gives Lane lots of time at nearby Delray Beach. Last week Lane was 25 months old, which she has found gives her excellent proportions for making shadows in the sand. For pictures of others as fortunate, see pages 6 to 9.

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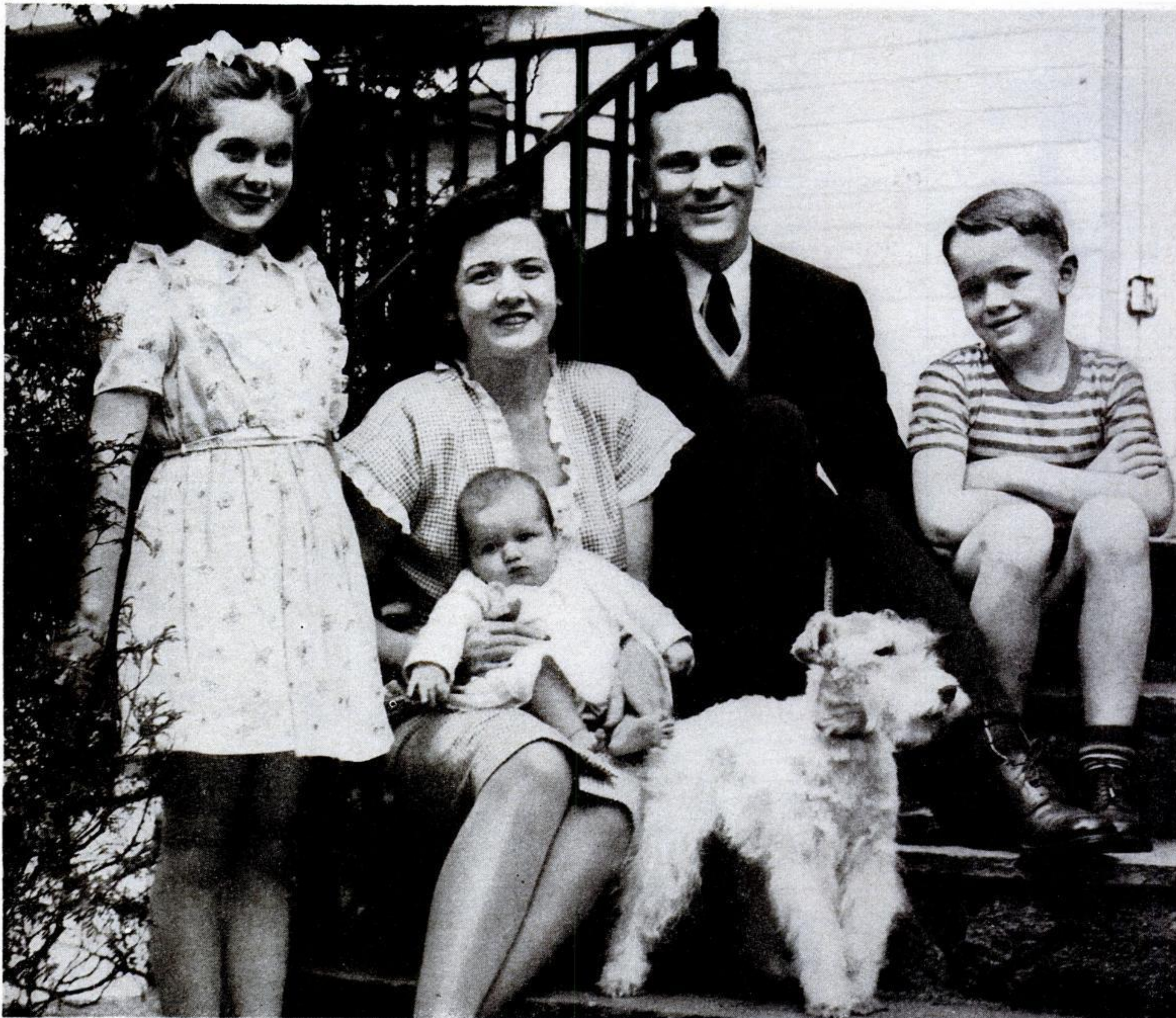
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THE FUTURE BELONGS TO THOSE WHO PREPARE FOR IT



GERMAN REFUGEES AND SOLDIERS HITCHHIKE ON A TRAIN REDEPLOYING U. S. TANKS WEST OF RHINE. DISPLACED PERSONS INCLUDE NEARLY 300,000 GERMANS

DPs

MILLIONS OF "DISPLACED PERSONS" STREAM ACROSS EUROPE TO THEIR HOMES

The march of the Displaced Persons, the biggest and quickest mass migration in world history, was last week drawing to a close. Amid the ruins of Germany the Allies had carried out with surprising speed and efficiency the huge and terrifying task of unscrambling Nazi Europe. Everything on that chaotic continent was waiting for this time of transition to finish, until the uprooted millions had again found their own doorsteps and put the "rusty key in the rusty lock" of their old lives. Meanwhile the trains, the carts, the bicycles rolled; the roads rang with the sound of feet plodding back.

The awesomeness of the migration, seen in these pictures by David Scherman, could be read in the bare statistics. In the American and British zones of liberated Europe there had been discovered about 6,700,000 Displaced Persons. Of these about 4,000,000 had been returned home by July 12, leaving 2,700,000 still in the care of the Allied armies and the United Nations Relief and Rehabilitation Administration. Of those returned 1,710,000 were Russians, 1,400,000 French, 257,000 Belgians, 213,000 Dutch. Of those remaining, 970,000 are Poles, 627,000 Rus-

sians, 333,000 Italians, 166,000 Yugoslavs. Of the other nationalities only dribbles are left. Each man, woman and child, except the Russians, has his choice of country. Most Poles, Balts and Yugoslavs elect not to go home, fearing the Communist domination of their fatherlands. In one group of 3,500 Poles, it was reported, only 19 chose to go back to Poland now, before the intentions of the Warsaw government are clear. And even the Russians, who have been ordered back, look forward with apprehension to the Soviet cross-examination as to how they had comported themselves with Germans. There was many a heavy heart, many a shifty eye making its way across the continent of Europe.

Reporters on the scene found the hordes of DPs a depressing sight. Yet the over-all impression left by these pictures is the appearance of health and good cheer on these survivors of up to six years under the Nazis. It was often impossible to read the tragedy of those years behind the face accustomed to self-control and dissimulation. The mark of the Nazi was there but it was not visible. That mark would remain a part of Europe's invisible burden for a generation.

U.S. ARMY CAMP SORTS OUT AND MOVES DPs IN BOXCARS

The "moving of bodies" in lots of 2,000 is the job of this typical transient camp for Displaced Persons in a cavalry barracks at Bamberg, Bavaria. Three U.S. officers, seven enlisted men, five Allied officers and up to 40 Displaced Persons run it efficiently. Usually a

businessman is put in charge of each group of 40. The camp eats well on meat, potatoes, vegetables, milk, margarine, bread, soup, oats and rice requisitioned from the burgomaster. When the camp has collected its quota, a train of box cars rolls up to take them away.



Leaving transient camp of Bamberg, Dutchmen head for train home. Boy carries homemade Dutch flag.



Nursery, or *pouponnière*, at Bamberg holds babies born in Germany, many of them born of German fathers. There was plenty of milk in the camp for them.



An accidental cut on a Dutchman's leg is bound by French nurse. Many are hurt or killed in migration.



German bread is unloaded at camp. Bamberg DPs get German food except for some military rations.



Trainload of Russians, heading east, is kept behind barbed wire to keep them from plundering. They stampeded one inadequate well for much-needed water.



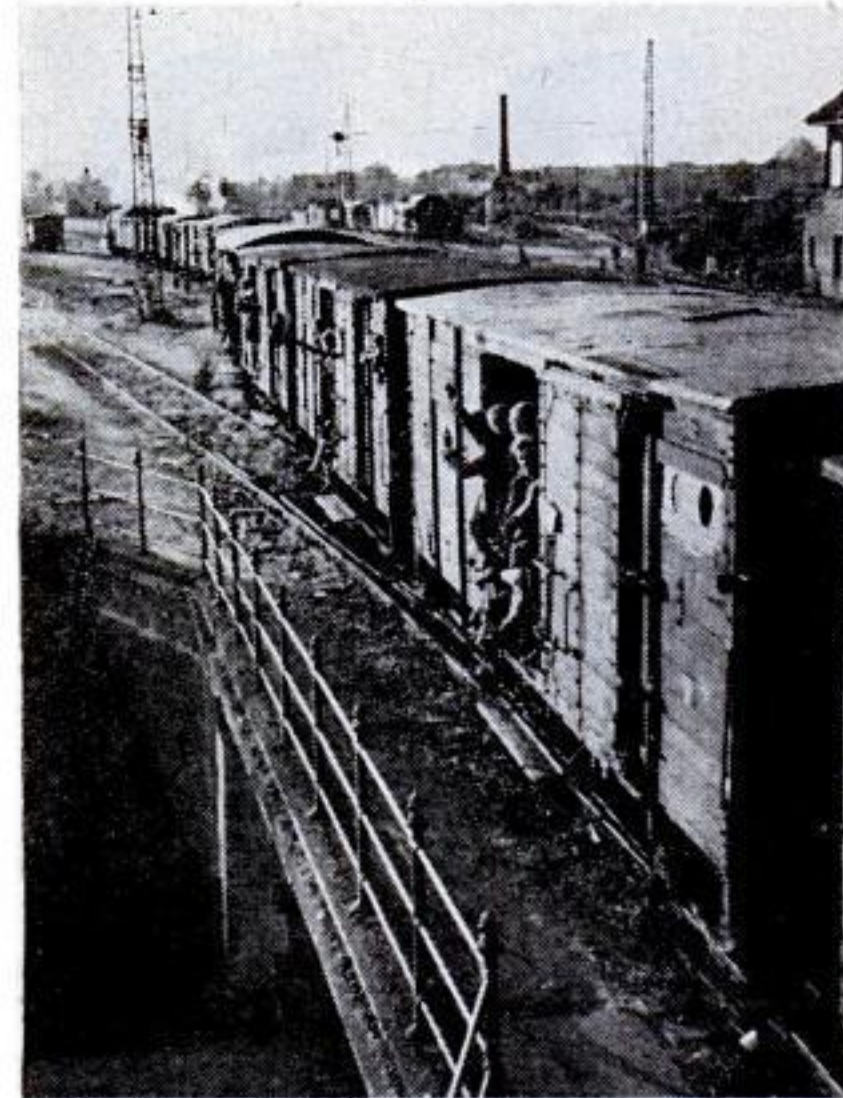
Dutch boys, trained in the Hitler Jugend, are organized in groups of 40. All disclaimed Nazi ideology.



Conjugal life suits the Russians, who have arranged a mezzanine. They appeared "happy in a dour way."



In a coal car three Balts headed east sleep through the day in their blanket rolls. The 25 others who travel in the same car are out foraging for food and water.



Going home, Dutch wave from train leaving Bamberg. They average 40 to a boxcar. This is last lap.



Dutch-German couples must break up, for no Germans are now permitted to emigrate. These young Dutchmen, who had

been taken by the Nazis, married German girls after September 1944, the date after which the Dutch government refuses

to recognize such marriages. The wife of couple at left took it hard. The other couple seemed fairly nonchalant about it.

TWO LITTLE DUTCH GIRLS CROSS EUROPE GOING HOME

The great migration of uprooted people is shadowed in the story of the two little Displaced Persons seen here, Johanna Gerber and Tony Singerling, daughters of an Amsterdam letter carrier and a Rotterdam importer of lumber. Both Girl Scouts, they had survived the invasion and last August were sent to farm camps in the

Netherlands. However, the Germans decided to move the camps and their malleable young inmates to Germany. The two girls met at a Nazi sports camp on the Inn River near Simbach in southern Germany. They remembered that their parents had told them, "Do not believe anything the Germans say," but they had



1 The two girls, Tony Singerling (left), Johanna ("Hanni") Gerber, make friends with doughboy, a camp guard at Bamberg.



2 Camp commandant of Bamberg, Captain Robert Christy, formerly combat engineer, says goodbye to his two young wards.



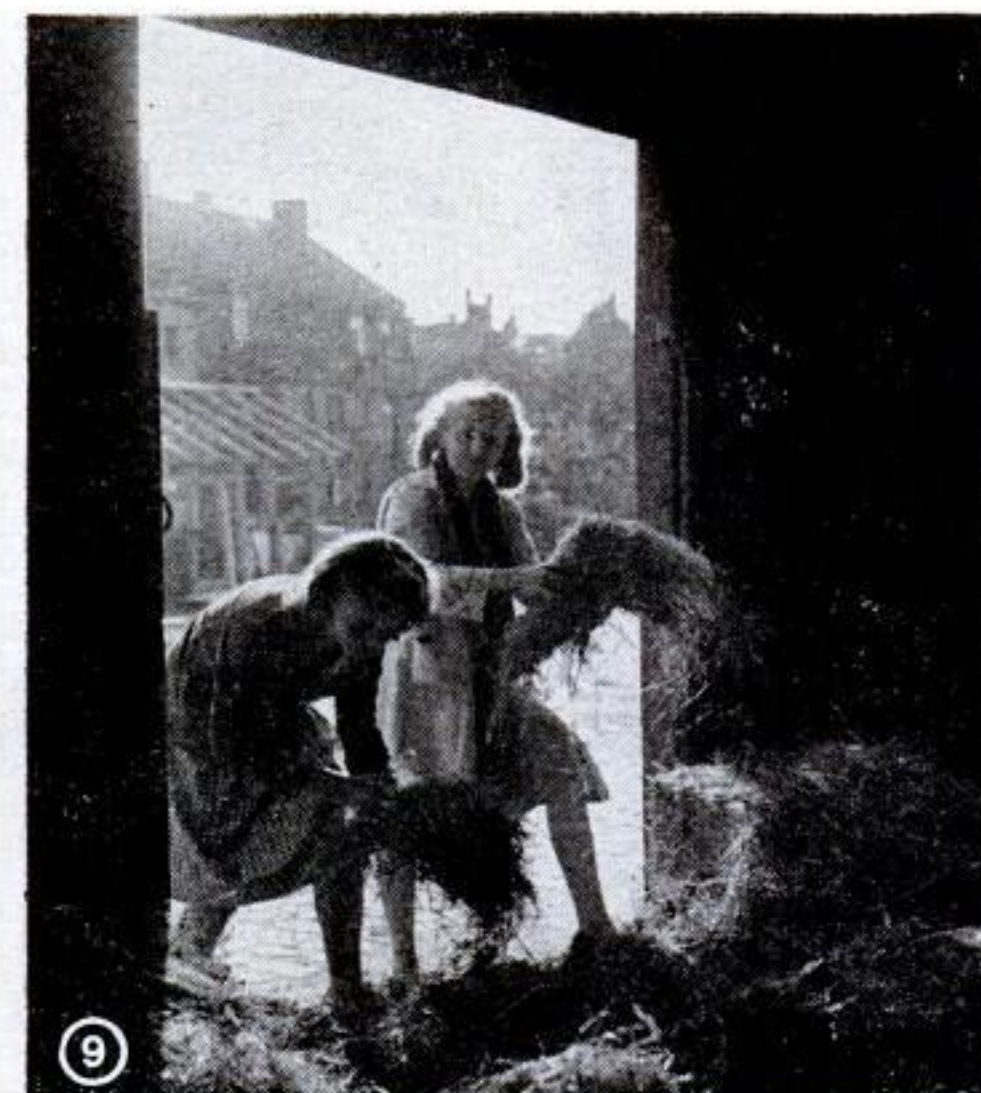
3 Medical examination is given Tony by a Czech refugee doctor as Hanni smiles. Their hair is washed and well-brushed.



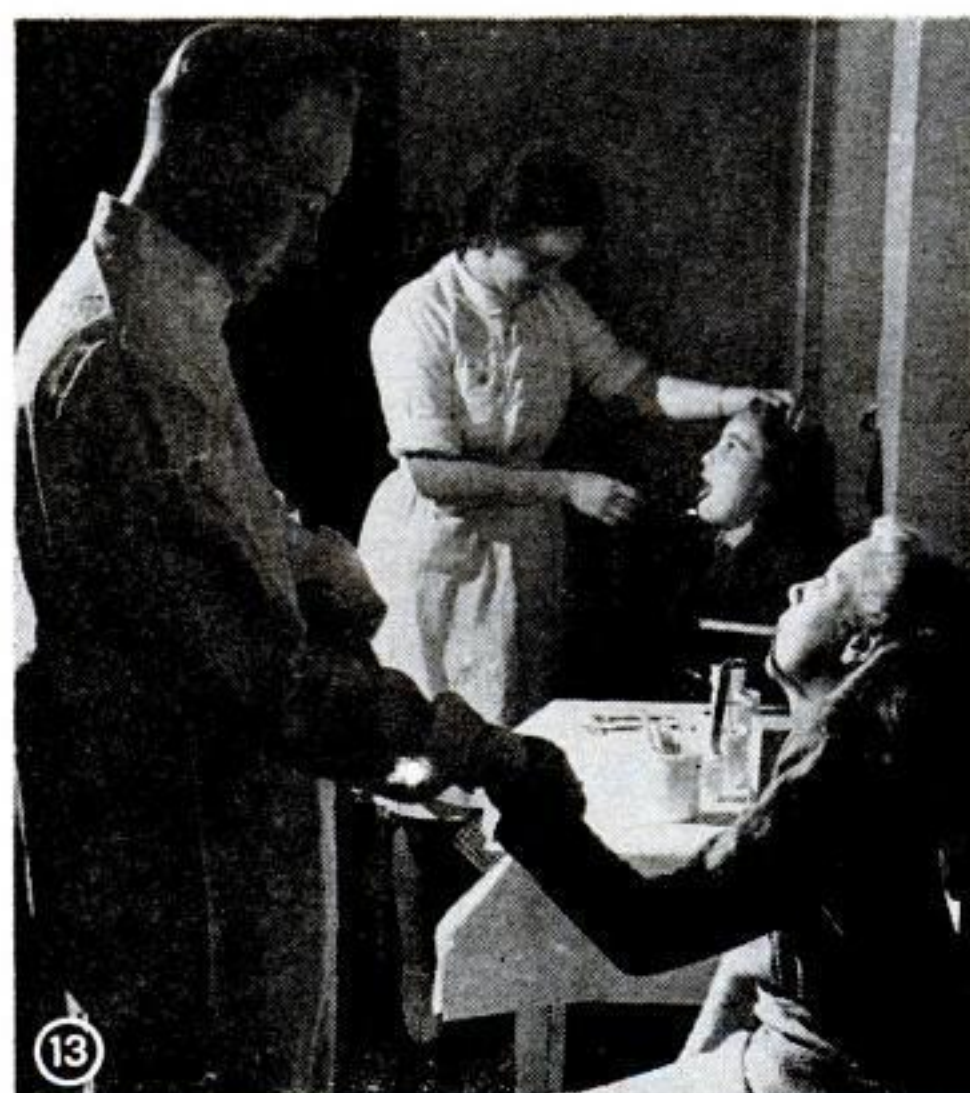
7 They leave Dutch billets of the Bamberg transient camp, carrying their large bundles without much apparent effort.



8 They assemble with a group of 40 other Dutch girls, all going home. Each group draws rations, occupies one freight car.



9 They pile straw, forehandedly, in freight car, having cleverly switched from their group of 40 to car with only nine others.



13 Dutch medical examination, very thorough, certifies that both of the girls are physically healthy, have no contagious diseases.



14 Registration and "screening" certify the two young Dutch girls have clear non-Nazi record, have no contagious politics.



15 Eager to get home, girls start hitchhiking at once toward Hanni's home in Amsterdam instead of waiting for transportation.

a nice time. There the U. S. Army found them, liked them, taught them English, baseball and how to chew gum. In June, American trucks took them first to a Regensburg transient camp, then to the camp at Bamberg (pp. 14-15) in Bavaria. With other teen-age girls they were quartered in an attic room on a layer of straw,

ate well, kept themselves neat and clean. They saw the trains passing, loaded with all the nationalities of Europe. They had learned to walk softly, scrounge food, deal with hostile elders, avoid direct answers, tell skillful halftruths. They could, in short, take care of themselves. At last their turn came to ride home to

the Netherlands. But after this long travail, the sad, unexpected blow fell when they discovered their families were not especially glad to see them. Dreading the charge of collaboration, both families feared the return of daughters from Germany might compromise them all in the eyes of neighbors and Dutch authorities.



4 Extra hot chocolate is given to the departing girls by the cook. Their strange life has made them accomplished scroungers.



5 A last prayer is said hopefully by Hanni and Tony in the Bamberg chapel, which is used by all denominations of Christians.



6 In straw-carpeted dormitory, the girls wait with huge luggage, which includes such loot as binoculars and shoes for brothers.



10 Goodby, Germany, is waved by Hanni (on car step) and Tony (right) as the refugee train pulls out after a five-hour delay.



11 In Holland at last, at Maastricht, the girls wait in the repatriation camp, wet, tired and dirty after the 60-hour train trip.



12 Delousing makes girls squirm. Sign says, "Repatriates! The louse is your enemy." The danger is from louse-borne typhus.



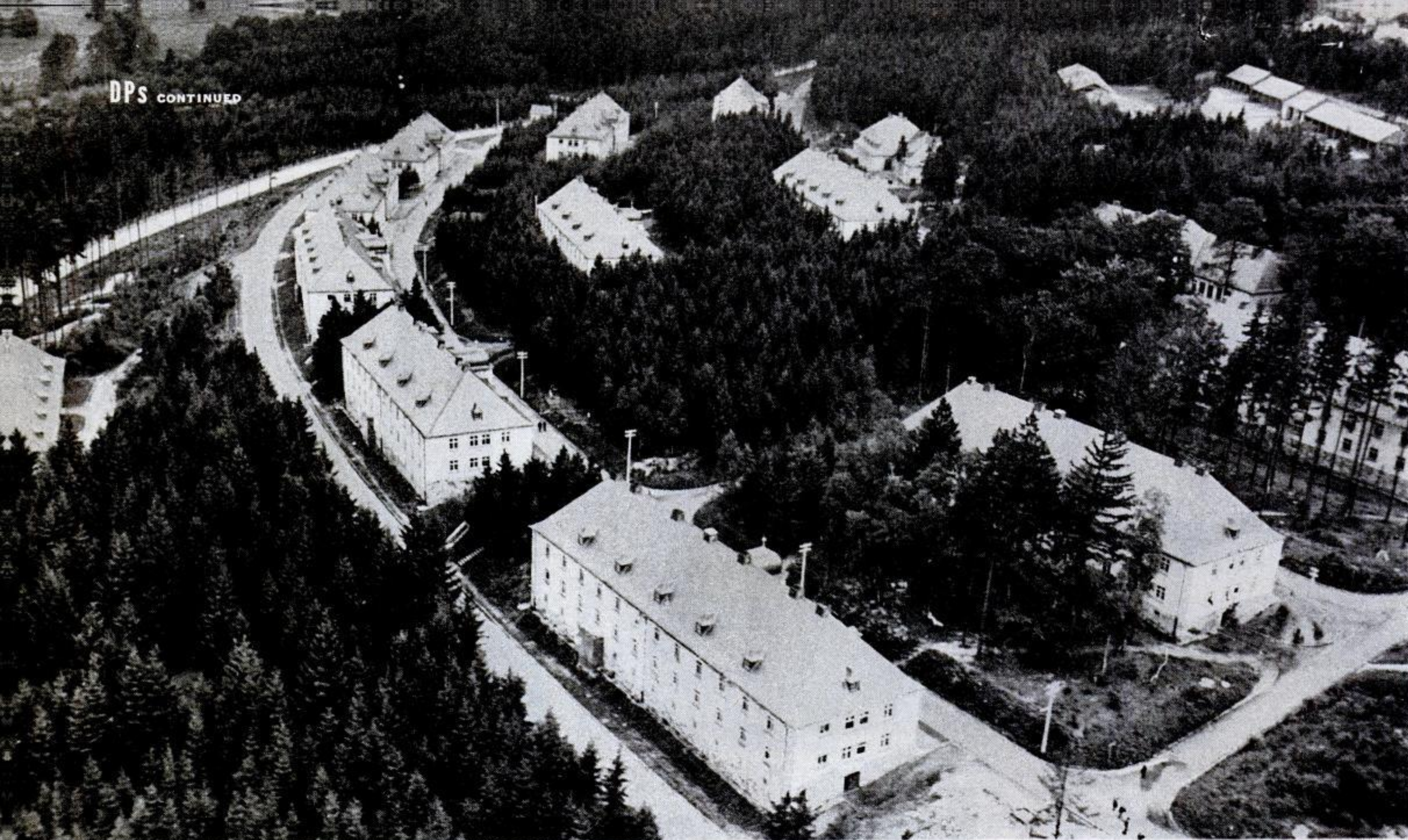
16 A Dutch windmill, where they beg a drink of water, tells their hearts that they are really home at last in the Netherlands.



17 Hanni's mother, fearful of collaborationist charge, shows little enthusiasm as lost daughter rushes upstairs to greet her.



18 Sad for Hanni's sake, Tony (right) decides to go on at once to Leiden to her uncle's house. She, too, got a cool reception.



CAMP OF WILDFLECKEN HAS MODERN BARRACKS OF TWO PANZER GRENADIER DIVISIONS SPACED OVER 15 SQUARE MILES. EACH HOUSE HOLDS UP TO 500 PEOPLE

THOSE WHO DO NOT WANT TO GO HOME ARE "HARD CORE" OF DP PROBLEM

When all the moving has finished, there will remain on Allied hands the truly tragic ones: the nonrepatriables, the stateless persons such as Jews, and the "unaccompanied children." A typical camp for these is Wildflecken (wild spot) in northern Bavaria, run by the U. S. Army. Now Wildflecken holds 6,615 Poles who do not want to go home, 1,645 Balts in much the same position, 617 stateless Jews, 506 Yugoslavs, many of whom do not want to go home, and

a few Hungarians and Rumanians. There is already some anti-Semitism apparent among the Poles.

Like most of the Army camps, Wildflecken appears to be splendidly run. Sometime this fall it will be taken over by one of some 300 UNRRA teams now functioning in Europe and operated as a semipermanent camp for 20,000 Poles and Balts. The future of this "hard core" of DPs is unforeseeable, but some Poles have already been settled on German farms.

POLES AT WILDFLECKEN PLAY SOCCER. THE GOALIE IS NOT WEARING A BLAZER BUT THE UNIFORM COAT OF DREAD CONCENTRATION CAMP OF BUCHENWALD





In one room at Wildflecken sleep and eat these seven people, comprising what is left of three families of Poles. From left, they are Boleslaw Liz, 30, farm worker; Jozef Goska,

28, electrician; his wife Helena, 28; Liz's wife Weronika, 25; Mariana Marczak, 13; Jadwiga Liz, 1, and Mariana's father Piotr, 43, farmer. Some of them may go back to

Poland, depending on events. The house is a good, modern house, but the room gives nobody any privacy. On the table are the remains of a good, nourishing noonday meal.

AMERICA AND RUSSIA

TO EQUAL THE COMMUNIST TALENT FOR PERSUASION WE MUST DEVELOP PERSUASIVENESS OF OUR OWN

When Harry S. Truman became President those who had known him a long time pointed out that he was, if not anti-British, at least skeptical of some of the purposes of the British Foreign Office. Later, when he figuratively rapped Molotov over the knuckles on a matter of protocol, it became clear that he meant to be just as firm with the Russians as he intended to be with the Empire. And at Kansas City, in a speech that got only perfunctory attention from the press, Truman sounded his distinctively American note again: the U. S. intended to offer leadership in world affairs.

It cannot be said, then, that our President is sitting down at Potsdam for his talks with Churchill and Stalin in a weak or indecisive frame of mind. He is certainly in a stronger position than Churchill, whose authority is at the mercy of this week's British election returns. But inasmuch as all the important problems of the Potsdam conference involve the large and confusing major problem of an expansion-minded Russia, it would be surprising if Truman were absolutely sure of his direction. The average American doesn't quite know how to take Russia, and Truman is very much the average American.

No War with Russia

Russia is the No. 1 problem for America because it is the only country in the world with the dynamic power to challenge our own conceptions of truth, justice and the good life. If there is one thing most Americans are agreed on, it is that they don't want to meet the Russian challenge by resorting to war. From the New York *Daily News*, whose slogan of "No Fight Russia" is based on purely isolationist grounds, to the businessmen who hope to make money by selling goods to the Soviet on long-term credits, the feeling of "we must have peace" is practically universal. But most Americans wish also to protect democratic standards throughout the world as they understand them in the light of their own traditions. They don't like to see Russian institutions, Russian standards of "democracy" and "freedom of the press" spreading into the power vacuums of Eastern Europe. Nor do they like to contemplate the fact that the Japanese war may end with Russian-sponsored "peoples' governments" in Manchuria, Korea, and even in Chinese provinces reaching south to the Yellow River.

Since the "no fight Russia" mood is as deep as it is widespread, Americans have practically served notice that they will not appeal to the ultimate sanction of force to make their wishes for free governments prevail in Poland, Hungary, Rumania, Yugoslavia or Bulgaria. There are other sanctions, however, beside that of naked force. One of these sanctions is the power of persuasion. Americans are willing enough to try persuasion, but here they run into something pretty baffling. When they try to base their case on an appeal to the superiority of democratic principles, they discover that the Russians have stolen their language; the Russians use democratic concepts to cover totalitarian

practices. Thus the Soviet state is both a dictatorship and a "democracy." In an article on "Democracy" in *War and the Working Class*, a Soviet writer, A. Sokolov, explains there are different types of democracy, that of England and America—and that which the Soviet Union hopes to see prevail in countries contiguous to its borders.

In this battle of the definitions, this war of semantics, the Russians have practically everything rigged in their favor. In virtually all capitalist lands the Russians have their own Communist political organizations. Beyond the party are the peripheral organizations, the bewildering profusion of leagues, institutes, caucuses within unions, cells in other political parties, magazines that are subsidized by Russophiles, schools for Marxist studies and whatnot. The "fellow traveler" is everywhere, in Hollywood, on college faculties, in government bureaus, in publishing companies, in radio offices, even on the editorial staffs of eminently capitalist journals. Since a free competition in ideas is desirable, democrats must be satisfied with the privilege of calling Communists and Communist sympathizers by their right names; they cannot ask for suppression or proscription of the fellow traveler.

But Americans can't use the same technique of persuasion inside of Russia or countries dominated by Russia that the Russians use within our borders as a matter of casual right. If the power of persuasion were to be equalized as between Russia and the U. S., there would be a *Daily Capitalist* in Moscow, an Adam Smith Institute, a Jeffersonian Party headed by a young democratic capitalist sympathizer from Irkutsk, U. S. sympathizers in key spots on Soviet publications, and if anyone were to publish a book making snide remarks about the operations of capitalism in the U. S. there would be a local organization known as the Soviet Friends of the American Republic to drum up 15 prominent writers' signatures against it.

The Helpless Feeling

The foregoing farce comedy may serve to highlight the reason why most Americans feel helpless about competing with the Soviet Union in the propaganda field. This feeling of helplessness has been compounded since V-E Day by the fact that, whereas Communists can both talk philosophy and practice politics and journalism in the parts of Europe we have liberated or conquered, our men haven't equivalent privileges in Soviet-dominated nations east of the Elbe and the Adriatic.

The feeling of bafflement that haunts an American who wishes to push the case for his way of life in competition with the Russian has a psychological issue in fear. This fear, in some people, begets truculence and a demand to "let's fight 'em now while we have an army on the spot." In other people the fear begets a masochistic "for-Gawd's-sake-don't-offend Joe" attitude that sounds curiously like the one the appeasers had toward Hitler. Neither of the fear-born states of

mind can result in good U. S. policy, for they are not conducive to an accurate appraisal of what the Marxists call "the objective situation." But what is the proper U. S. policy vis-à-vis Russia, and how shall we recognize it? If we can't get into Poland, for example, to make a stab at upholding our type of democracy in Eastern Europe, then how can we have any positive policy at all?

Policy for the U. S.

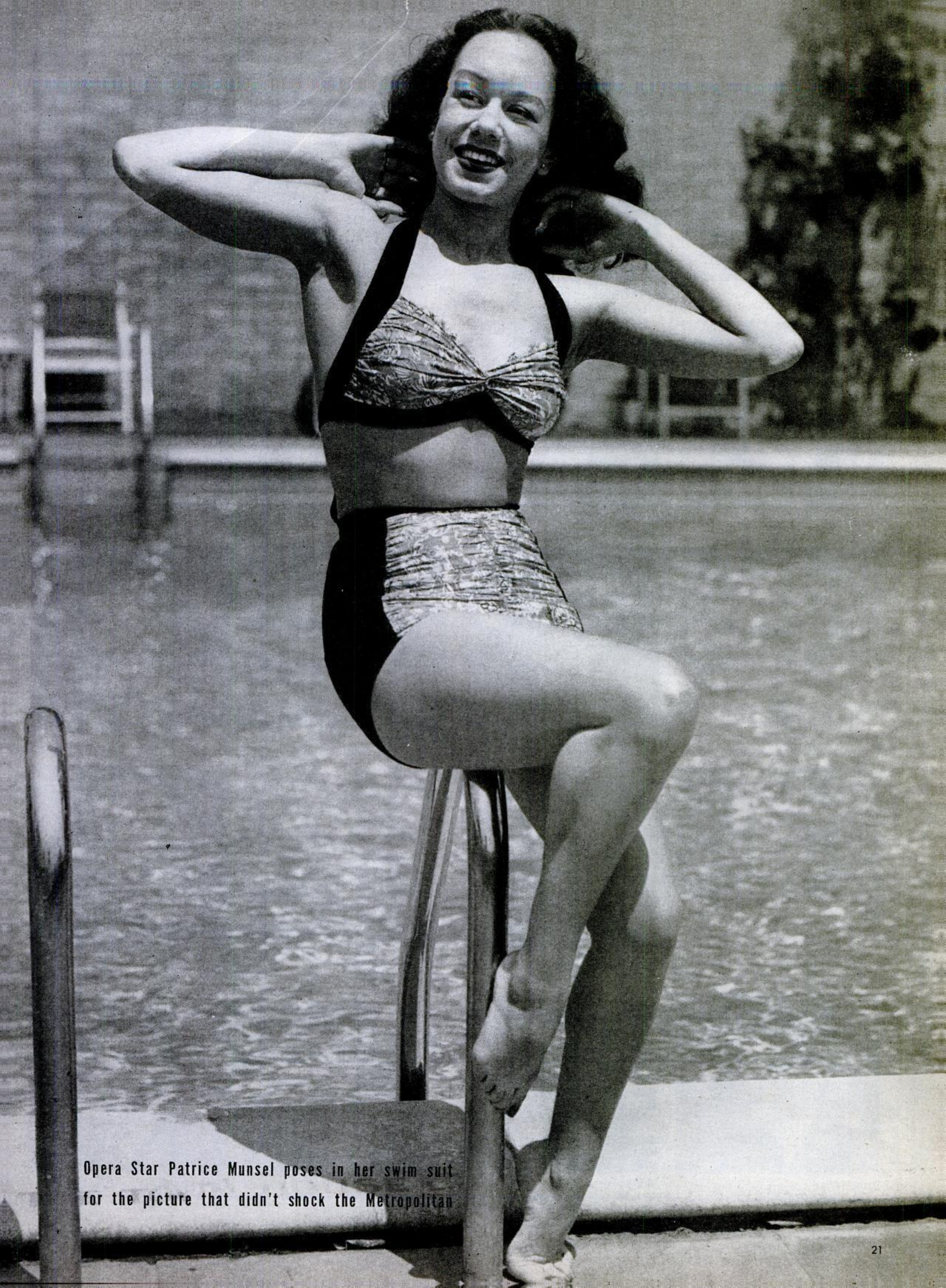
The answers to these questions are not easy. But since President Truman's assertion of world leadership requires that answers be forthcoming, Americans must begin to pull their thoughts together on the subject. Obviously we aren't going to fight Stalin for Poland. But if we must allow Russian dynamism to move into power vacuums in Eastern Europe, it should not be construed by Stalin as a "Munich" invitation to move anywhere. Americans wish to live in a world of undominated governments, and in the past they have fought when the line of a dominated world moved too close toward them.

If the Russians are pursuing the politics of the *cordon sanitaire* in reverse out of fear of possible capitalist encirclement in the future, we have an opportunity to remove that fear by a counter-policy of good deeds, using our position to act as "honest broker" to persuade traditionally imperialist countries to relax their grip—in India, in the Near East, in the East Indies, in China. The Russian demand for trade recognition in Latin America might also engage our attention. A positive U. S. policy in such matters might be the *quid pro quo* that would buy us consideration for our ideas on democracy in Poland and Yugoslavia.

These are questions for argument and exploration. But beyond argument is the fact that U. S. diplomacy has one strong card to play, and that is the economic. The U. S. is the most productive country the world has ever seen, and our economic power of persuasion can be used to generate its own propaganda. Loans, the promise of credits, outright gifts—these can be closely tied to the diplomacy of spreading our own principles of freedom. Certainly they should not be granted to those who use them against us.

PICTURE OF THE WEEK: ➔

The Metropolitan's youngest singer, Patrice Munsel, last week became the center of a tempest in a press agent's inkpot. Visiting Hollywood, Miss Munsel posed for the pin-up picture on the opposite page, and press-association wires seethed with news that the staid Metropolitan had been deeply shocked. "I should think," murmured pudgy Sol Hurok, her manager, defensively, "the Metropolitan would be happy to have a star people could listen to with their eyes open." As it turned out the Metropolitan expressed delight, noted that Miss Munsel had appeared just as scantily clad in *The Golden Cockerel*. "Hm!" remarked the Met's general manager, Edward Johnson, when he saw the photograph. "she looks nice."



Opera Star Patrice Munsel poses in her swim suit for the picture that didn't shock the Metropolitan



Carl H. Mote opposed Charter for Gerald L.K. Smith on grounds it would mean conscription.



John Danielson gave the senators some earnest suggestions as "just plain John Citizen."



Mrs. T. W. Johnson asked ratification for Alpha Kappa Alpha sorority's 6,000 members.



Mrs. N. S. Barney, of Committee to Win World Peace Through a Peoples' Parliament: "Wait."



Marcia Adams, Washington radio commentator, replied to female outbursts against Charter.



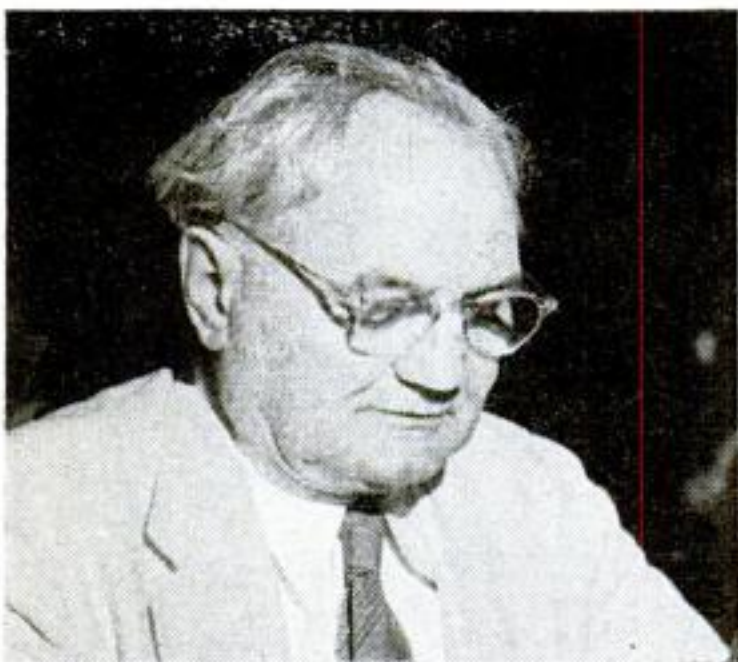
Arthur C. Jackson of International Longfellow Society suggested Hirohito end war now.



Hon. Robert L. Owen, blind ex-senator from Oklahoma, 89, eulogized Woodrow Wilson.



Rabbi J. A. Wax gave Charter approval for a group of American rabbis in sermon form.



Hon. Compton I. White, Idaho representative, got sidetracked in encomiums on bimetallism.



Mrs. Grace Keefe said Charter insured "our perpetual involvement in all future wars..."



Mrs. Florence Cafferatta of Catholic Mothers disapproved Charter since the war was still on.



E. P. Jennings, a New York printer, read a prayer, lost his notes, proposed own charter.



Mrs. Elise F. Johnston charged, "I realize this country is in the grip of a gigantic conspiracy."



John T. Flynn, economist, did not believe the Charter was framed to preserve world peace.



Morris L. Cooke called the new Charter "first step toward the achievement of lasting peace."



Thomas J. Reardon said the Constitution had no provision for adoption of such a Charter.



David Wattley, a lawyer, asked that approval be referred to the House and to the 48 states.



Ulric Bell said members of Americans United for World Organization favored ratification.



Elizabeth A. Smart said W. C. T. U. fought 71 years to rid the world of war and alcohol.



Ewing Cockrell, head of U. S. Federation of Justice, compared pact to 50-passenger bus.



SENATORS VANDENBERG, WILEY, HIRAM JOHNSON AND CONNALLY OF FOREIGN RELATIONS COMMITTEE LISTEN TO DEBATE. JOHNSON RECORDED SOLE NEGATIVE VOTE

PROS AND CONS TESTIFY AT CHARTER HEARINGS

The Big Three had their say in Potsdam last week behind a veil of secrecy. But there was no news blackout in Washington where any serious student of world affairs or, for that matter, anyone with anything on his mind could get up and say what he wanted, pro or con, on the question of congressional approval of the United Nations Charter. In the two-story Caucus Room of the Senate Office Building the Foreign Relations Committee (above) listened to five days of testimony, some germane, some garrulous, from 61 Ameri-

can citizens representing everything from the Federal Council of Churches of Christ (20,000,000 members) to the United Nations of the Earth Association (one member). Probably none of the testimony changed any votes, but it was a demonstration of democracy in action that could have happened only in the U.S. There was little active opposition to the Charter. The lone holdout on the committee was California's Hiram Johnson, long-time sincere isolationist who had fought U.S. adherence to the old League under Wilson.

When Chairman Connally held a press conference to announce the Foreign Relations Committee's standing in a chair, his face swathed in a hot towel as Connally's clerk appeared and spoke to him. The steaming towel was unwrapped. Johnson said, "No." The clerk went back to Connally and reported the dissenting vote. The 21 others voted "Yes." By the time President Truman returned from Potsdam, the Senate almost certain to have voted overwhelming approval.



Mrs. Marie Lohle was paged for two days, came with daughter, called the Charter "dastardly."



Mrs. Brice Clagett, the daughter of ex-Senator McAdoo, approved pact for Women's Clubs.



Leo M. Cherne, executive secretary of the Research Institute of America, urged approval.



Judge L. S. Oliver, Philadelphia, urged immediate ratification . . . without



Dr. Helen D. Reid, consultant to U. S. delegation at San Francisco, plumped for Charter.



Ely Culbertson, bridge expert, warned of war with Russia, asked disarmament amendment.



Mrs. Cecil Norton Broy of Americans United Inc. (membership: 25) denounced the Charter.



Mrs. Agnes Waters, B. I. that Charter set up wo



"AUGUSTA" PRESIDENT TRUMAN (IN CAP) AND SECRETARY OF STATE BYRNES (IN WIDE-BRIMMED GOLF HAT) SAIL ACROSS THE ATLANTIC

TRUMAN CAP
For his first presidential trip outside the U.S. Harry S. Truman chose the cruiser *Augusta*. This gave him eight days of leisure, which he spent reading, dozing, playing shuffleboard. He found a third cousin, Fire Controlman Lawrence Truman, with whom he discussed the Kentucky branch of the Truman family. On deck he wore a cap, which is correct cruiser wear, with his business suit, which is not. Reporters who remembered young Harry Truman's haberdashery shop thought they detected a new presidential note.

By the time he arrived at Potsdam on July 15 Truman had had plenty of time to think about the course he would take in his first Big Three conference. The first step seemed to be getting well acquainted with his new partners. Accordingly Truman had lunch with Churchill at 1 p.m. Wednesday and then raced over to the Russian quarters to lunch again with Stalin at 3. Next evening the President gave a dinner during which he played Beethoven's *Minuet in G* on the piano at the special request of Stalin and Churchill.



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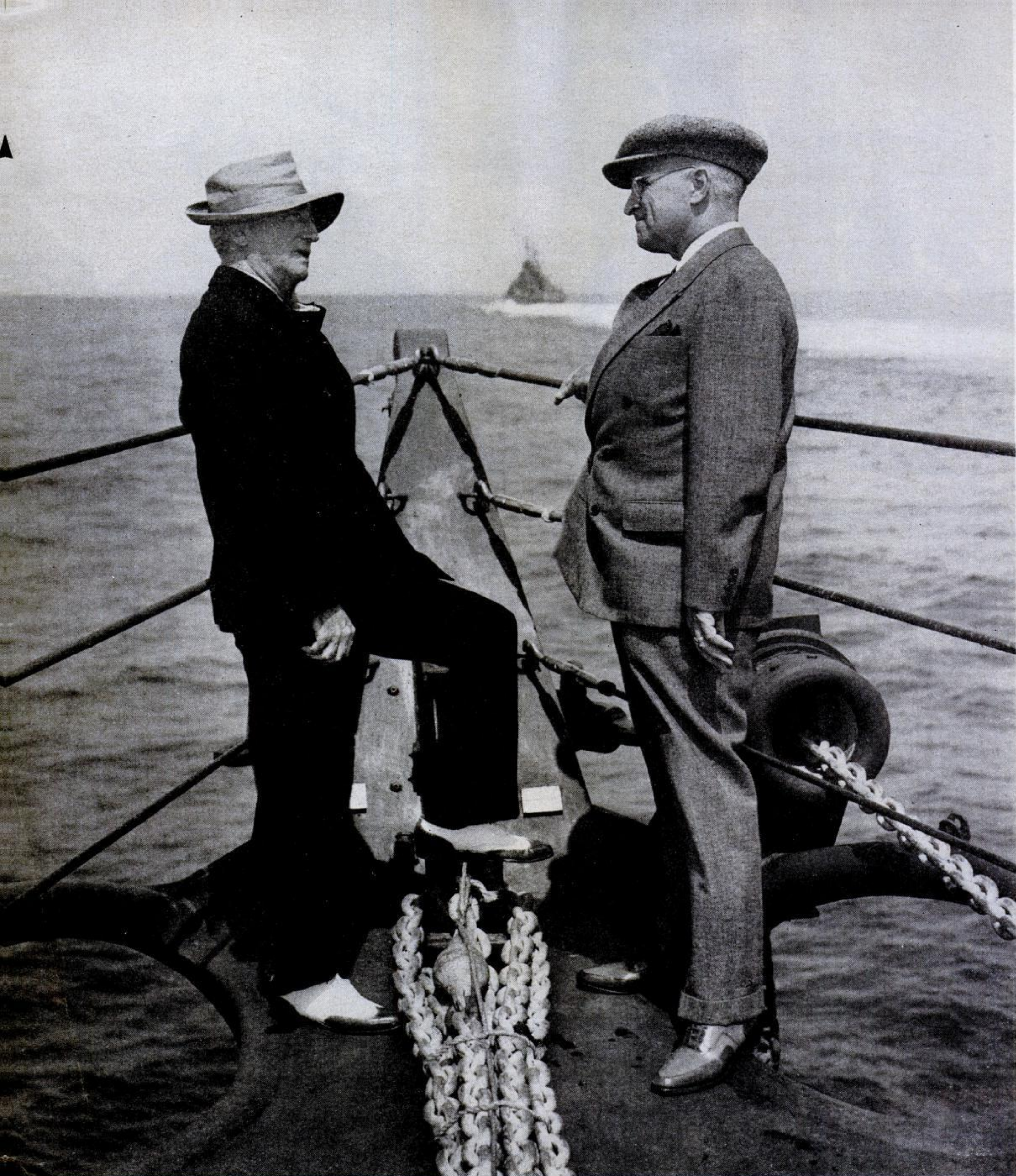
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Mrs. Cecil Norton Broy of Americans United Inc. (membership: 25) denounced the Charter.



Mrs. Agnes Waters, Blue Star Mothers, said that Charter set up world rule for the Soviets.



ON BOW OF CRUISER "AUGUSTA" PRESIDENT TRUMAN (IN CAP) AND SECRETARY OF STATE BYRNES (IN WIDE-BRIMMED GOLF HAT) SAIL ACROSS THE ATLANTIC

PRESIDENTIAL CAP

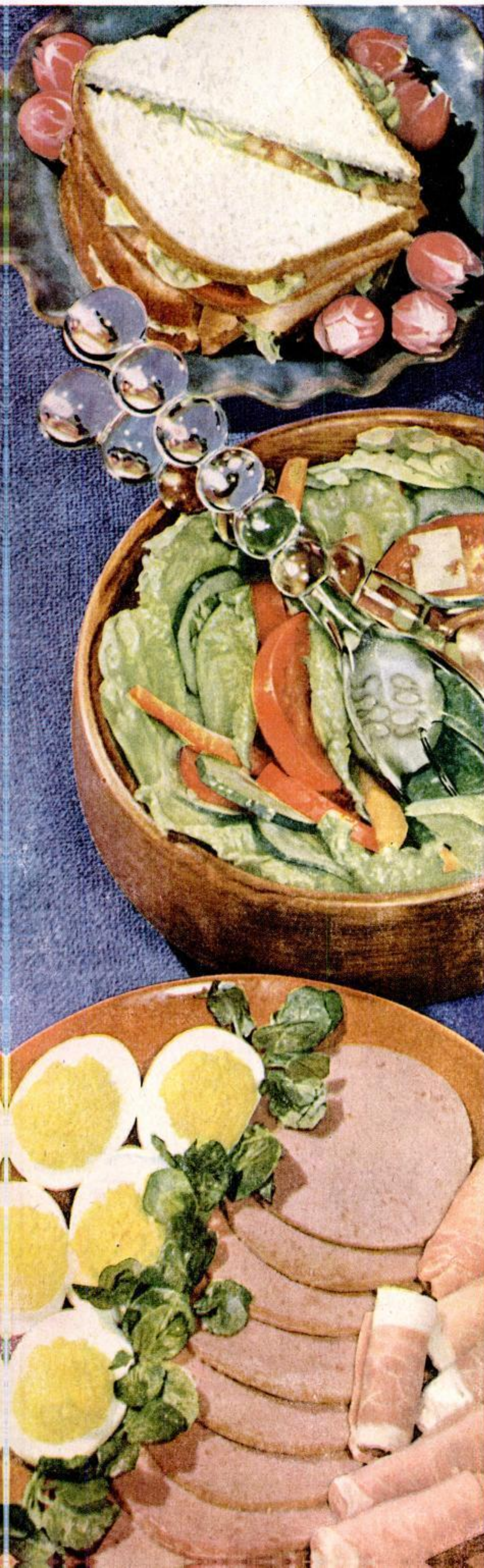
Truman sets a style on sea trip to Big Three meeting at Potsdam

For his first presidential trip outside the U.S. Harry S. Truman chose the cruiser *Augusta*. This gave him eight days of leisure, which he spent reading, dozing, playing shuffleboard. He found a third cousin, Fire Controlman Lawrence Truman, with whom he discussed the Kentucky branch of the Truman family. On deck he wore a cap, which is correct cruiser wear, with his business suit, which is not. Reporters who remembered young Harry Truman's haberdashery shop thought they detected a new presidential note.

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Good Balance for Cool Summer Meals

WITH SOUP AS THE ONE HOT DISH



Good soup quickens the appetite and adds to the nourishment of warm-weather lunches and suppers—yet you spend only a few minutes in the kitchen fixing it. Why not serve it often?

...with sandwiches make soup the ONE HOT DISH

And an excellent choice indeed is Campbell's Scotch Broth with its hearty meat stock, its good vegetables, nourishing barley and generous pieces of mutton. You'd do well to use it as your main dish because it's every bit as satisfying and substantial as it is appealing in taste.

Campbell's SCOTCH BROTH

...with salads make soup the ONE HOT DISH

Salads are delightful, of course, but to make your salad meal complete, how about delicious Campbell's Beef Noodle Soup? It's a soup that's rich all through with beef... invigorating beef stock, tender pieces of beef and golden egg noodles steeped in the taste of beef.

Campbell's BEEF NOODLE SOUP

...with a cold platter make soup the ONE HOT DISH

Fifteen garden vegetables, all nourishing and flavorful, and a rich beef stock add up to the always-welcome goodness of Campbell's Vegetable Soup. Mothers call this soup "almost a meal in itself"—and it's so well liked, they serve it often.

Campbell's VEGETABLE SOUP

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

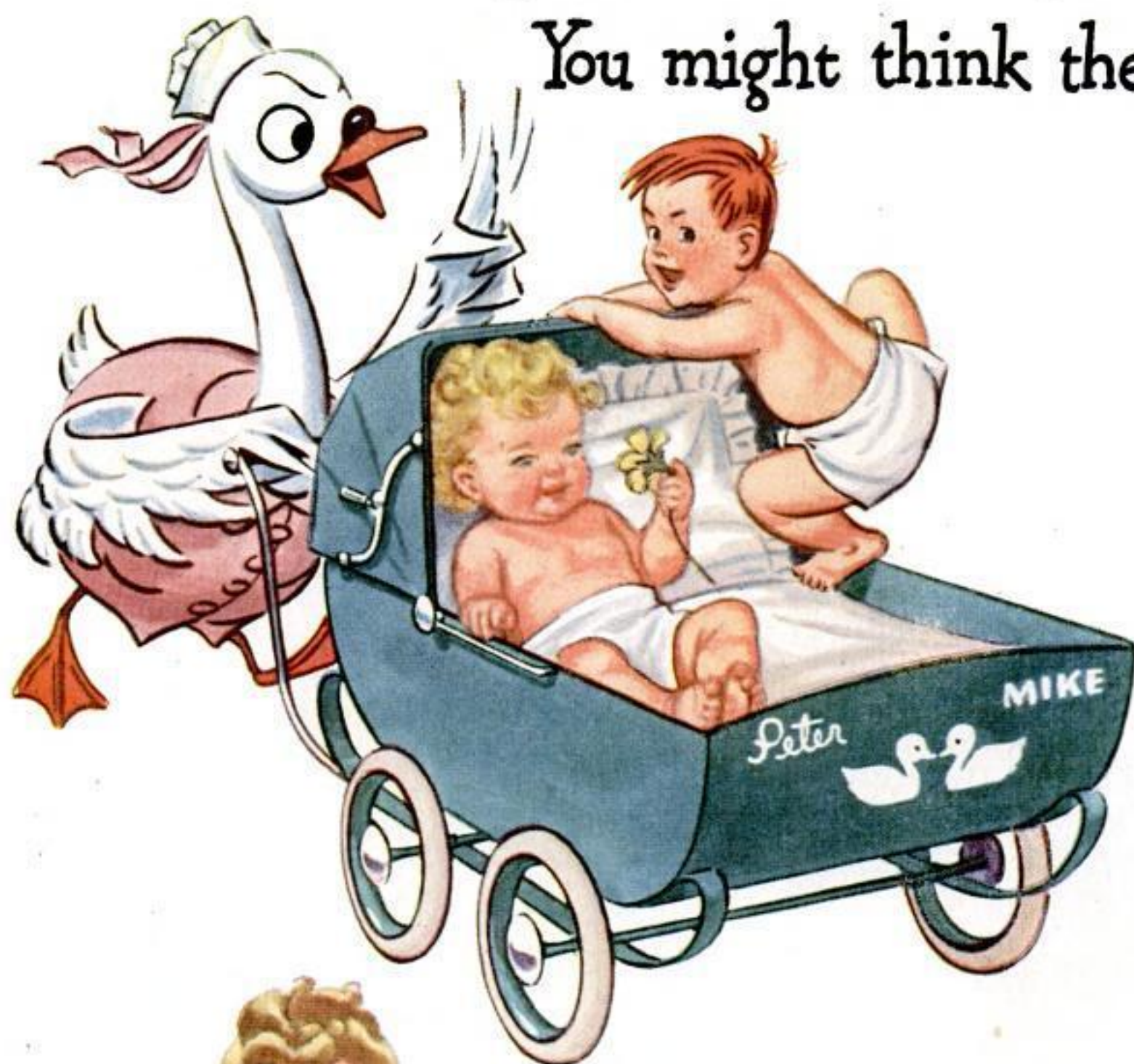


Campbell's SOUPS



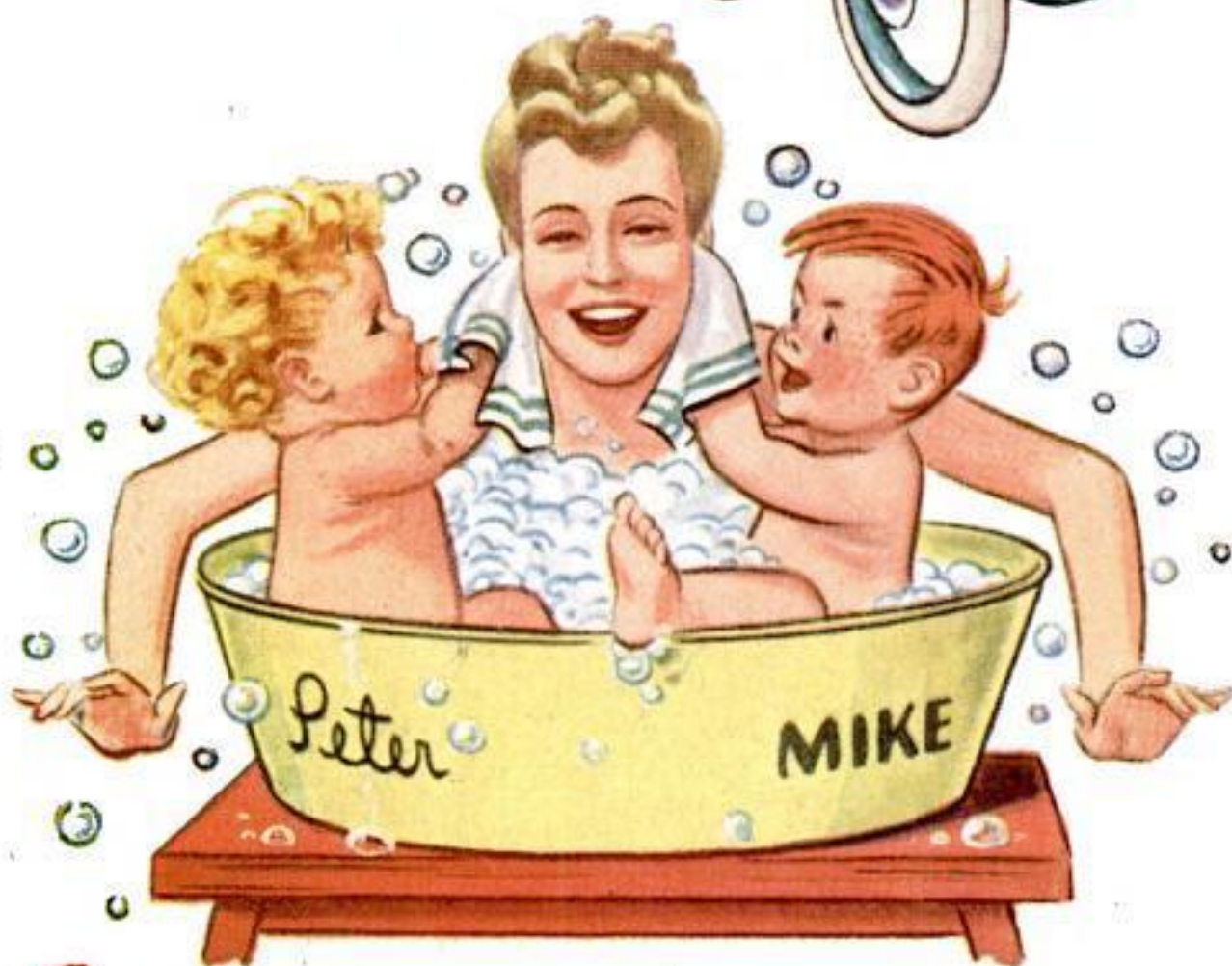
A rare pair of TWINS are young *Peter* and **MIKE**

You might think they're strangers—they're so UNALIKE!



1 Now Pete's like his mama—all dimples and curls.
With skin that's so fragile and frail it's like pearls!
While Mike here is tough as a young baby ox.
(He'd climb up a flag pole and hang by his socks!)

2 Yet *one* thing these brothers agree firmly on
Is how much they both are in love with pure SWAN!
Swan cuddles frail Peter from eyebrows to toes—
Yet scrubs dirty Mike till he's sweet as a rose!

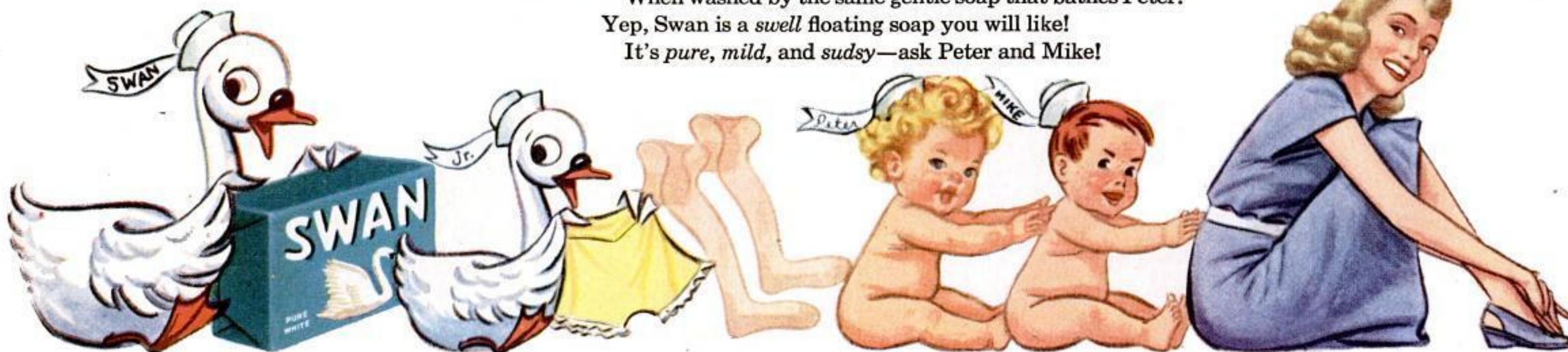


3 Swan's sudsy—yet *mild*! Pure as finest castile!
For *every* complexion, Swan's simply ideal.
So try it for shower! And dishes and duds!
With Peter and Mike, you'll say, "Swanderful suds!"



4 Your hands are like Peter—they need gentle care.
Mild Swan in the dishpan will help keep 'em fair!
Your dishes, like Mike, need a *quick* sudsy foam—
Let Swan whisk through dishwashing chores in your home!

5 And, naturally, dainties and frills will look sweeter
When washed by the same gentle soap that bathes Peter!
Yep, Swan is a *swell* floating soap you will like!
It's *pure, mild, and sudsy*—ask Peter and Mike!



UNCLE SAM SAYS:
DON'T WASTE SOAP!
Help speed Victory by
not wasting soap! It's
made from materials
needed for war!

Swan is pure as fine castiles

Baby-mild for Everything

FREE!

A cake of Swan to every
baby born in the U.S. in
1945! Ask your grocer for
coupon. (Offer expires
Dec. 31, 1945)



IN AN EXHIBIT CASE AT REAR OF ARCHIVES BUILDING ROTUNDA, GERMAN SURRENDER DOCUMENTS LIE BENEATH FIRST U. S. FLAG RAISED OVER CAPTURED ROME

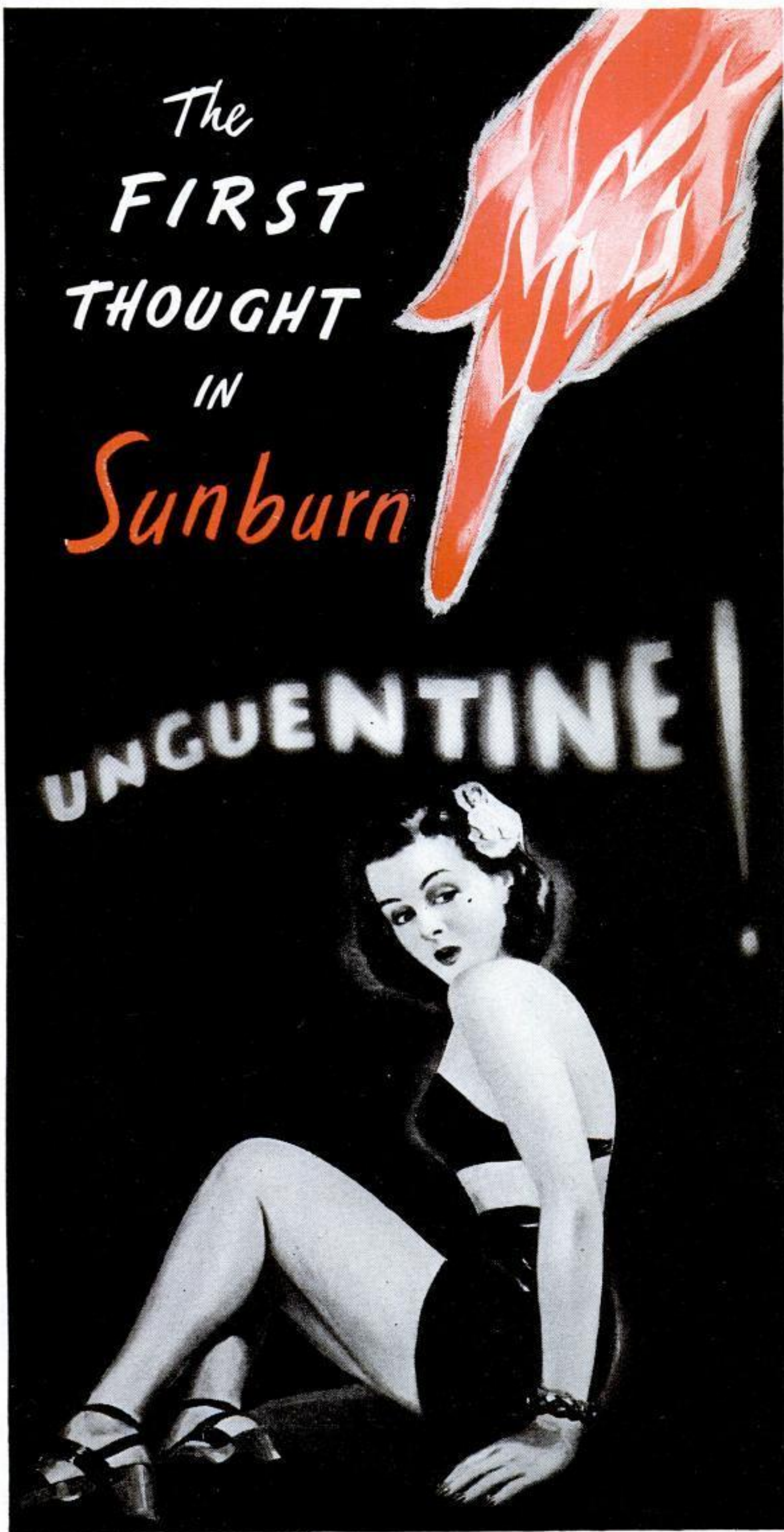
SURRENDER PAPERS

Record crowds are inspecting them
in the National Archives Building

Ordinarily the National Archives Building in Washington is free from public invasion. For the past six weeks, however, several hundred visitors have dropped in daily to look at a few unimpressive pieces of paper which made official the unconditional surrender of Germany to the Allies.

With more than 2,500 spectators on hand, the documents were placed on display about a month after signing, on June 6, anniversary of D-day. Those who

had expected to see parchments elaborately bedecked with ribbons, seals and indecipherable signatures in the old style of international treaty-making were disappointed. The seven surrender papers are merely typewritten statements signed by representatives of the German High Command, SHAEF, the Soviet High Command and a witness or two. Sufficient copies of every document were made and signed so that each signatory nation could have its own complete set.

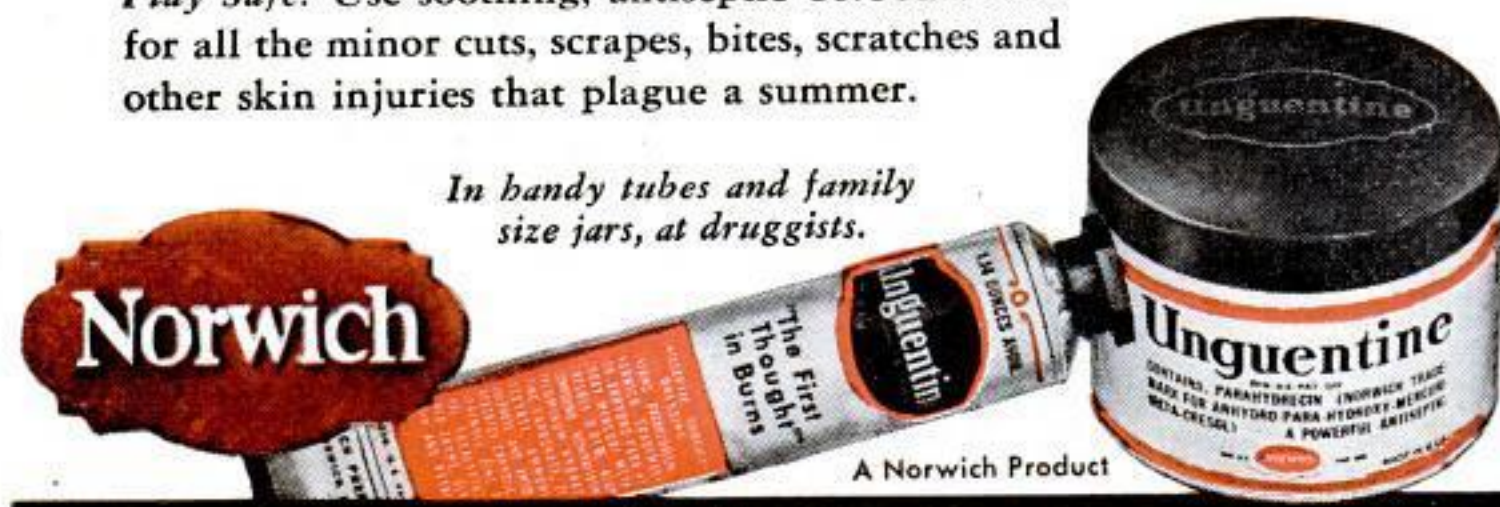


When you take more sun than your skin can bear, get prompt relief with soothing, cooling UNGUENTINE. It acts on fiery, painful sunburn as it acts on other burns . . .

- ① It Relieves Pain ② It Fights Infection
- ③ It Promotes Healing

Play Safe! Use soothing, antiseptic UNGUENTINE for all the minor cuts, scrapes, bites, scratches and other skin injuries that plague a summer.

In handy tubes and family size jars, at druggists.



Surrender Papers CONTINUED



Visitors spend an average of ten minutes before the single display case. Documents are now on loan from joint chiefs of staff, who will get them back after exhibition.



Papers in U.S. possession include the pre-V-E Day surrender to Montgomery, Rheims, Berlin surrenders, various specific orders relating to Army and naval forces.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 30



1. Wasn't it wonderful, before the war, to drop into a Statler Hotel and get as many rooms as you wanted . . . all at a moment's notice? No need to make reservations in advance. Large, comfortable Statler rooms were always ready for you!



2. But when the war started, hotels became filled to capacity with servicemen, officials, diplomats, and other people traveling on urgent war business. It got so that when you wanted a room at a Statler, you *had* to reserve it in advance.



3. It became impossible to accommodate folks who called on us without warning. Never in all hotel history were so few people called upon to serve so many. And yet, in spite of all difficulties, our staffs pitched in and overcame a seemingly insurmountable situation.



4. It never reached the point where guests had to sleep in hammocks strung up in the lobbies! Even today, when you stay at a Statler, you'll find that the essential services are still being maintained . . . and so skillfully, that you'd hardly notice the wartime changes!



5. What a happy day it will be when times become normal again! You'll walk through our newly decorated lobbies, and immediately be shown to a completely redecorated room. Our postwar plans call for every service and convenience you could expect . . . in addition to innovations and improvements you never dreamed of!



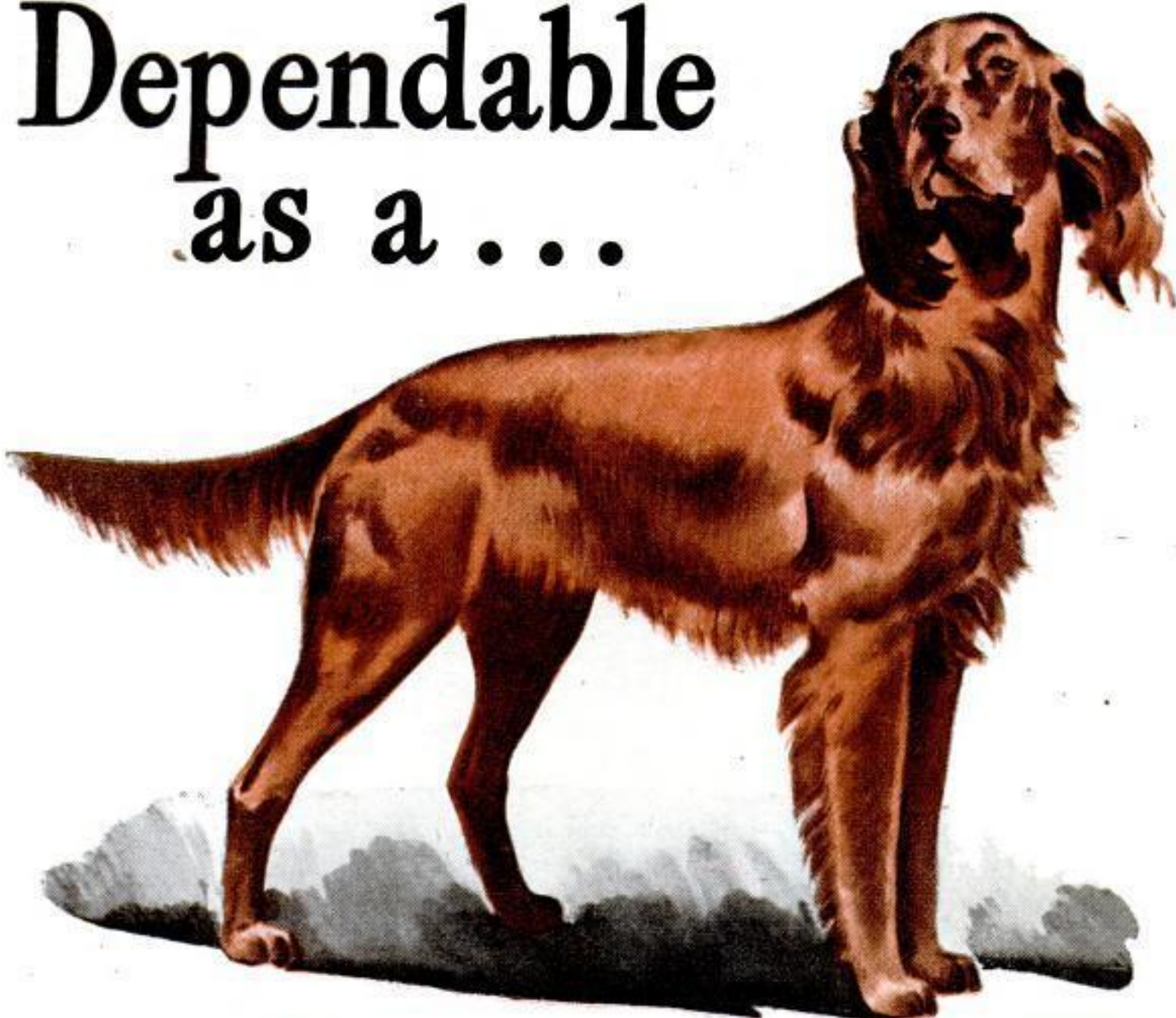
HOTELS STATLER IN
 BOSTON \$3.85 BUFFALO \$3.30 CLEVELAND \$3.00
 DETROIT \$3.00 ST. LOUIS \$3.00 WASHINGTON \$4.50

STATLER-OPERATED
 HOTEL PENNSYLVANIA \$3.85 HOTEL WILLIAM PENN \$3.85
 NEW YORK PITTSBURGH

Rates Begin At Prices Shown

YOUR DOLLARS ARE URGENTLY NEEDED FOR U. S. WAR BONDS

Dependable as a ...



Quick-starting as a ...



Rugged as a ...

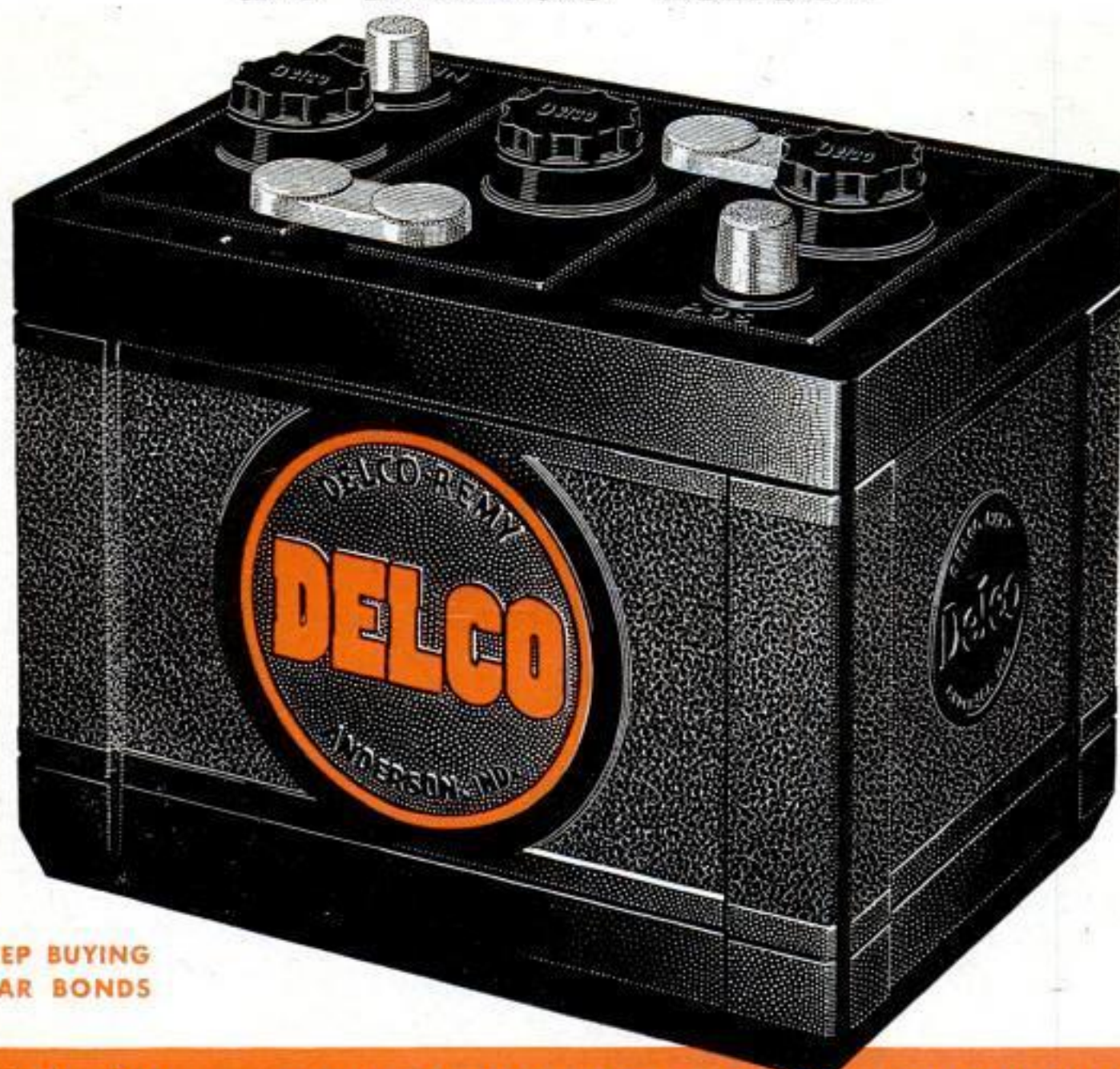


DELCO

BATTERIES

A QUALITY PRODUCT

BY DELCO-REMY



KEEP BUYING
WAR BONDS

Delco-Remy... WHEREVER WHEELS TURN OR PROPELLERS SPIN

Surrender Papers CONTINUED

ACT OF MILITARY SURRENDER

1. We the undersigned, acting by authority of the German High Command, hereby surrender unconditionally to the Supreme Commander, Allied Expeditionary Force and simultaneously to the Soviet High Command all forces on land, sea, and in the air who are at this date under German control.

2. The German High Command will at once issue orders to all German military, naval and air authorities and to all forces under German control to cease active operations at 2301 hours Central European time on 8 May and to remain in the positions occupied at that time. No ship, vessel, or aircraft is to be scuttled, or any damage done to their hull, machinery or equipment.

3. The German High Command will at once issue to the appropriate commanders, and ensure the carrying out of any further orders issued by the Supreme Commander, Allied Expeditionary Force and by the Soviet High Command.

4. This act of military surrender is without prejudice to, and will be superseded by any general instrument of surrender imposed by, or on behalf of the United Nations and applicable to GERMANY and the German armed forces as a whole.

5. In the event of the German High Command or any of the forces under their control failing to act in accordance with this Act of Surrender, the Supreme Commander, Allied Expeditionary Force and the Soviet High Command will take such punitive or other action as they deem appropriate.

Signed at Rheims at 0241 on the 7th day of May, 1945.
France

On behalf of the German High Command.

IN THE PRESENCE OF

On behalf of the Supreme Commander,
Allied Expeditionary Force.

On behalf of the Soviet
High Command.

Major General, French Army
(Witness)

Rheims surrender was signed at 2:41 a.m. on May 7, day before V-E Day, by Colonel General Gustav Jodl for German High Command (note German script), Lieut. Gen. Walter B. Smith, Eisenhower's chief of staff, for SHAEF, General Ivan Sousloparov for Soviet High Command. French General François Sevez was only witness.

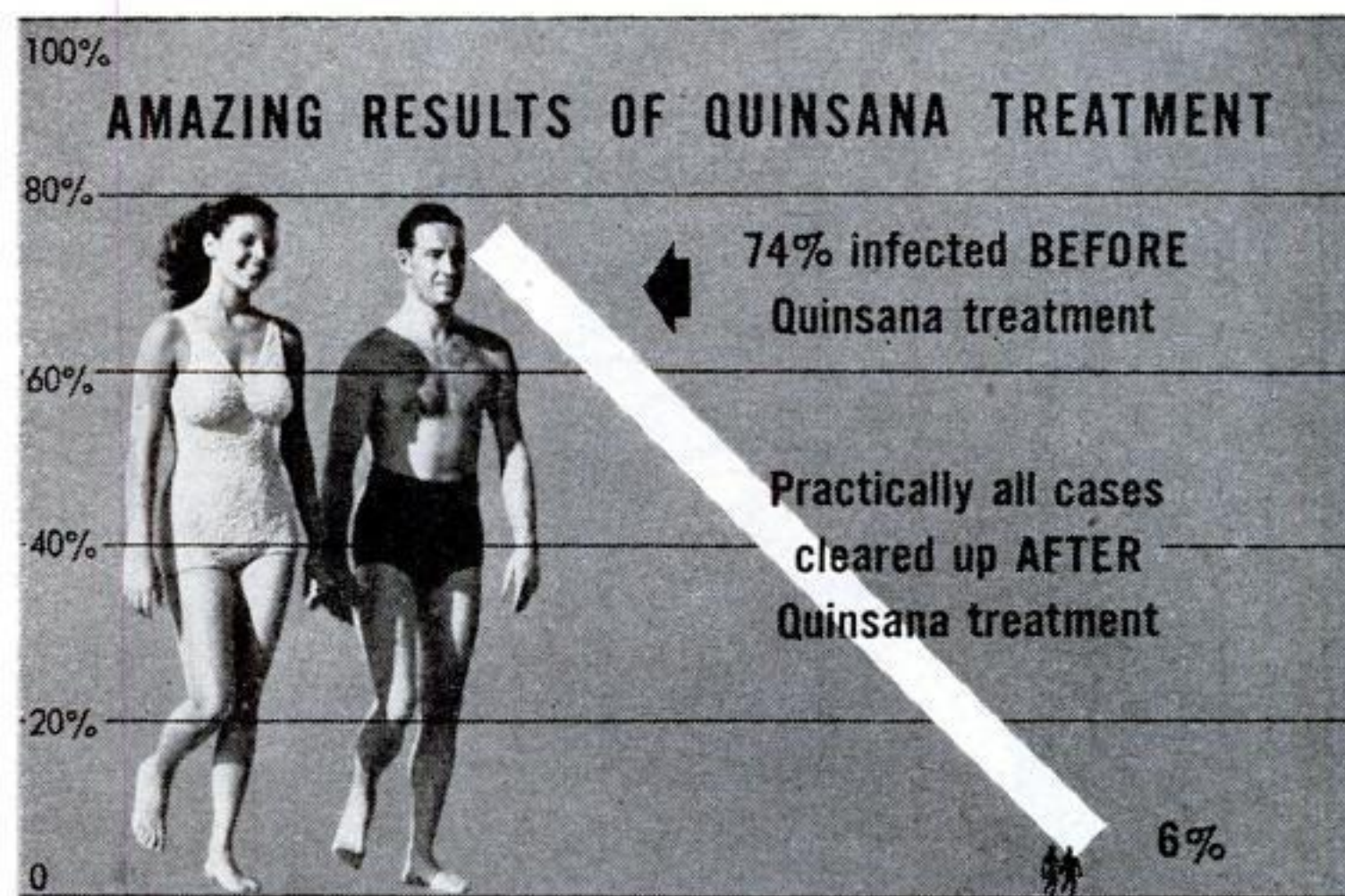


Summer heat, perspiration, public bathing, etc., increase danger of getting Athlete's Foot

ATHLETE'S FOOT MENACE!

Science finds 7 out of 10 adults are infected yearly

WITH over 70% of adults (many children, too) infected each year—especially in summer—you probably have Athlete's Foot or will get it, unless you fight the disease at once! Fortunately, *millions* of persons are discovering that daily use of Mennen Quinsana powder helps prevent and relieve Athlete's Foot quickly. Today all branches of the Armed Forces use Quinsana. Most Chiropodists (foot specialists) recommend easy-to-use Quinsana. *In a new study of 40,000 persons*, Quinsana was found to be highly effective in helping to control Athlete's Foot. Your whole family should use Quinsana on feet and in shoes daily . . . starting right now!



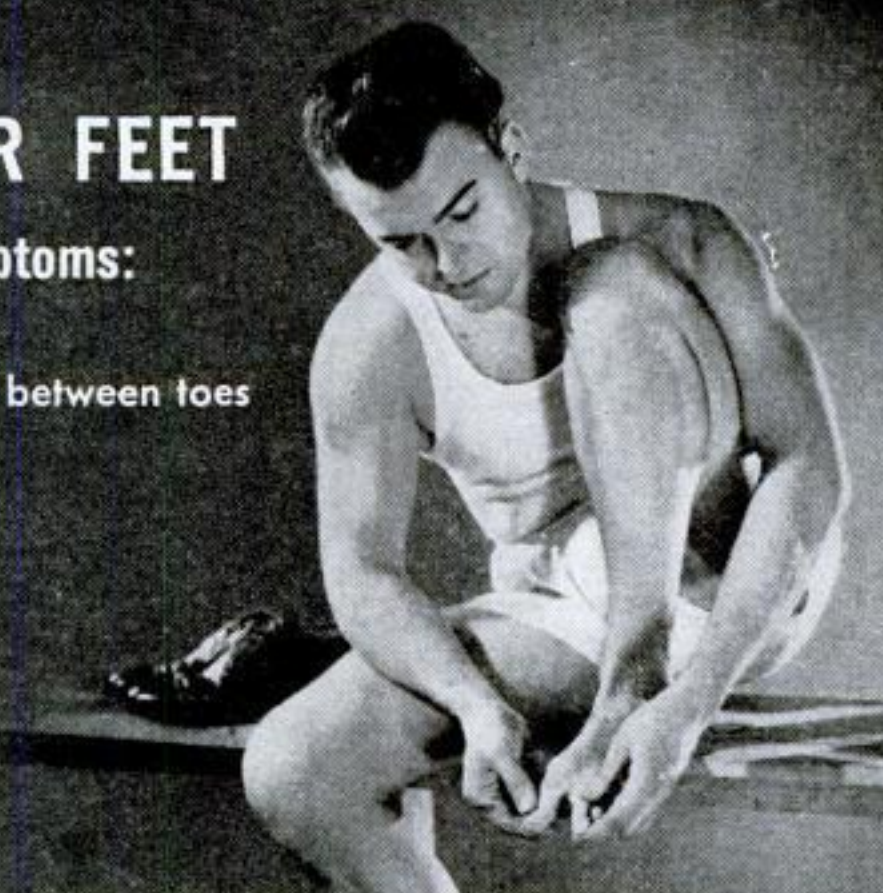
ATHLETE'S FOOT DISAPPEARED among practically all persons using Quinsana fungicidal powder—in records of thousands of cases. Among many of these persons, other treatment had failed. Being a *powder*, Quinsana is pleasant and easy to use both on feet and in shoes (see 2-way method at right).

Easy New Way to fight Athlete's Foot

CHECK YOUR FEET

for these symptoms:

- ☐ Peeling & cracks between toes
- ☐ Soft, soggy skin
- ☐ Itching



EVEN A MILD CASE of Athlete's Foot may suddenly become serious. So be sure that you use Quinsana powder *daily* to help in prevention and relief (it is especially important for diabetics to use Quinsana every day).



USE QUINSANA 2 WAYS: (1) On feet, (2) in shoes (absorbs moisture, reduces chances of re-infection from shoe linings where fungi which cause Athlete's Foot may thrive and cause the disease to keep coming back).

Rules for Foot Care

1. Use Quinsana daily on feet and in shoes.
2. Visit a Chiropodist regularly.



50¢
Slightly higher
in Canada

QUINSANA IS INEXPENSIVE, buy large package and start daily use now . . . see how much healthier your feet feel! **THE MENNEN COMPANY, Newark, N. J.**



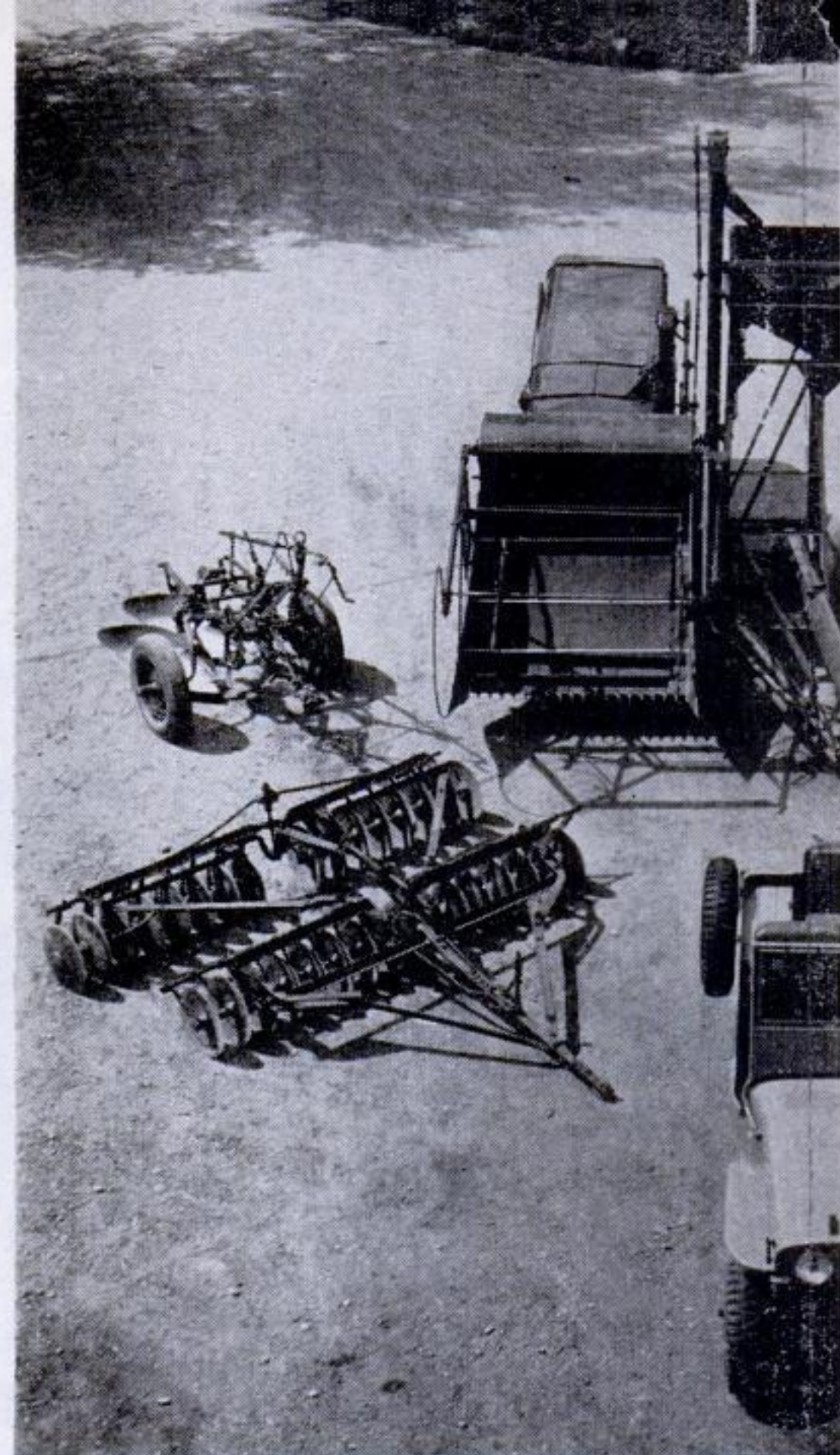
ATTACHED TO REAR OF JEEP, A ROTARY HOE SPREADS OVER FOUR ROWS AS IT CULTIVATES A FIELD OF CORN

THE POSTWAR JEEP

New civilian model is redesigned and refitted for use on the farm

Officially unveiled last week was the long-awaited postwar jeep. The invincible automotive darling of World War II has been redesigned, refitted and repainted for civilian use. Now rolling off the Willys-Overland production line in Toledo, Ohio at the rate of about eight a day, it will be on limited sale to the public within the next few weeks.

Primarily designed for farm use, the new jeep has some major changes including a small power take-off



FARM IMPLEMENTS WHICH JEEP CAN USE INCLUDE A

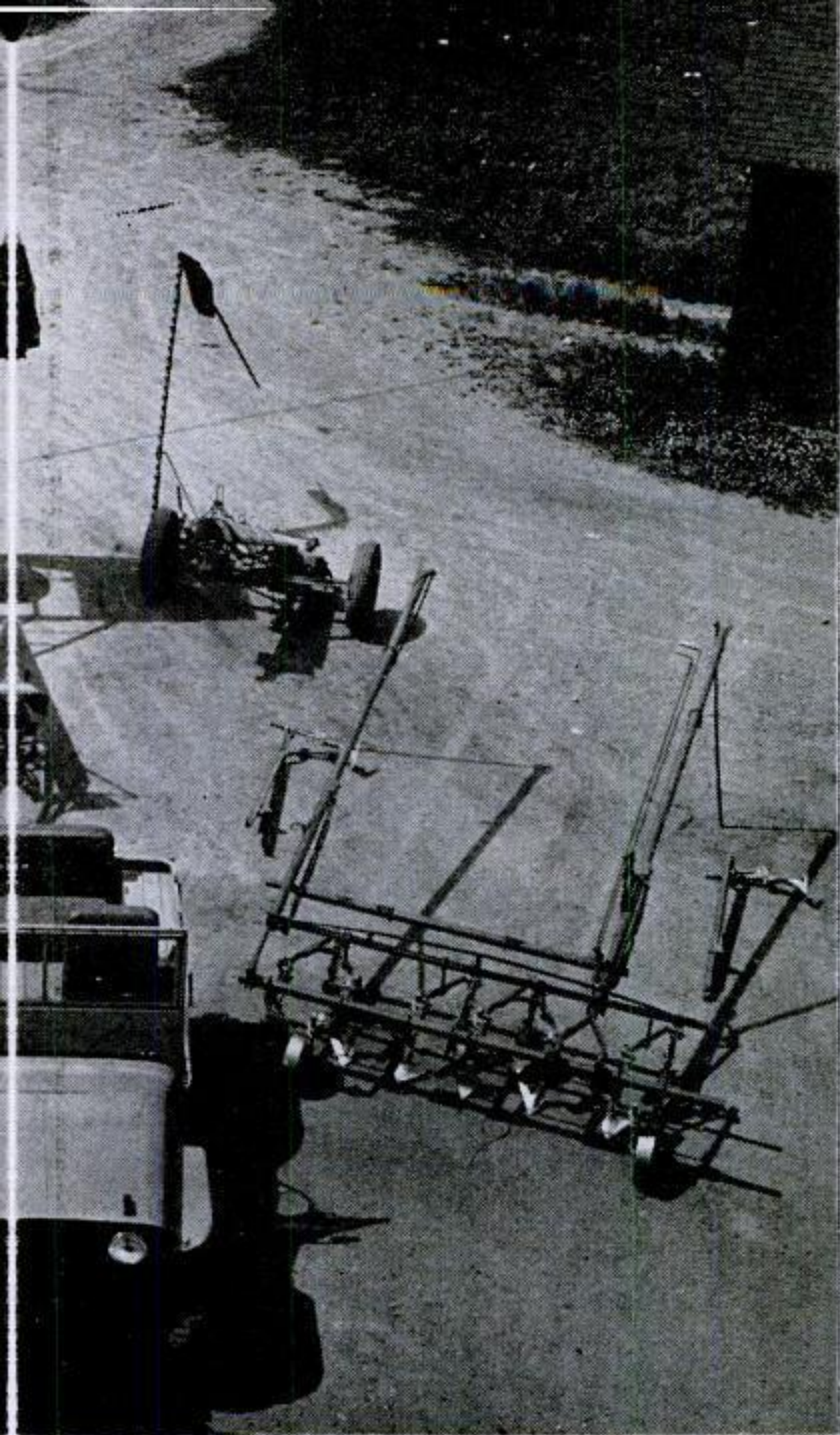
which transmits the engine's power through a shaft to operate a thresher, buzz saw or posthole digger (see below). It retains the same engine plant and four-wheel drive with which more than half a million military models have traveled some ten billion miles in the war. However, the gear ratio has been altered so that at low speeds the jeep can exert a tractorlike pull for heavy-duty plowing. When in use as a passenger vehicle the gear ratio can be switched to produce speeds up

PORTABLE SAWMILL RIPS THROUGH LOGS. POWER IS SUPPLIED BY TAKE-OFF UNIT AT REAR OF THE VEHICLE



POSTHOLE AUGER DIGS EARTH WITH ROTARY MOTION.





DISK, PLOW, COMBINE, MOWER AND A CULTIVATOR

to 60 mph with gasoline consumption rated at 20 miles per gallon.

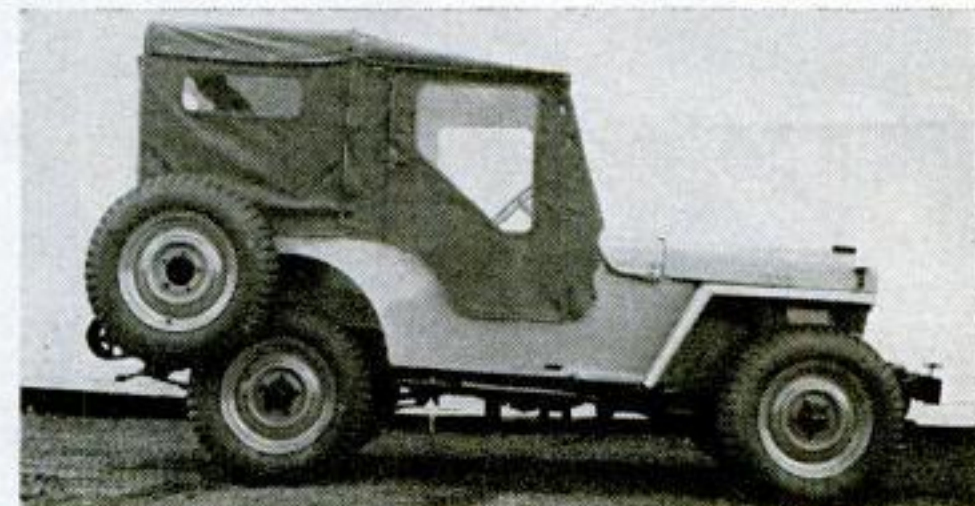
The new jeep's great selling point is its versatility. In addition to serving as a tractor, truck or a mobile power unit, it can take the family to town for shopping or the movies. Protection against the weather is provided by an easily removable top (*right*). New seat cushions plus improved shock absorbers have reduced the spine-shattering bounces of the wartime model jeep.

WORKER (LEFT) GUIDES THE DIRECTION OF THE DRILL



USED AS A TRUCK THE JEEP HAULS A WAGONLOAD OF BALED HAY. THE WEIGHT OF THE LOAD IS 9,400 POUNDS

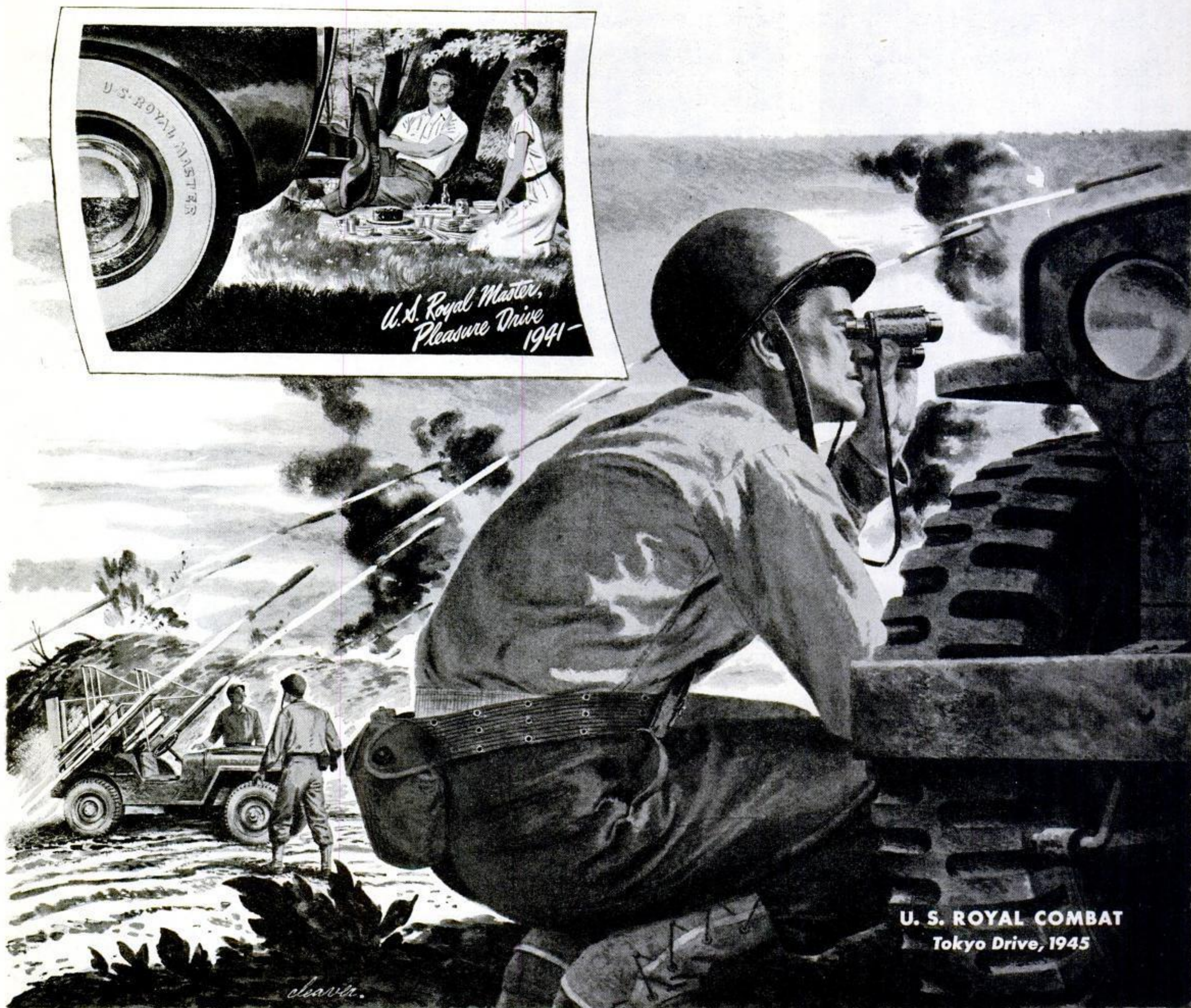
Along with its farm uses the jeep will be able to perform many other jobs. Sportsmen can use it to cross rough country to remote fishing streams and hunting fields. Utility companies can use it to string and repair electric lines. It makes an ideal scout car for fighting forest fires and a highly maneuverable snowplow. According to its makers, the jeep can perform more than 100 different jobs. Its cost, which is now being determined by the OPA, will fall between \$1,000 and \$1,200.



NEW JEEP HAS CREAM COLOR, SPARE TIRE ON SIDE

USED AS PASSENGER CAR, NEW MODEL COMFORTABLY CARRIES FAMILY OF FIVE ON THEIR WAY TO CHURCH





DRIVE...

Back in 1941, to millions of people "drive" meant the family car rolling along a wide cheerful highway.

It brought mountains and seashores to city dwellers in the course of an hour or two. It meant grand picnics, old inns, new blossoms, a great life...all brought to you *safely* on four good rubber tires.

But today, the meaning of "drive" has changed. A drive now means something grim and costly that goes on and on until Japanese resistance has broken. It is something that *will* go on.

No picnic this. No remote connection with the happy Sunday drive of a few years ago—except for one thing: U.S. Royal Tires are

helping turn these wheels too—on bombers, jeeps, army trucks and vehicles.

You helped create these tires. The men and women whose jobs you made when you bought "U.S." products, built tires to stand the toughest test of all—war. The lessons learned from these fighting tires are reflected in today's U.S. Royal DeLuxe tire.

SERVING THROUGH SCIENCE



Listen to "Science Looks Forward"—new series of talks by the great scientists of America—on the Philharmonic-Symphony Program. CBS network, Sunday afternoon, 3:00 to 4:30 E.W.T.

UNITED STATES RUBBER COMPANY

1230 SIXTH AVENUE, ROCKEFELLER CENTER, NEW YORK 20, N. Y. • In Canada: DOMINION RUBBER CO., Ltd.



BLONDE LIZABETH SCOTT, 22, FORMERLY OF SCRANTON, PA., IS THE STAR OF "YOU CAME ALONG" AND POSSESSOR OF THE SCREEN'S MOST GLAMOROUS NEW FACE

MOVIE OF THE WEEK:

You Came Along

A better-than-average tear jerker marks the debut of Elizabeth Scott

Y*ou Came Along* is notable chiefly because it marks the first appearance of a new star, Elizabeth Scott. Slim, husky-voiced Miss Scott is reminiscent of three other actresses. She draws like Dorothy McGuire, has the slow, sultry "look" of Lauren Bacall and sometimes catches the sparkle of Katharine Hepburn. Until Producer Hal B. Wallis caught sight of her one night in the Stork Club, her biggest role had been as understudy to Tallulah Bankhead in the Broadway show *The Skin of Your Teeth*. No fly-by-night starlet, she is

an exceptionally serious actress, works so hard that she is called the "iron woman" around her studio. For relaxation she reads Thomas Mann.

As sentimental war pictures go, *You Came Along* is not bad. Its story concerns the love affair of an aviator dying of leukemia and a girl who marries him for a brief period of happiness together. They meet on a war-bond tour. Before the picture peters out in an overlong ending, it aims some well-deserved barbs at the pompous hypocrisy which often greets returned heroes home to sell bonds.

When cool lake breezes call... but you're tied down at home



There's Quick Comfort in a glass of ICED TENDER LEAF TEA!



Life looks brighter from behind a frosty glass of iced Tender Leaf Brand Tea. There's a "lift" in it along with the coolness—and the flavor is so rich and robust it comes right through the ice. In packages and filter-type tea balls.



"You Came Along" CONTINUED



Before starting war-bond tour three airmen say goodbye to pretty showgirls they had met a few nights before in New York. Miss Ivy Hotchkiss (Elizabeth Scott), the Treasury Department shepherd in charge of the trip, waits in the background.



Bored with interviews and speeches, the men are glad to get aboard plane. Left to right: Lieutenant Janoschek ("Handsome"), Major Robert ("Bob") Collins, Captain Anders ("Shakespeare"). The three have been inseparable buddies overseas.



Ivy makes friends with her puzzling charges as the trip goes on and begins to fall in love with Major Bob (played by Robert Cummings, on leave from the Air Forces). She has dropped the formality of Miss Hotchkiss, is now "Hotcha" to the boys.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 38

A sepia reproduction of this illustration, suitable for framing, will be sent on receipt of 10¢ in coin (to cover postage and handling). Address RCA Victor, Dept. L, Camden, N. J.



There's something in heredity . . .

CUTE PUPPIES are "a dime a dozen." They may be born of any kind of dog parents . . . But *champion* Collies can be produced only by the most careful selection from pedigreed Collie stock. Heredity counts!

Your first postwar radio set—whatever its name—will also be the result of the background and experience of its makers. And in *engineering* where will you find a background of achievement equal to that of the Radio Corporation of America? . . . In the whole field of recorded *music* where will

you find experience comparable to that of Victor?

As soon as radio sets are available, make your selection carefully . . . And at whatever price you decide to pay, you'll find added enjoyment and added pride in owning a set which bears the combined name of the acknowledged leaders in two fields—RCA Victor.

THE NEW RCA VICTOR SETS will include many great improvements—the result of experience gained in building 350 different types of war equipment, *none*



of it ever manufactured by anyone before . . . FM and television, of course. Radios and the famous Victrola (made only by RCA Victor) will range from excellent low-priced table models to fine automatic consoles. See your RCA Victor dealer before you buy.



RCA VICTOR

RADIO CORPORATION OF AMERICA



"Next time I'll know better Mr. D..."

"Mister, didn't your mother teach you *anything* about getting along with women?"

"Why don't you use Mum?"

"Do you think women admire underarm odor in a man, or something? *They don't!*"

"Or do you think being a man makes you immune to underarm odor? It doesn't!"

"... it's about time you learned that people who get along with other people are considerate! They guard against underarm odor. Better use Mum, Mr. D!"

• NOTE TO THE MAN (and you?)

You can't count on showers to keep you from risk of offending.

But 30 seconds with Mum... a dab under each arm... *will* keep you safe all day or all evening. Mum won't harm shirt or skin. Get a jar today!



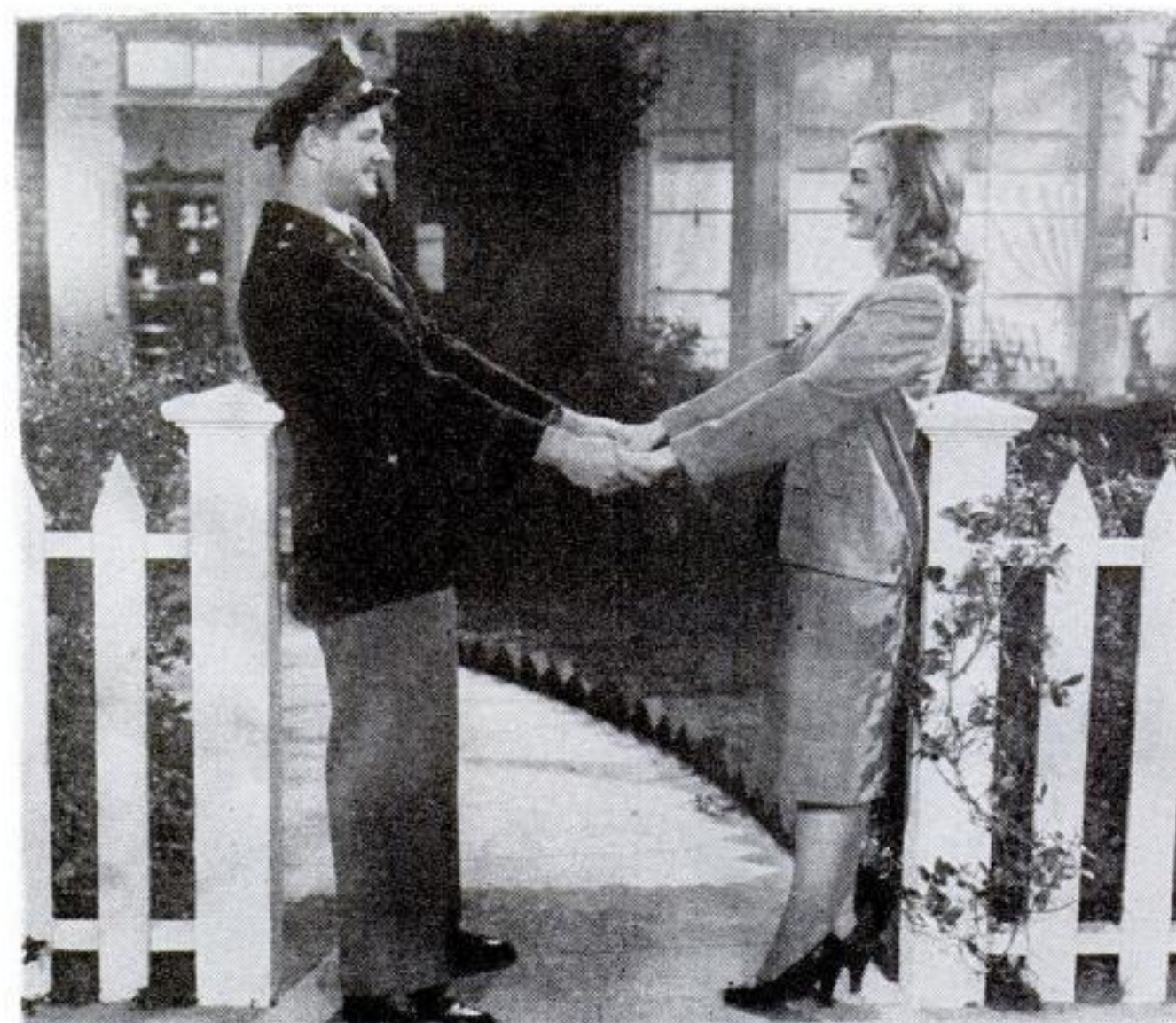
Product of Bristol-Myers

Mum helps a man to make the grade!

"You Came Along" CONTINUED



Waiting for Bob in a San Francisco bar, Shakespeare meets an Army doctor who knew all three airmen when they were overseas. Doctor inquires after Bob's health, inadvertently mentions his incurable disease. Ivy now knows that Bob will soon die.



Ivy and Bob marry after the war-bond trip and move to a cottage on Long Island near Mitchel Field where the three airmen are stationed. Ivy succeeds in making Bob as happy as possible, but he is still not aware that she knows he is going to die.



War Department telegram informs Ivy of Bob's death in Walter Reed Hospital. He had gone away, telling her that he was detailed for overseas duty again. She recalls his parting words, asking her not to feel sorry for him no matter what happened.

DENTIST OFFERS YOU
SAFE WAY TO ERASE

SMOKE SMUDGE



If your teeth are discolored from smoking—learn these new facts:

- 1 You probably brush your teeth less than 1 minute.
- 2 Most dentifrices foam up and disperse—lose their brightening action—in even less time.
- 3 Iodent No. 2 has a clinging action that may double the time you polish your teeth—compact texture clings to each bristle to make a gentle smudge eraser.

See how it helps reveal the natural sparkle of your teeth. It's made by a dentist. Get Iodent No. 2 today.

IODENT

Tooth Paste or Powder
for teeth hard to bryten

Millions of people with teeth
easy to bryten like Iodent No. 1

BACK AGAIN

QUANTITY LIMITED—
ACT PROMPTLY!

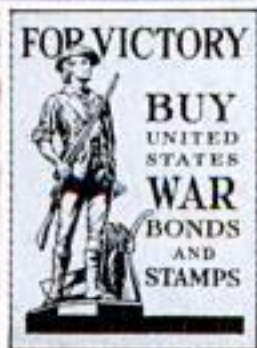
Good news for men! America's favorite after-shave lotion is again available.

Your dealer will limit sales one to a customer because vast quantities are going to our armed forces.

Get your bottle of genuine Mennen Skin Bracer—immediately!



DEFEND THE CONSTITUTION



You said it!
L.S./M.F.T.



Copyright 1945, The American Tobacco Company

Until Tokyo falls—

*THIS CONTINUES TO BE
Swift's Wartime Policy...*

*(— a self-imposed obligation that
Swift & Company has been guided
by since the very beginning of the war)*



*“We will cooperate to the fullest extent
with the U. S. Government to help
win the war...”*

EVEN when the final blow for Victory has fallen on Japan, the demand for meat will still be greater than the supply. You'll have to wait some time longer before your dealer can again offer you, in the quantities you want, those thick, tender steaks and delicious hams you used to enjoy—top-quality meats like those branded “Swift's Premium” and “Swift's Brookfield”.

Victory will hasten the day, of course. Victory will ease the

enormous demands which war has placed on our nation's meat supply. Improvement in the amount of meat available for civilians, however, cannot come overnight.

True, our country has today the largest livestock population of any great nation. But this is livestock, not meat. It has to grow to maturity, be fed up to market weight, be shipped, graded, processed and distributed to your dealer, before it is ready for your table.



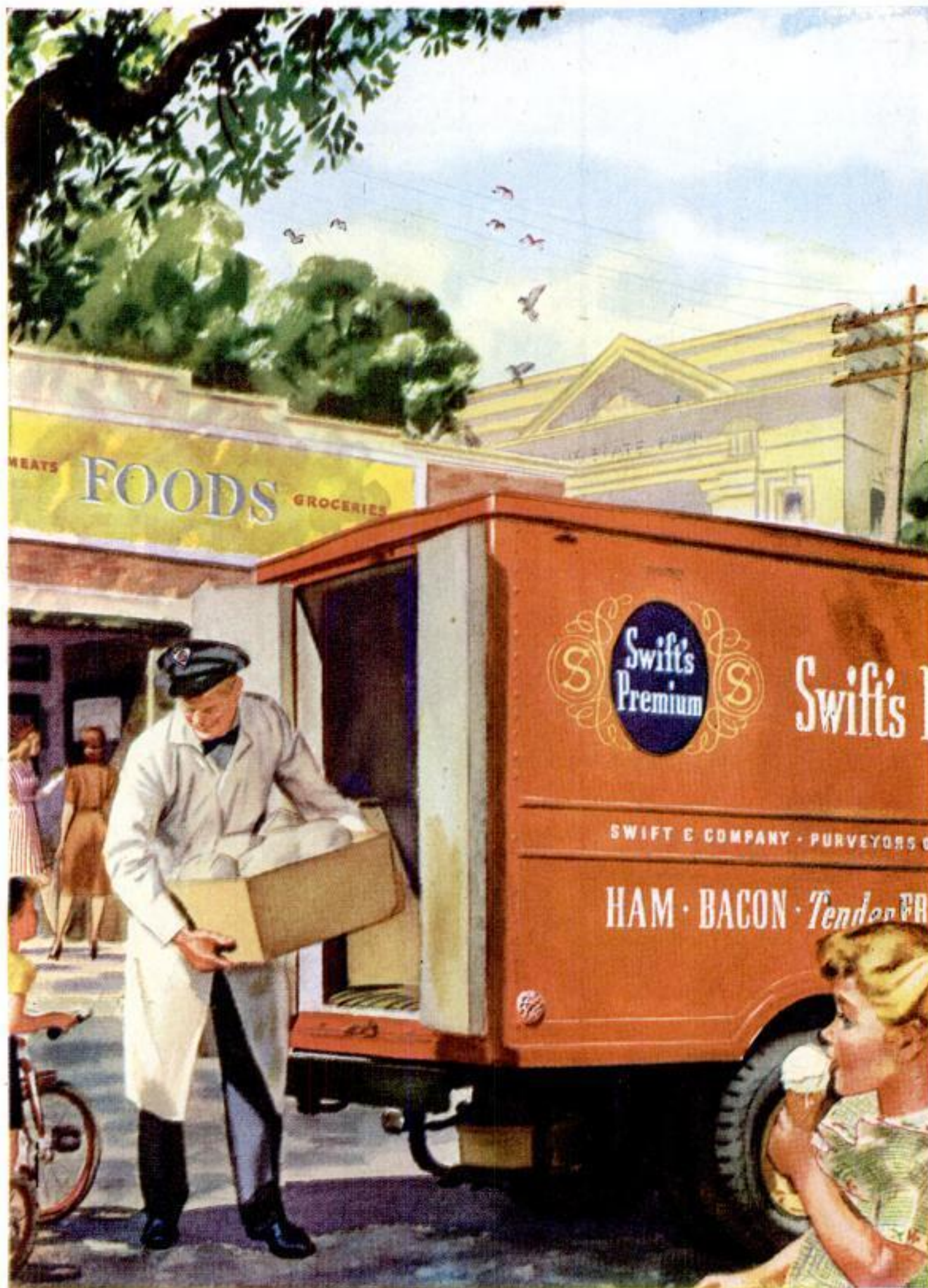
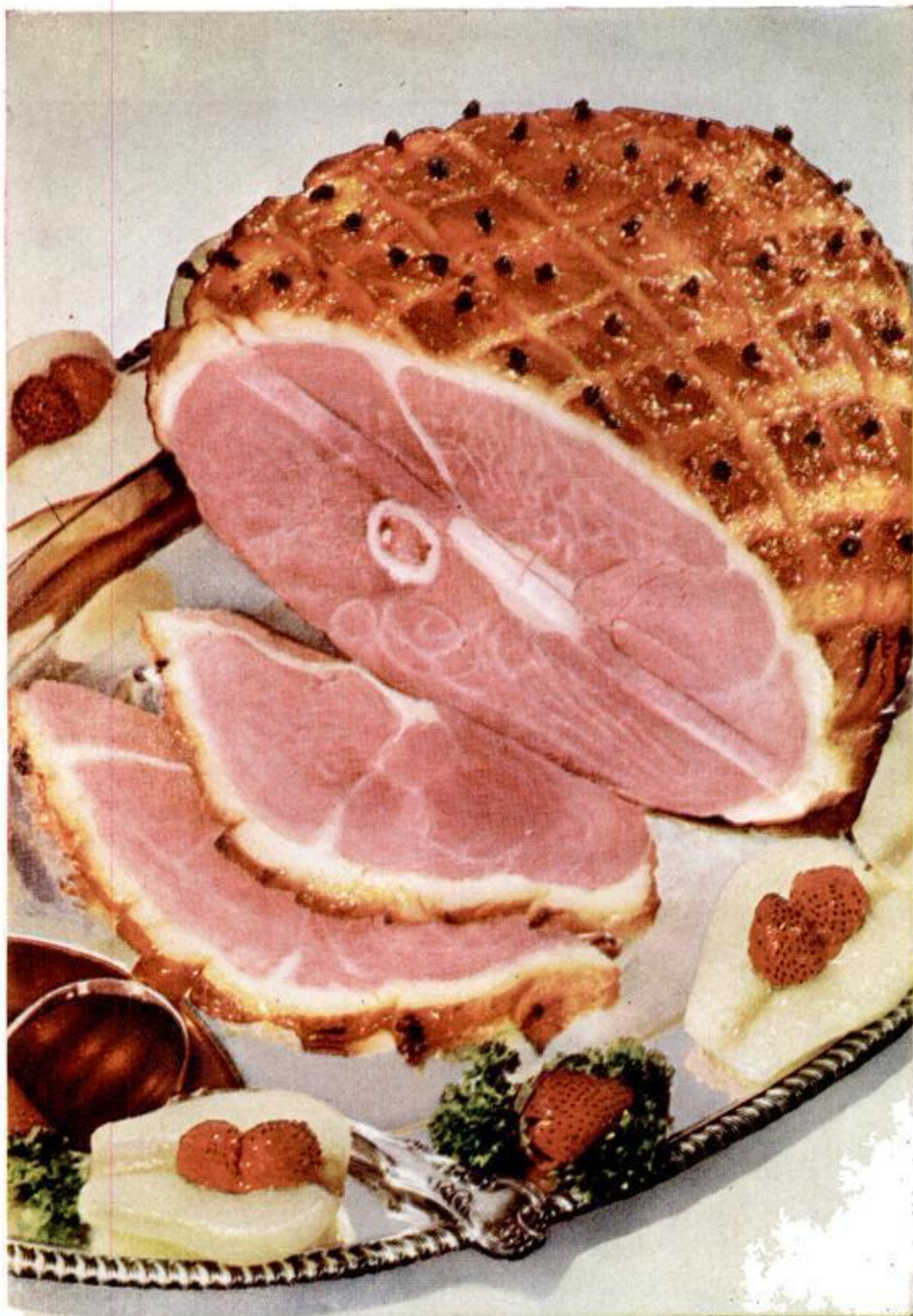
*Regardless of shortages of
supply, Swift pledges that these famous
products will continue to be
the finest of their kind*



SWIFT'S PREMIUM HAM



SWIFT'S PREMIUM BACON

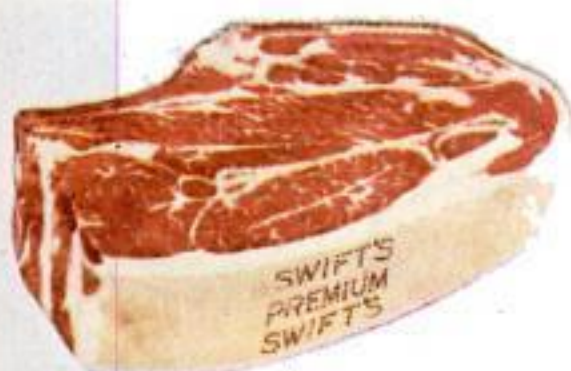


We will do everything possible to safeguard the high quality of our products. Despite wartime difficulties . . .

We will make every effort to distribute available civilian supplies to insure all consumers everywhere a fair share."

All this takes time—lots of time. But all of Swift & Company's facilities, its years of experience, its nation-wide delivery services and its great food laboratories will be devoted to all-out peace time production at the earliest possible moment.

SWIFT & COMPANY
FOOD PURVEYOR TO THE **U.S.A.**



SWIFT'S BRANDS OF BEEF



SWIFT'S BRANDS OF VEAL



SWIFT'S PREMIUM TABLE READY MEATS



SWIFT'S PREMIUM FRANKFURTS

MEAT

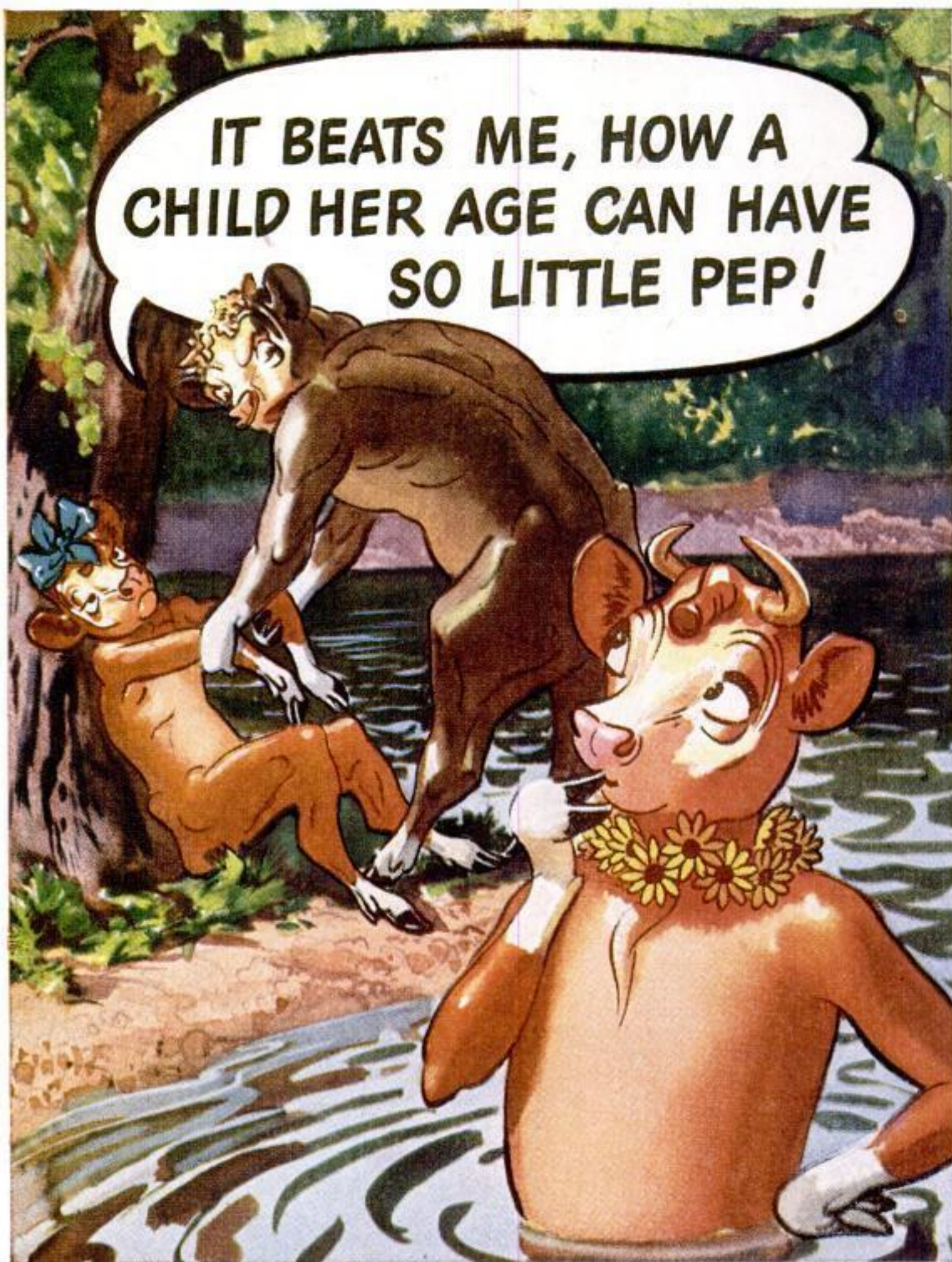


**is matériel
of War!**

Your first duty to your country: BUY WAR BONDS

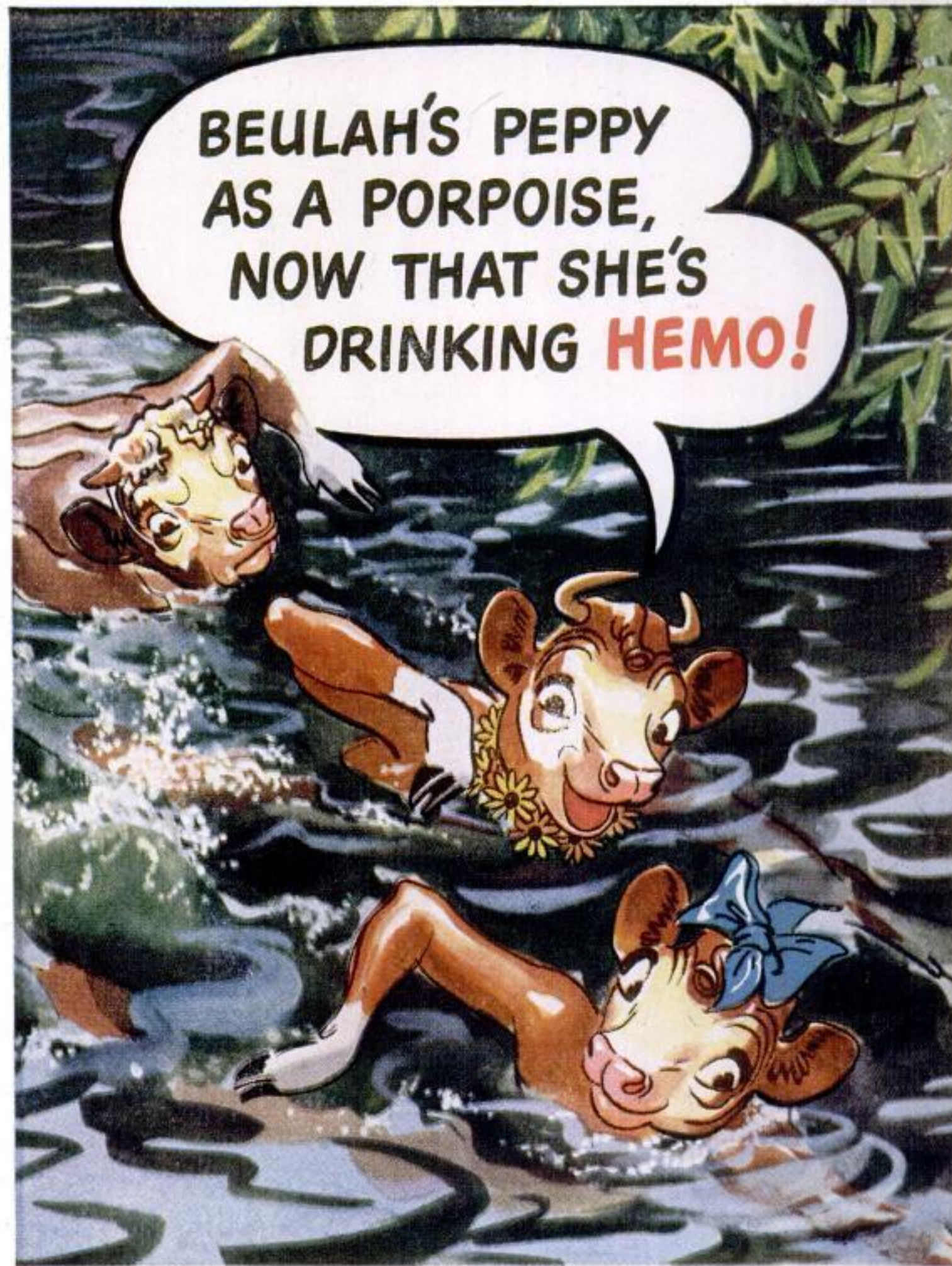


BEFORE HEMO!



IT BEATS ME, HOW A CHILD HER AGE CAN HAVE SO LITTLE PEP!

AFTER HEMO!



BEULAH'S PEPPY AS A PORPOISE, NOW THAT SHE'S DRINKING **HEMO!**

GET IN THE SWIM! Drink your vitamins and like 'em!

Don't envy the gals and boys with zip and pep and zing!

Do something about it! It *could* be, that lack of vitamins is keeping you from acting and feeling your naturally peppy best (3 out of 4 people don't get enough!).

Start today to supplement your regular meals with extra vitamins and minerals! And be sure to get them in the *form* that has real advantages—luscious chocolate HEMO! It's a taste-thriller!



Glorious-tasting chocolate HEMO is a real *food* drink. Supplies lots of other food elements in addition to vitamins! And that's *fine*! For vitamins act on other food elements, "spark" them into energy!

Just 2 glasses of HEMO made with milk

give you your entire day's needs—according to government standards—of Vitamins A, B₁, B₂(G), D, Niacin, plus important minerals, Iron, Calcium, Phosphorus.

Get glorious HEMO for the *whole* family today! Just 59¢ for the full-pound jar at grocery and drug stores.



HEMO exceeds adult requirements!

Minimum daily needs set by U.S. nutritionists	2 servings of HEMO, made with milk, give
4000 USP units	VITAMIN A 4900 USP units
333 USP units	VITAMIN B ₁ 400 USP units
2 milligrams	VITAMIN B ₂ 3 milligrams
400 USP units	VITAMIN D 410 USP units
(Not set)	NIACIN 10.3 milligrams
10 milligrams	IRON 15.7 milligrams
750 milligrams	CALCIUM 950 milligrams
750 milligrams	PHOSPHORUS 750 milligrams

© Borden Co.

JUST ONE GLASS OF HEMO GIVES YOU:

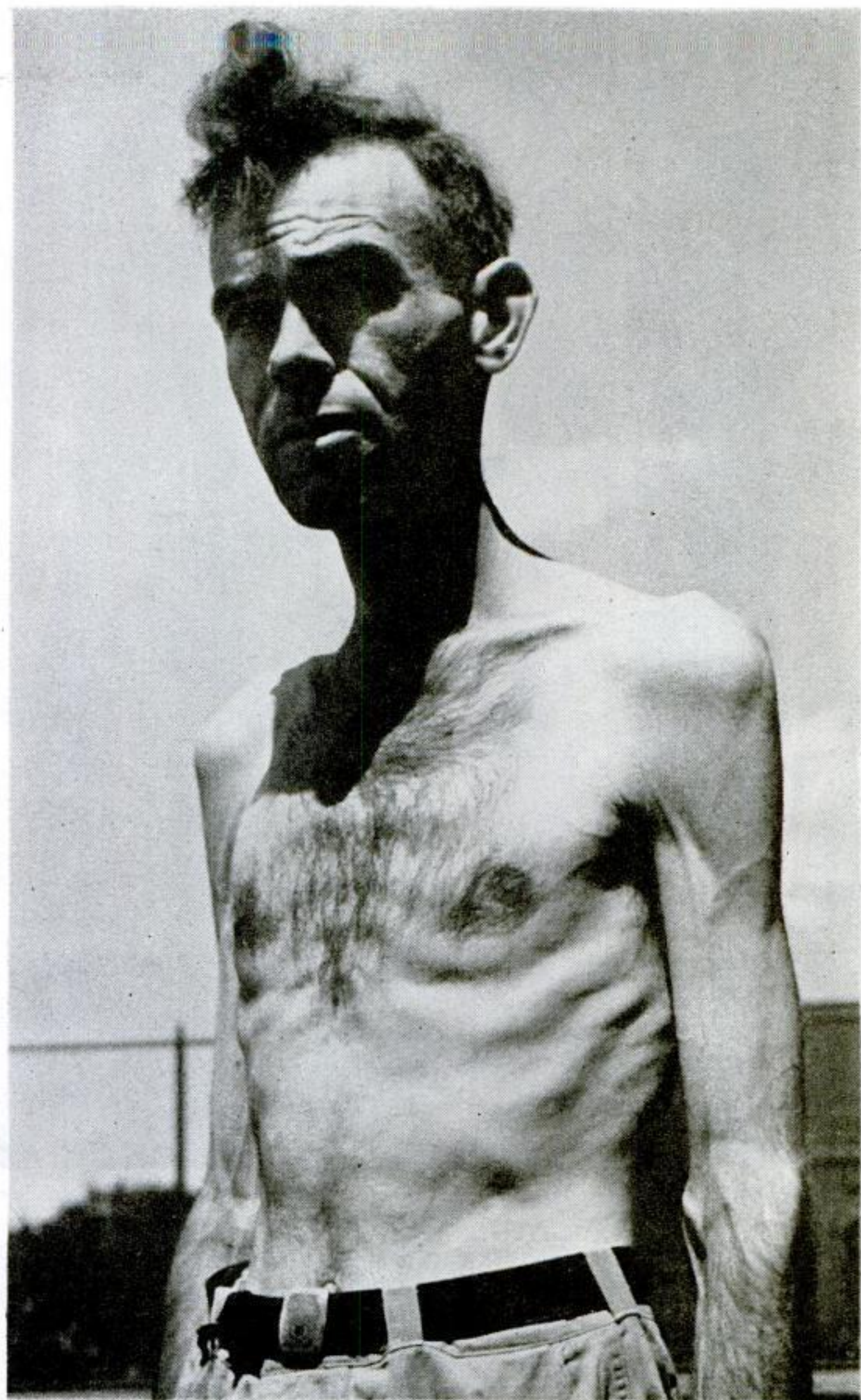
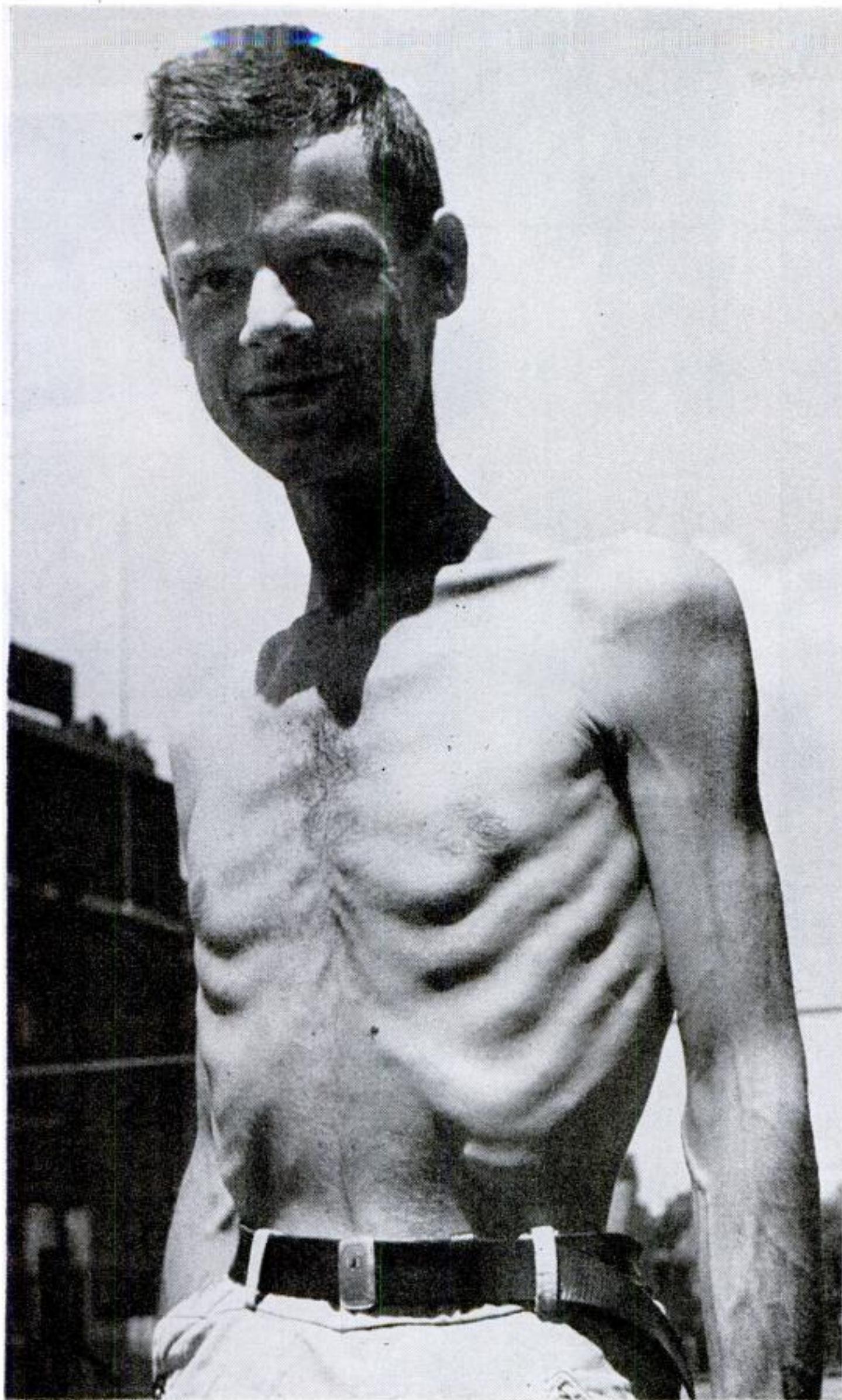
- The Vitamin A in 3 boiled eggs! PLUS
- The Vitamin B₁ in 4 slices of whole wheat bread! PLUS
- The Vitamin B₂ (G) in 4 servings of spinach! PLUS
- The Vitamin D in 3 servings of beef liver! PLUS
- The Niacin in 3 servings of carrots! PLUS
- The Iron in ½ pound of beef! PLUS
- The Calcium & Phosphorus in 2 servings of cauliflower and 1 serving of cooked green beans combined!



IF IT'S BORDEN'S IT'S GOT TO BE GOOD!

Borden's Hemo

Vitamins in a drink that's a treat!



AFTER FIVE MONTHS OF STARVATION DIET CONSCIENTIOUS OBJECTORS SAMUEL LEGG (LEFT) AND EDWARD COWLES HAVE LOST 35 AND 30 POUNDS RESPECTIVELY

MEN STARVE IN MINNESOTA

CONSCIENTIOUS OBJECTORS VOLUNTEER FOR STRICT HUNGER TESTS TO STUDY EUROPE'S FOOD PROBLEM

In a 40-room laboratory housed in the football stadium at the University of Minnesota 34 young men are being systematically starved. They are conscientious objectors from all over the U. S. who volunteered as "guinea pigs" in a scientific study of starvation. Its immediate object is to find out the best way to rehabilitate the hunger-wasted millions of Europe.

Last February the men were launched on a frugal diet of two meals a day consisting mainly of bread, potatoes and turnips, which approximates the protein-deficient food rations of Europe. Average daily value of the meals is 1,600 calories as compared with the 3,300 calories required by these men prior to the diet. Moreover, the volunteers must do work every day which requires the expenditure of 3,300 calories. Result is that they have lost about 22% of their weight (*see above*), their average pulse rate has dropped to 35, their hearts have shrunk and their blood volume is down 10%.

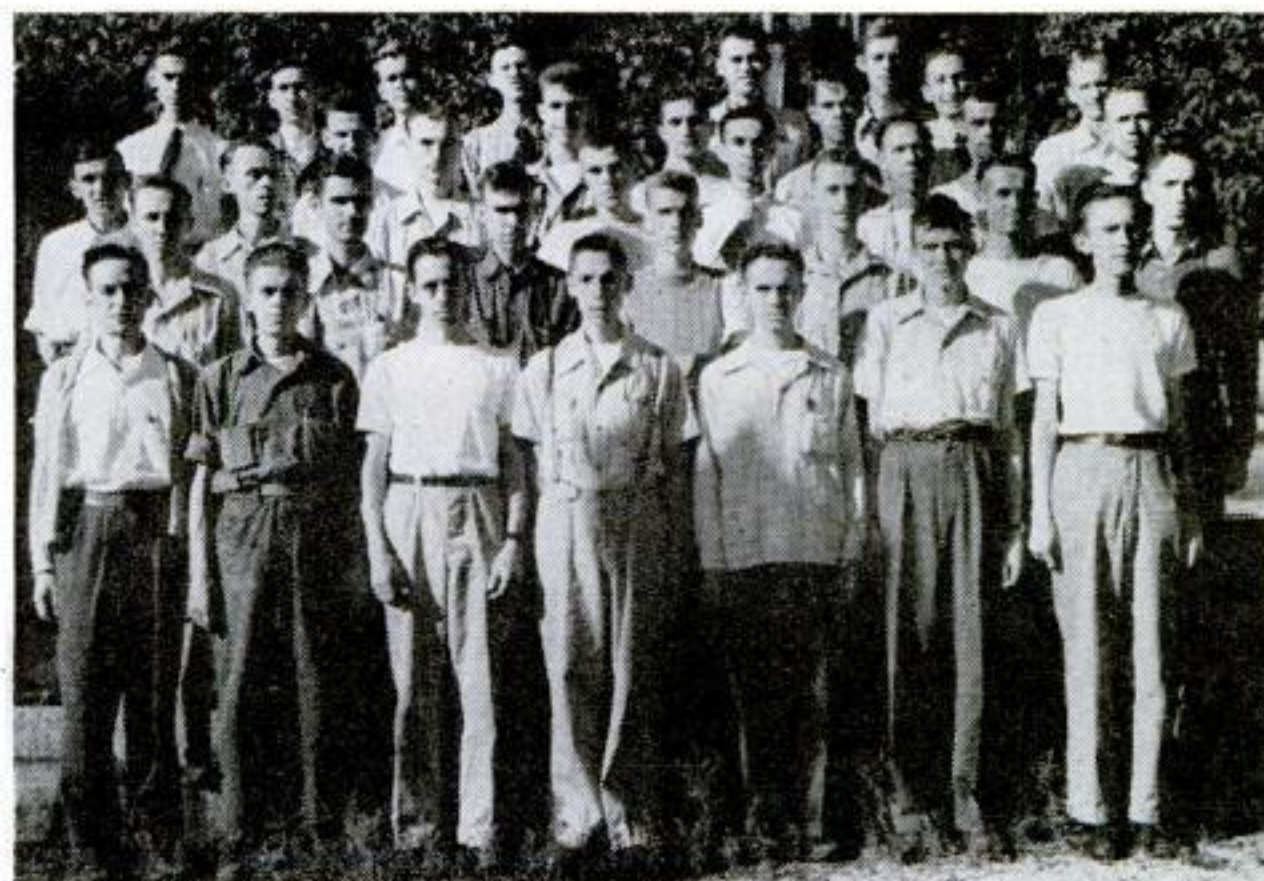
Mentally the men feel a general lethargy, having little interest in conversation or sex. They complain of feeling "old." They report an inability to keep warm, average body temperature being 95.8° F.

The single consuming thought uppermost in their minds, day and night, is food. They love to plan meals, spend hours with lavishly illustrated cookbooks (*see p. 46*) and have guilty nightmares in which they dream of feasting on huge meals.

Never allowed to leave the laboratory alone, men use a "buddy" system when

they go to town in search of gum, which helps them forget hunger. On one excursion one of the men passed a bakery which wafted delicious odors of cakes and pies out to the street through its exhaust fan. Unable to withstand these rich temptations, he rushed in, bought a dozen doughnuts, handed them out to kids in the street. They ate them gratefully as he watched with obvious relish.

Now in the diet's sixth and last month, the volunteers will be given a three-month rehabilitation diet. They will be divided into four groups and each group will be given different supplementary foods to determine which foods have the best effect in restoring wasted flesh and energy. Many of the men wish to go to stricken areas to add their firsthand knowledge to the problem. So far, legal and diplomatic obstacles have thwarted previous attempts to get abroad.

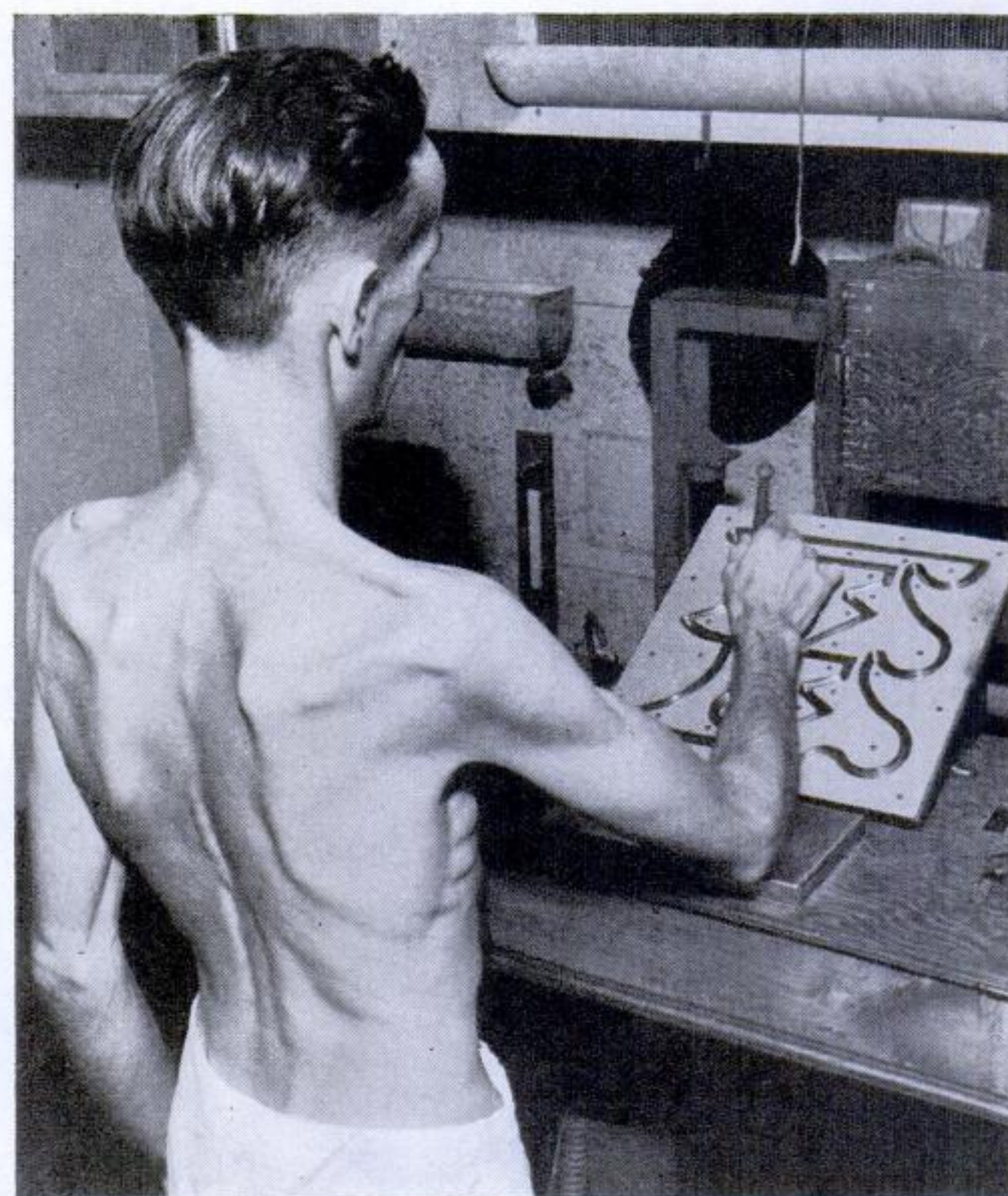
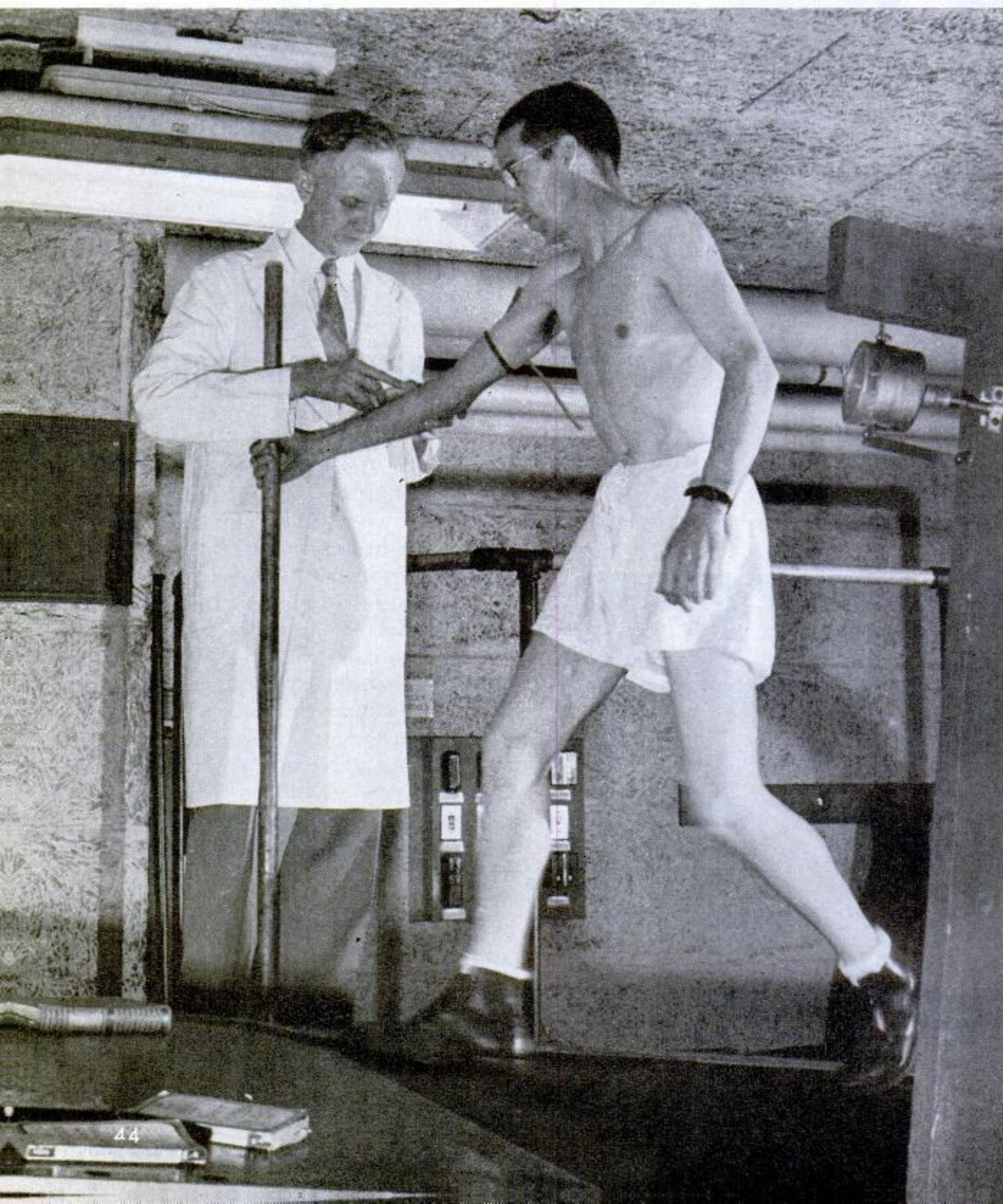


CLOTHES HIDE GAUNT RIBS IN GROUP PICTURE OF THE VOLUNTEERS

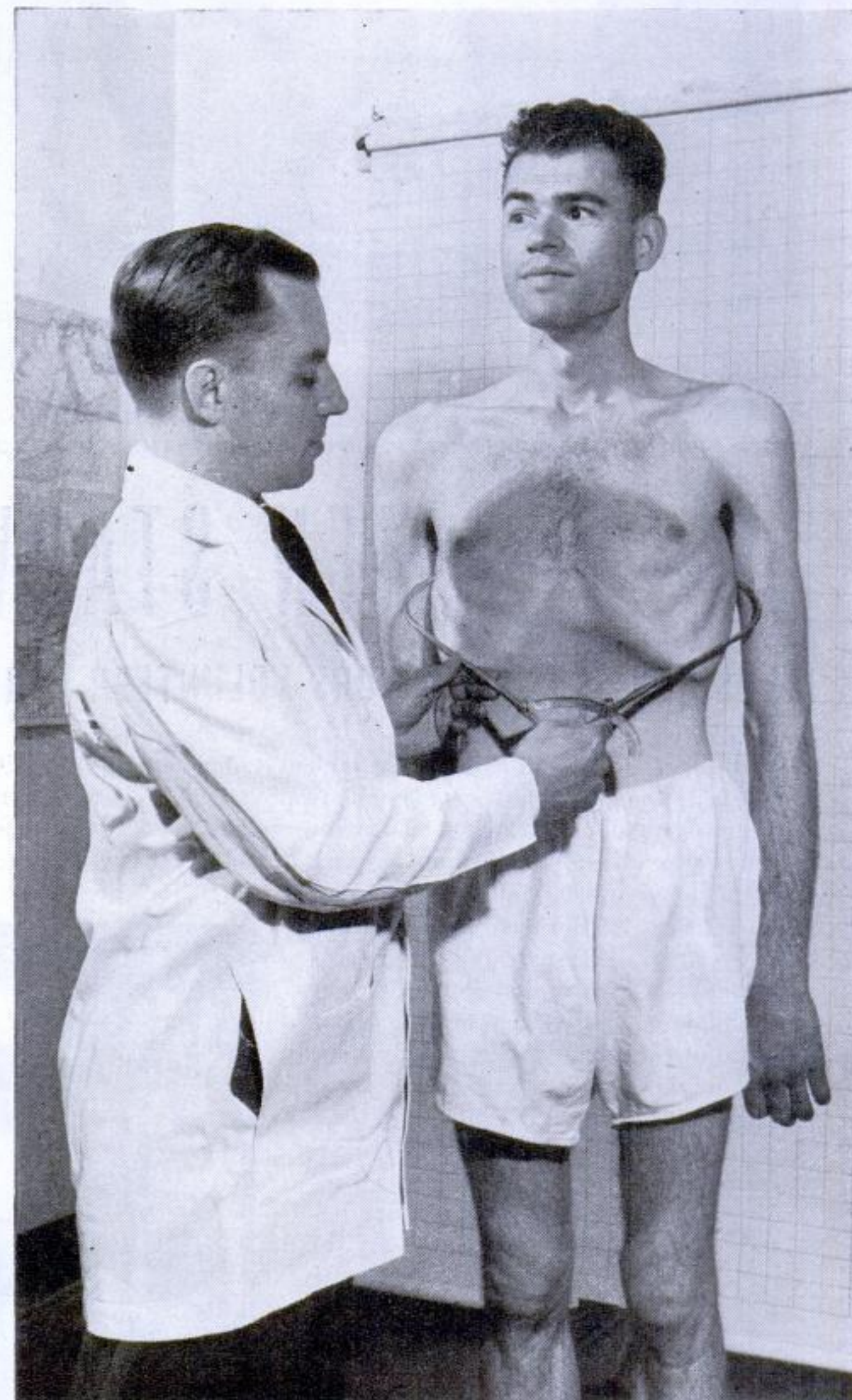
Starvation CONTINUED



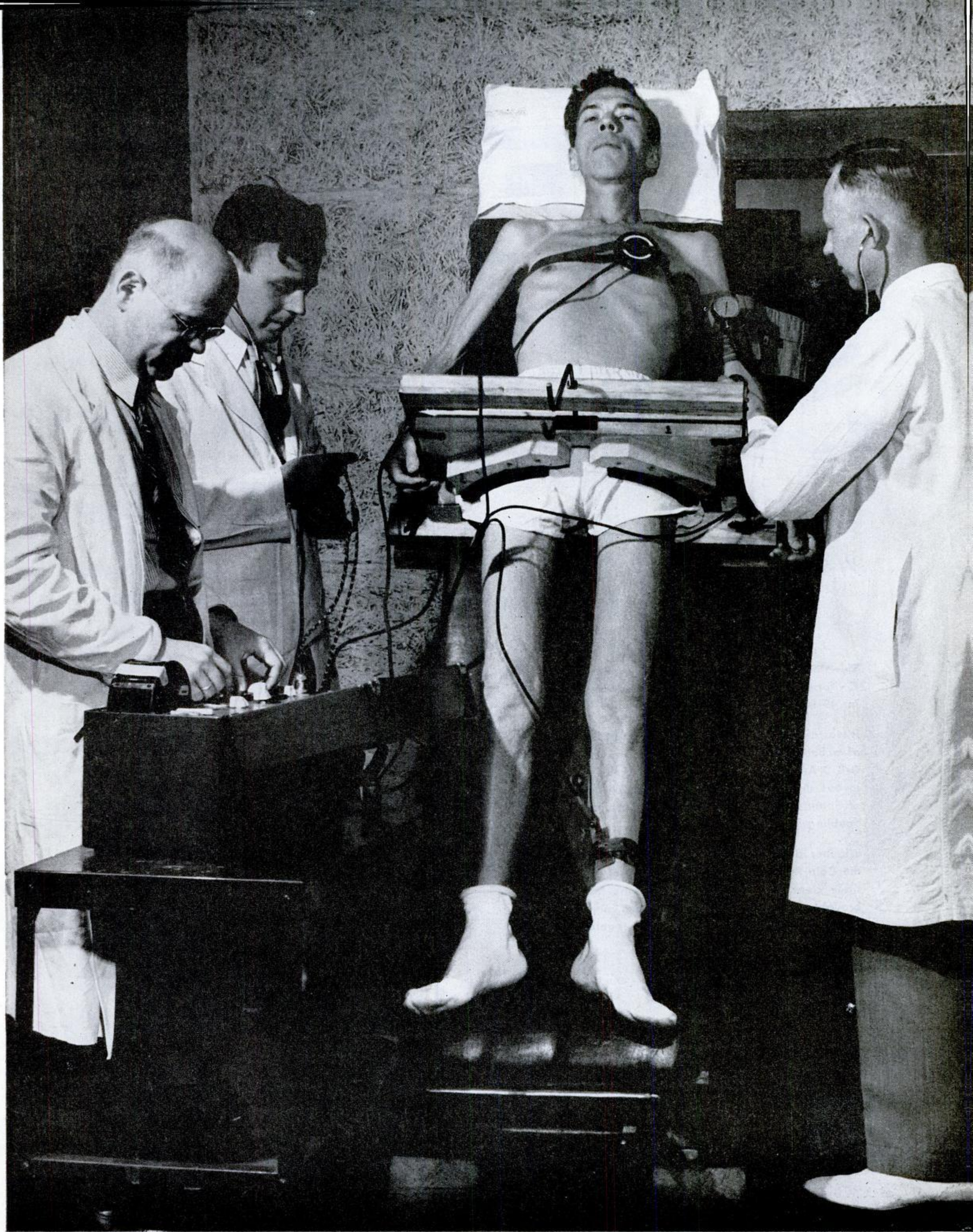
Walking on treadmill, "guinea pigs" expend energy from their meager supply. Treadmill has 10% grade, travels about $3\frac{1}{2}$ mph. Below: a blood sample is taken from the subject's arm as he exercises.



Patient traces a maze pattern to test efficiency of his coordination. Whenever metal pencil touches sides of the grooves it causes a telltale short in the electrical circuit.



Using calipers, Dr. Ancel Keys, director of the project, measures the chest width of James Plaugher. Measurements of all parts of body are made before and after diet.



On a tilting table a patient is swung into vertical and horizontal positions as tests are made. Tests make record of pulse, blood pressure, electrocardiogram and pulse-wave velocity. This

complicated mechanism records ability of the subject's circulatory system to adjust itself to sudden changes. This is something like tests given fliers to determine resistance to blackout.



Who said "imported"?
... **this is AMERICAN**

The story of finding gold at Sutter's mill in California and of the subsequent Gold Rush in '49 is perhaps not complete.

It was a loud "Hurrah," and the holding aloft of a bottle of wine perhaps as delicious as G & D American Vermouth, which stirred the joyous shout. That a nugget of gold fell out of Sutter's hand at the same time was just doubling his good fortune.

Whether subsequent events should be called the Gold Rush or the G & D Rush, is not entirely clear but it is a fact that wine has brought California hundreds of times more riches, not to speak of enjoyment, than its gold. Try a golden G & D Martini.



GAMBARELLI & DAVITTO • NEW YORK
DIVISION OF ITALIAN SWISS COLONY

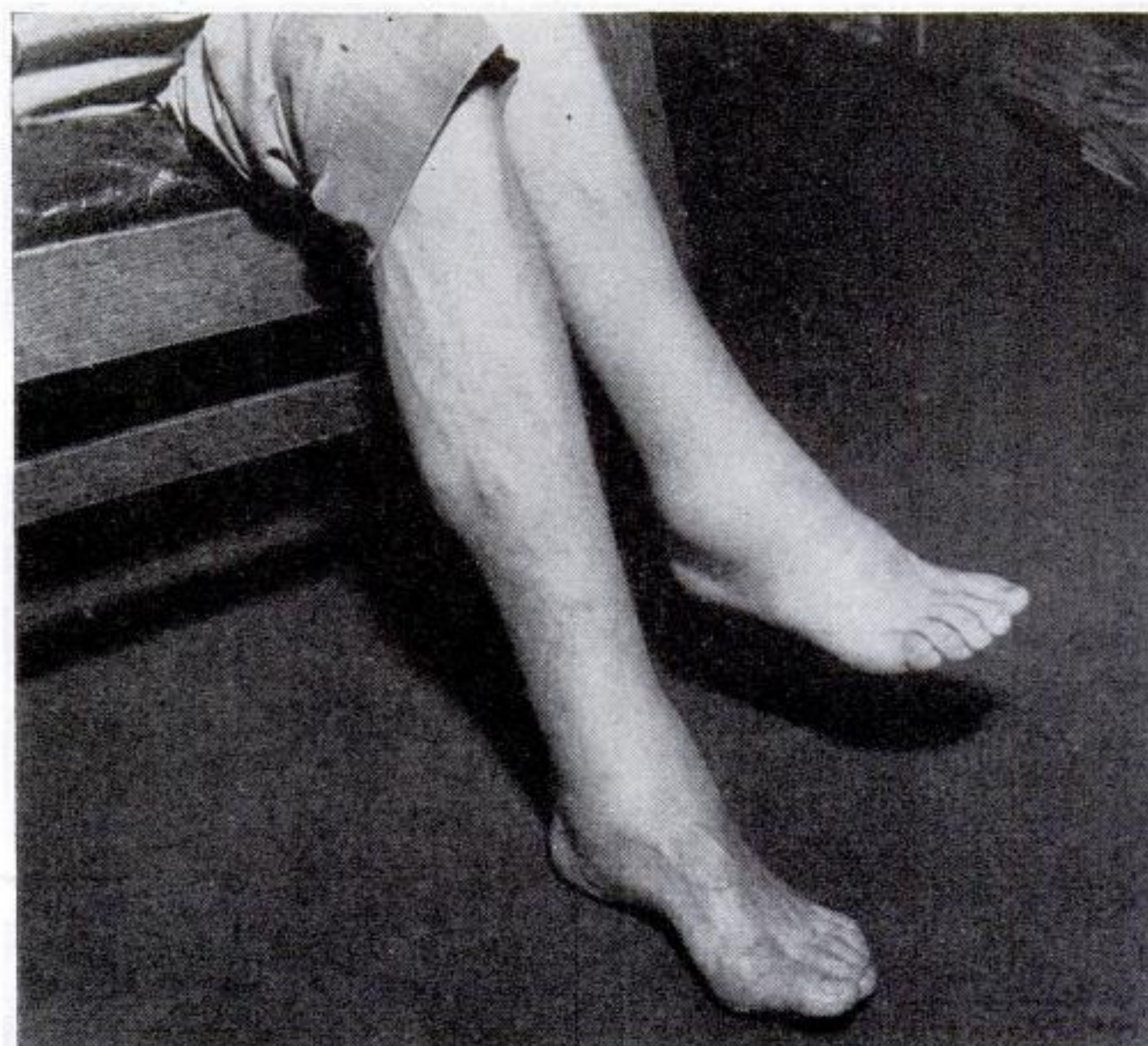
Starvation CONTINUED



Subject licks plate of last trace of food. His meal consists of basic items of cabbage, soup, potatoes, bread. Most patients save bits of food to munch on in their quarters.



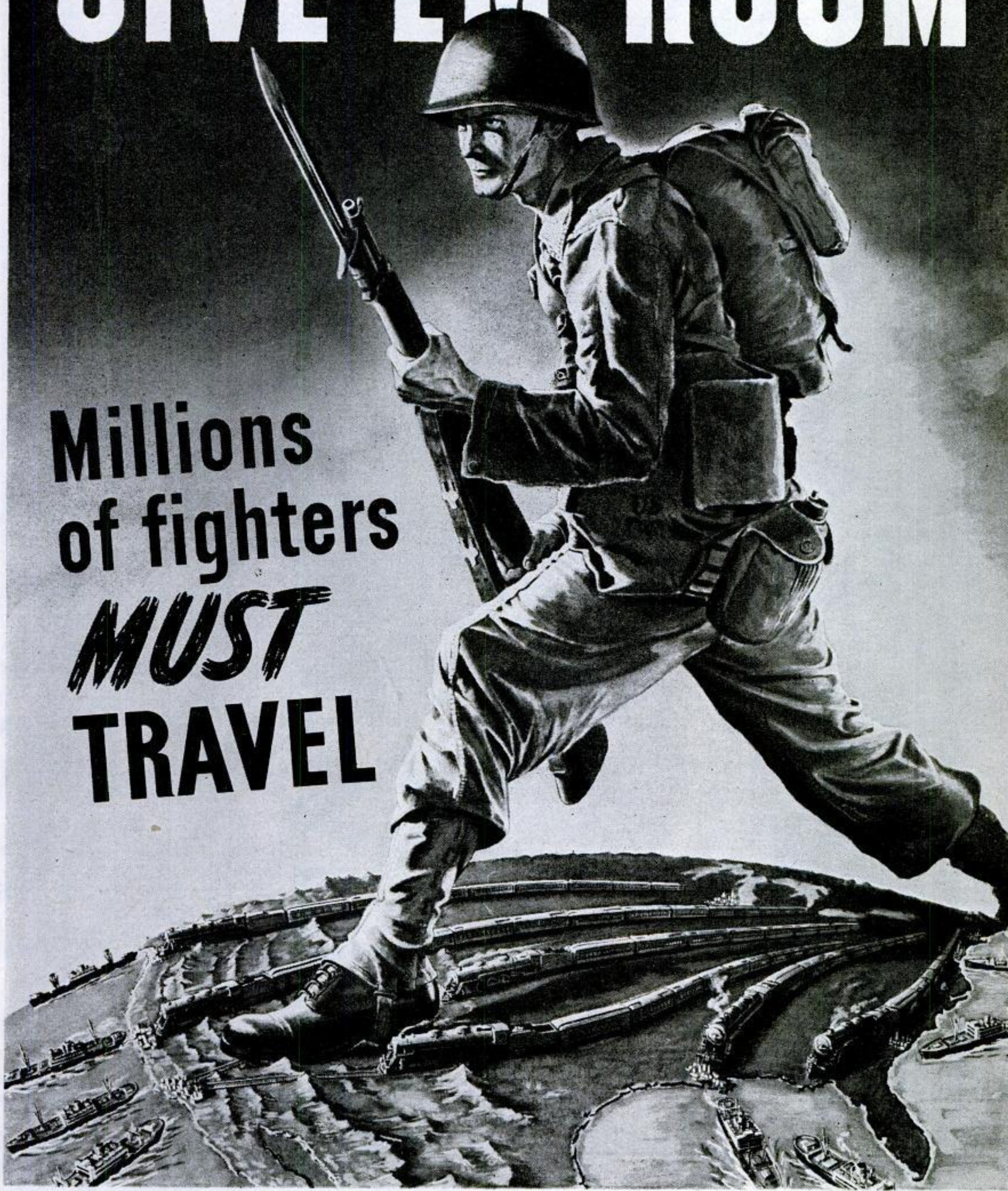
Favorite literature of the volunteers are these richly illustrated cookbooks. Patients read them avidly, plan fantastic feasts such as Milky Way with chocolate sauce.



Swollen ankles are very common among the men. Fluids in blood, caused by lack of protein, seep through vessels and settle in the legs. Condition is known as edema.

GIVE 'EM ROOM

Millions
of fighters
**MUST
TRAVEL**



★ ★ ★ ★ ★

"The transportation job in the first phase of the war has often been called a 'miracle.' The job ahead of us is even bigger.

"It is important that the public understand the situation and at once lend full cooperation in order that the burden may be minimized."

—PRESIDENT TRUMAN

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

SOME are headed home for good — but millions more will stay only briefly before they go on to finish the job in the Pacific.

These fighters are now on the move — and this is the No. 1 reason why trains are so crowded these days.

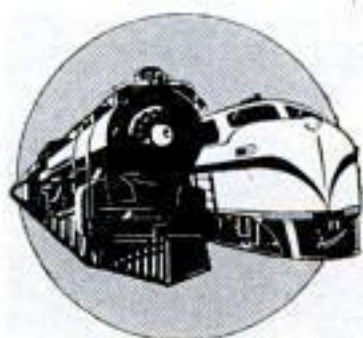
If it comes to a choice between your taking a trip—and a returned soldier's

getting to see his home folks before moving on to an embarkation point — we know you will understand who deserves the right of way.

The railroads must continue to devote

all their energies toward hastening final victory and the day when all the boys can come back home for good.

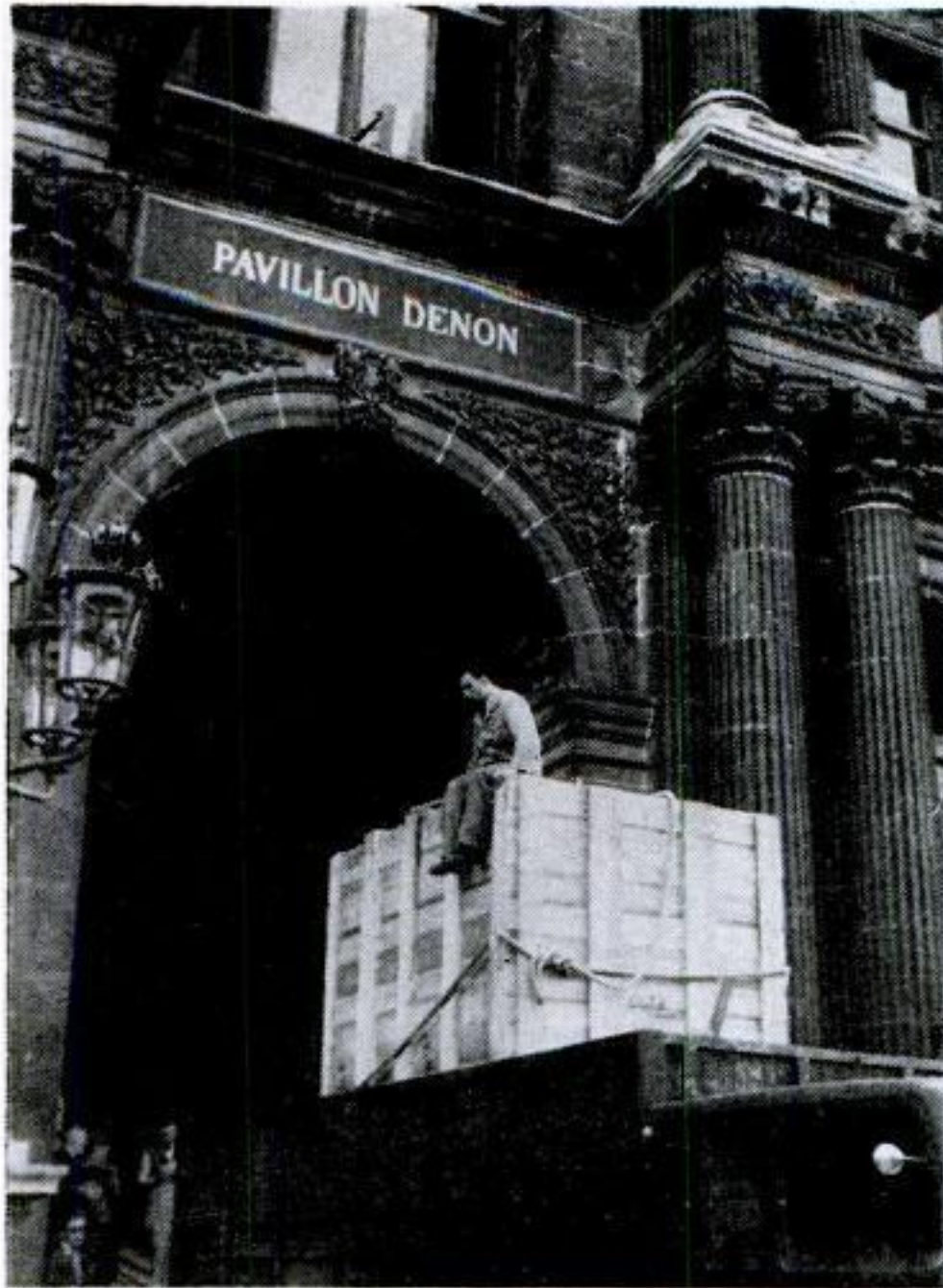
We know that's the way you want it —and we count on your cooperation.



AMERICAN RAILROADS
ALL UNITED FOR VICTORY



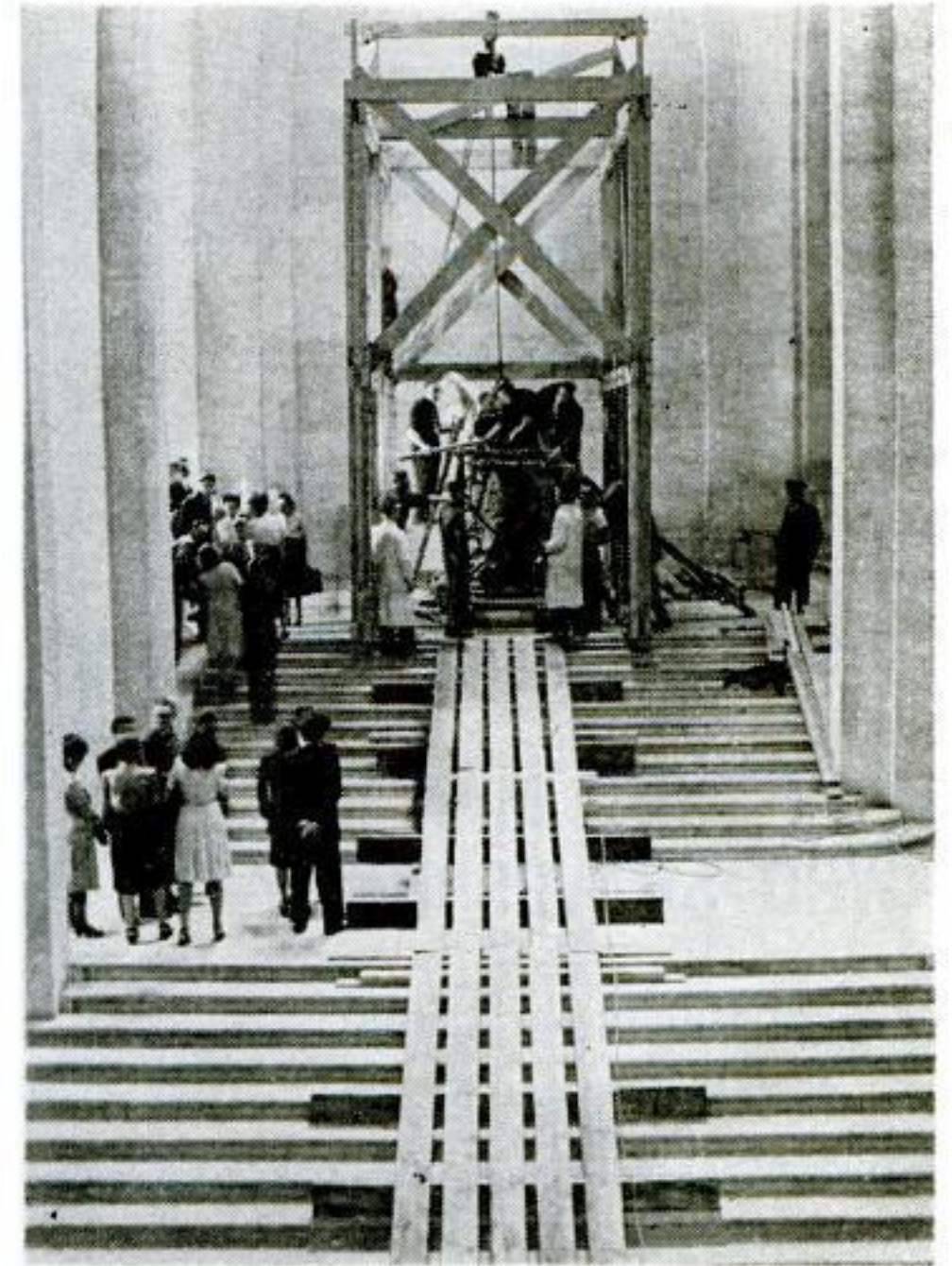
TWO GIs AND A FRENCHMAN INSPECT THE
LOUVRE'S NEWLY RETURNED "VENUS DE MILO"



Back to the Louvre in a heavy truck comes the *Victory of Samothrace*, one of the museum's masterpieces of Greek sculpture.



Opening the crate for the first time in six years, the workmen prepare to return the *Victory* to its old stand in the museum.



Special runway was required in order to move the *Victory* up the Louvre's many flights of stairs. Statue weighs three tons.

LOUVRE ART RETURNS

Paris museum's famous masterpieces come back from wartime hiding place

This month, for the first time in six years, the world-famous Louvre Museum in Paris is open again, its ancient masterpieces unscathed by World War II. As early as 1939 such famous pieces as the *Venus de Milo*, the *Mona Lisa* and the *Victory of Samothrace* were gingerly moved out to the country and hidden in the coach house and specially air-conditioned halls of the Château de Valençay south of Tours, where they were untouched by the Nazi "art collectors." Last week the

Louvre's art came back over roads that were carefully guarded by the National Gendarmerie.

To the 400-year-old Louvre, World War II was just another irritating interference. In 1871 the museum was fired by the Communards. In the Revolution of 1830 it was stormed by a mob. As far back as 1572 the Louvre was the scene of the great St. Bartholomew's Day Massacre, when legend has it that Charles IX took pot shots at the crowd through a Louvre window.



Trundling up the runway, the partly crated *Victory* is eased onto the landing of the Escalier Daru. Marble specialists of the museum used hand winches to lift the statue onto its stand.



"*Victory of Samothrace*" is on view once again. Popularly called *Winged Victory*, it was done by an unknown sculptor in Second Century B.C., was dug up on island of Samothrace in 1863.



A SPECIAL PREPARATION FOR SHAVING

FOR THE 1 MAN IN 7 WHO SHAVES DAILY

**It Needs No Brush
Not Greasy or Sticky**

Modern life now demands at least 1 man in 7 shave *every day*—and men in service must get clean shaves, too. Yet daily shaving often causes razor scrape, irritation.

To help men solve this problem, we perfected Glider—a rich, soothing cream. It's like "vanishing cream"—not greasy or sticky.

SMOOTHS DOWN SKIN

You first wash your face thoroughly with hot water and soap to remove grit and the oil from the skin that collects on whiskers every 24 hours. Then spread on Glider quickly and easily with your fingers. Never a brush. Instantly Glider smooths down the flaky top layer of your skin. It enables the razor's sharp edge to *glide* over your skin, cutting your whiskers close and clean *without scraping or irritating the skin*.

ESPECIALLY FOR THE 1 MAN IN 7 WHO SHAVES DAILY

For men who must shave *every day*—doctors, lawyers, businessmen, service men—Glider is invaluable. It eliminates the dangers frequent shaving may have for the tender face and leaves your skin smoother, cleaner. Glider has been developed by The J. B. Williams Co., who have been making fine shaving preparations for over 100 years.

SEND FOR GUEST-SIZE TUBE

If you want to try Glider right away, get a regular tube or jar from your dealer. If you can wait a few days, we'll send a generous Guest-Size tube for a dime. It is enough for three weeks and is very handy for traveling.

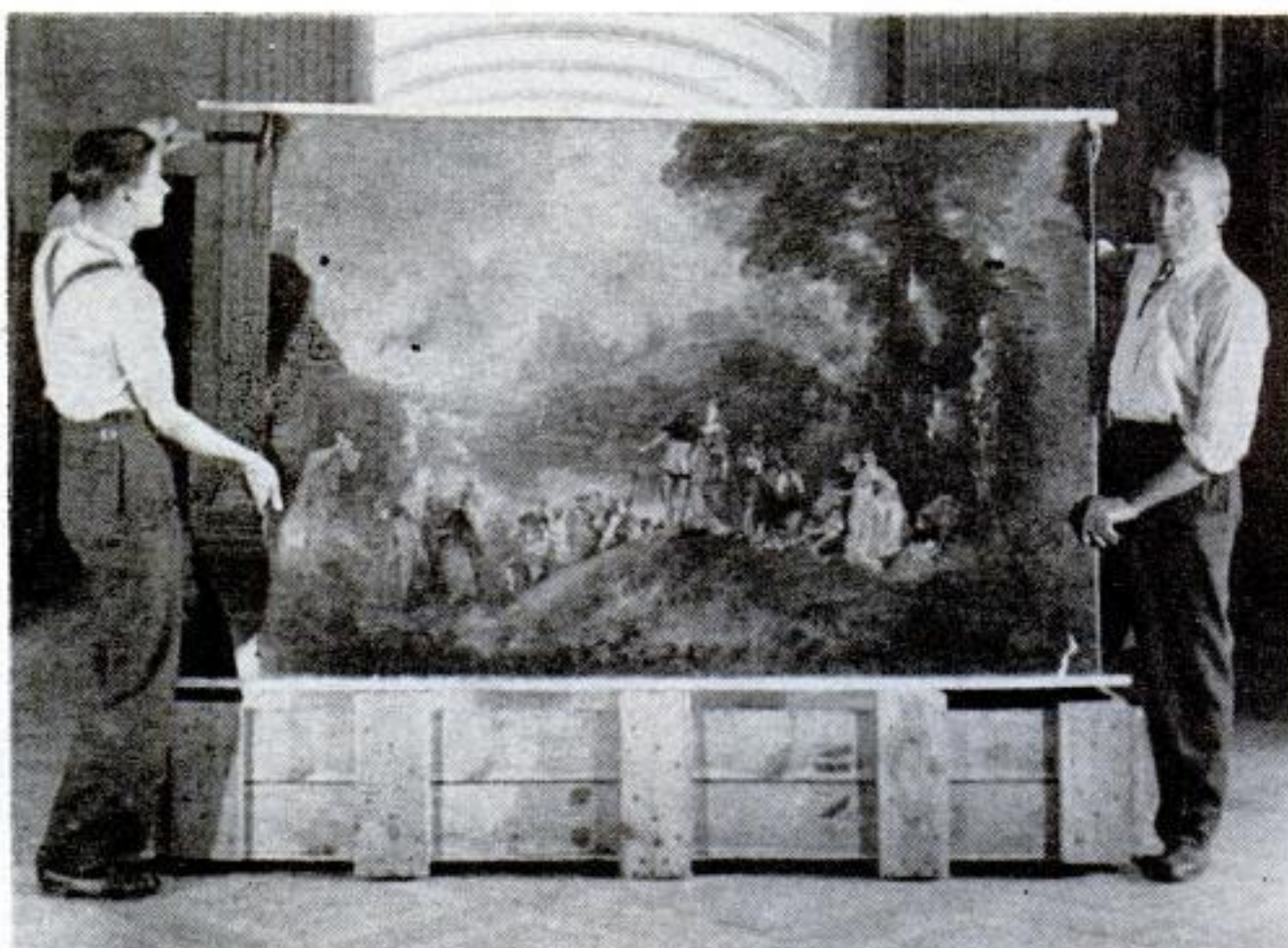
On this test we rest our case entirely—for we are positive that Glider will give you more shaving comfort than anything you've used.

Send your name and address with ten cents to The J. B. Williams Co., Dept. HG-13, Glastonbury, Conn., U. S. A. (Canada: Ville La Salle, Que.) Offer good in U. S. A. and Canada only.

Louvre Art Returns CONTINUED



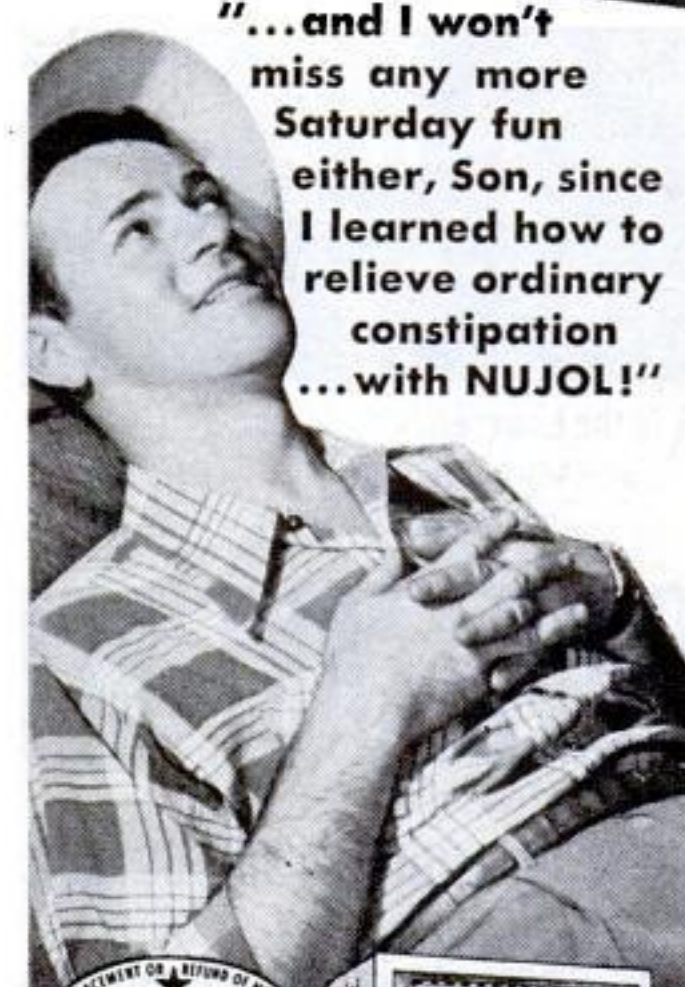
"La Belle Jardinière" by Raphael is unpacked by workmen. Francis I, who started the Louvre collection, developed a taste for Italian art during many visits to Italy.



"L'Embarquement pour Cythère" by Watteau returns to a Louvre wall. Paintings and sculpture were carefully guarded by watchmen during their stay at château.



"La Suppliante" by Barberini is no sooner unpacked than an art student makes a sketch. Other masterpieces returned were Watteau's *Gilles*, Vermeer's *La Dentellière*.



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Good Housekeeping
IF SATISFIED OR
NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN

EFFECTIVE...
GENTLE...
REGULAR AS
CLOCKWORK
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Stanco Incorporated



IT'S YOUR DUTY TO KEEP FIT...
AND TO KEEP BUYING WAR BONDS

PAPER IS STILL A NO. 1 WAR MATERIAL SHORTAGE

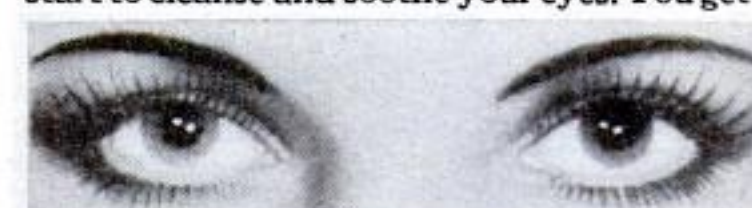
Won't you help by sharing this magazine
with others—then turning it in for salvage?

How to give TIRED EYES a quick rest

MAKE THIS SIMPLE TEST TODAY



EYES OVERWORKED? Just put two drops of Murine in each eye. Right away you feel it start to cleanse and soothe your eyes. You get—



QUICK RELIEF! Murine's 7 scientifically blended ingredients quickly relieve the discomfort of tired, burning eyes. Safe, gentle Murine helps thousands—let it help you, too.

MURINE
FOR YOUR EYES
SOOTHES • REFRESHES



★ Invest in America—Buy War Bonds and Stamps ★

HOT★SWEET★SOLID!

TOP stars...glorious girls...terrific music...roaring laughs, as Joan Davis and Jack Haley clown their way thru The Show of Shows!

GEORGE WHITE'S
Scandals
JOAN DAVIS
JACK HALEY

PHILLIP TERRY • MARTHA HOLLIDAY • BETTEJANE GREER • FRITZ FELD
GENE KRUPA • ETHEL SMITH
His Drums and His Band Hit Parade Swing Organist

Produced by GEORGE WHITE • Directed by FELIX E. FEIST
Screen Play by Hugh Wedlock and Howard Snyder,
Parke Levy and Howard Green



Joan Davis
back on the air
beginning Monday,
Sept. 3rd at 8:30 P.M.
E.W.T., CBS

and 100 Gorgeous Scandals Girls!

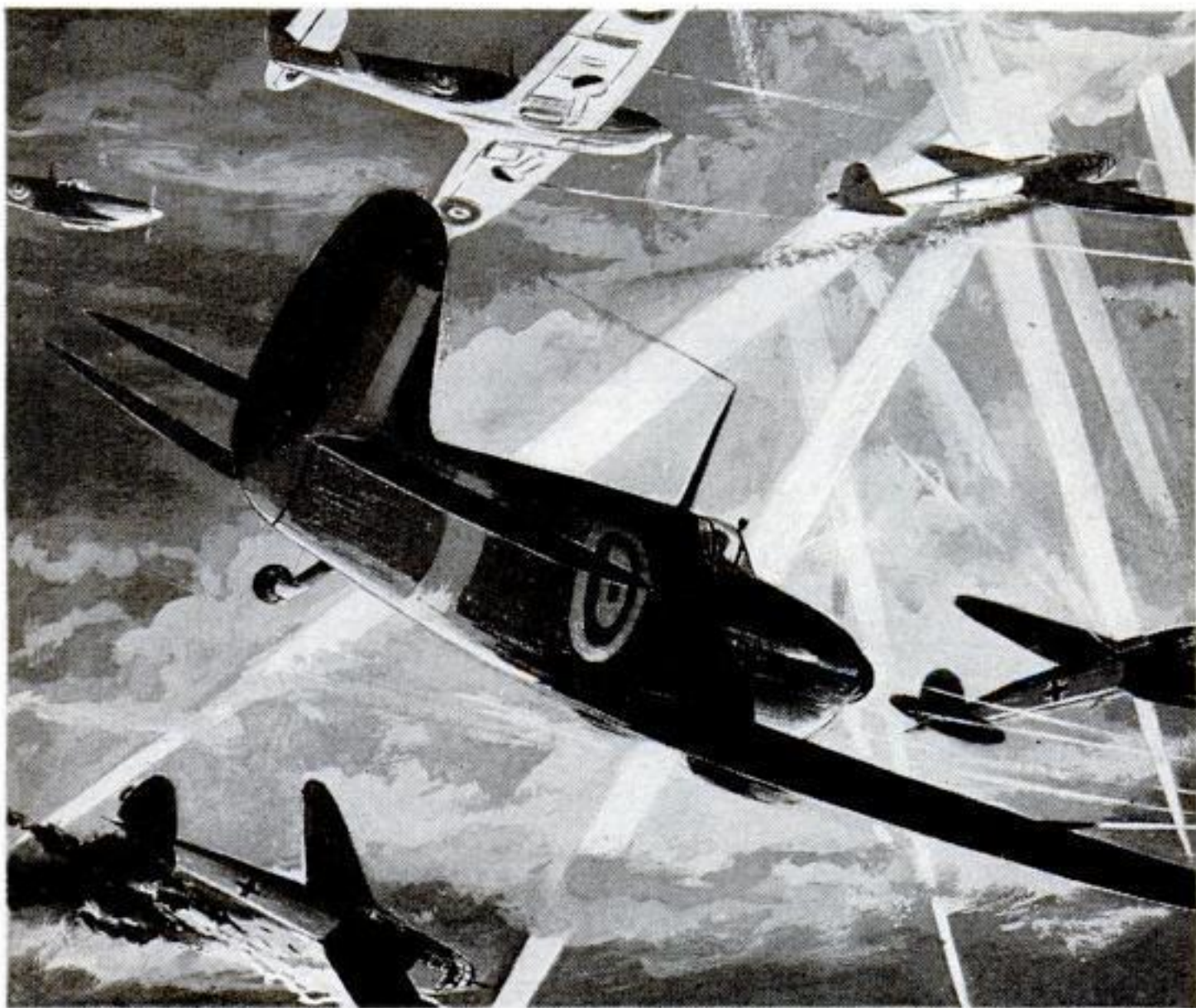


Never forget the ABC of

THE NATION that "freezes" the design of its military planes can write off its Air Force as inferior and second-rate.

And, before too long, that nation can write off its Air Force altogether . . . for no second-rate Air Force can long control enemy skies, or even its own.

The Luftwaffe, for example, was beaten because of two things: first, because of overwhelming Allied aircraft *production* . . . and second, because Germany was too late in learning the ABC of Air Power . . .



What is the ABC of Air Power?

The ABC of Air Power is a technique introduced in this war by the Army and Navy and the American aircraft industry.

In simple language it is the technique of making frequent changes in design, during mass production, so that the planes we send into combat *tomorrow* are consistently better than those in combat *today*.

Because America has in this way kept its plane designs fluid, instead of freezing them, our Army and Navy Air Forces,

from week to week and month to month, cannot be matched by those of any other nation.

Here's how it works

A company such as Consolidated Vultee starts mass production of a long-range super-bomber—the B-32 Dominator, let us say . . .

The first production-model Dominator to be accepted by the Army Air Forces is probably known as the B-32A.

But if in a matter of months—or perhaps weeks—so many changes and improvements should be made in the design of the Dominator, subsequent models would be known as the B-32B.

Then come more changes . . . and the B-32C might be born. This goes on, right down through the alphabet.

The joker in Air Power

This miracle of constant improvement during mass production—often accomplished **while stopping the assembly lines only momentarily**—sounds like an ideal way to keep an Air Force at peak efficiency. And it is.

But there's another factor to be reckoned with—a factor most people didn't know about in prewar years, or simply overlooked.

That factor is **TIME** . . . the length of time that elapses between the day a new plane is designed and the day the first model goes into production. And *that* is the joker in Air Power.

The fact of the matter is this: It takes anywhere from 3 to 7 years for a war plane to progress from drawing board to combat action.

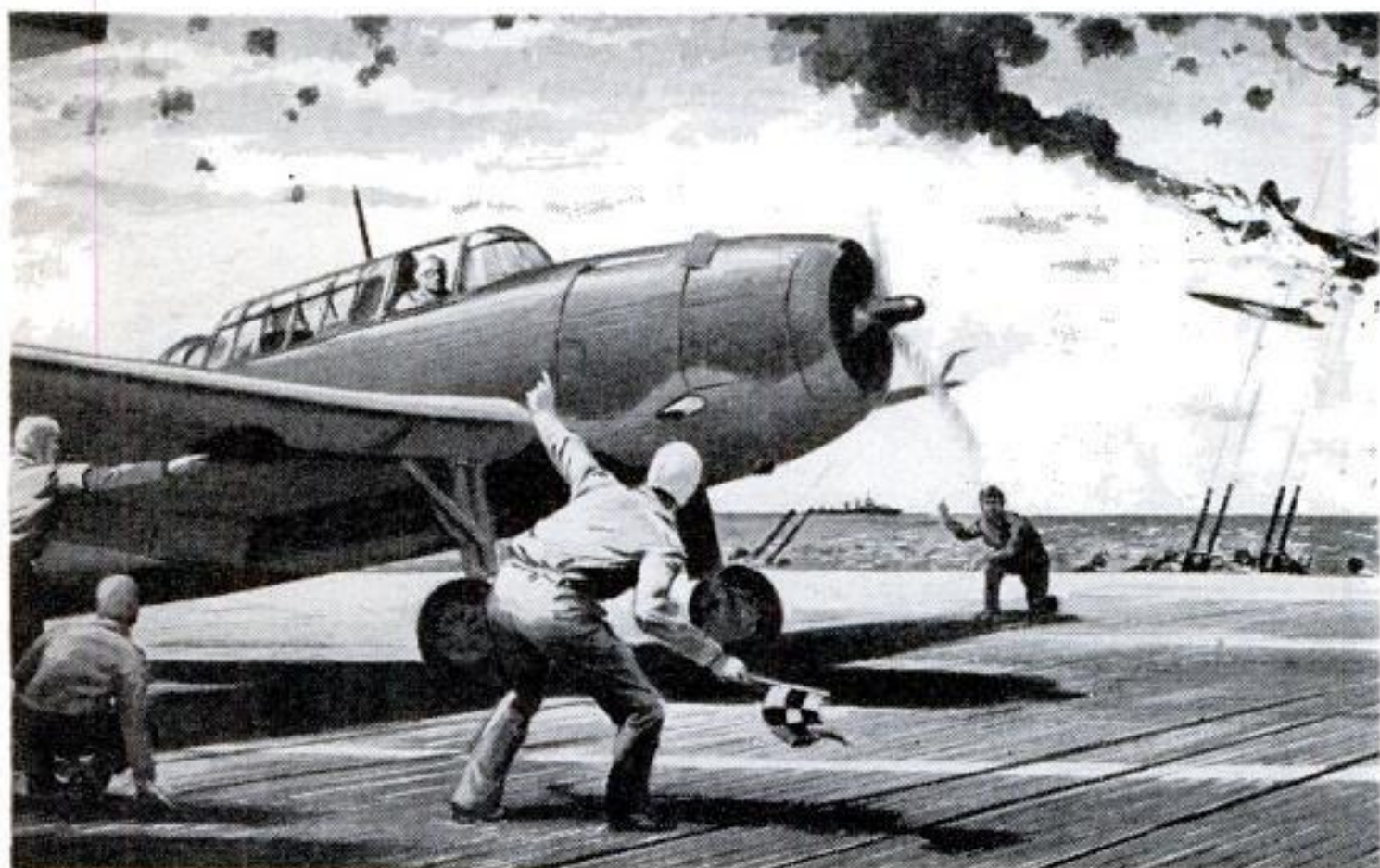
We were caught napping when World War II broke out, because the nation as a whole was unaware of this joker in Air Power.

But, thanks to a few far-sighted Army and Navy officers, and a few members of the aircraft industry itself, we were not caught *totally* unprepared.

Air Power!

A lesson worth remembering

Long before Pearl Harbor, it was obvious that if we ever did go to war against Japan it would be a war in which mobile, floating airfields—flat-tops—would play a dominant part.



So, starting as far back as 1927, the Navy and the aircraft industry began to experiment with carrier-based dive bombers. In 1939—12 years later—the plane born of these experiments was approved for mass production. But even then, it wasn't ready for combat until 1943!

Similarly, our finest Navy fighter planes saw combat action for the first time 2 years or more after Pearl Harbor—even

though they had been in various stages of development and undergoing test flights long before Japan struck.

It must be clear to every thinking person that when it takes so many heart-breaking months and years to perfect a plane for combat, America must never again invite disaster by lagging behind any nation in aeronautical research and development.



Air Power is Peace Power

Today, no spot on earth is more than 60 hours' flying time from your local airport.

In a world so small, there can be no peace, no security, unless we are prepared to defend ourselves against attack from the air.

That is why constant and continuing aeronautical research and development—on the part of the Army, the Navy, and the aircraft industry—is an insurance policy on the life of the nation.

And we must not let a single premium lapse!

**LET'S KEEP AMERICA STRONG
IN THE AIR!**

CONSOLIDATED VULTEE AIRCRAFT CORPORATION

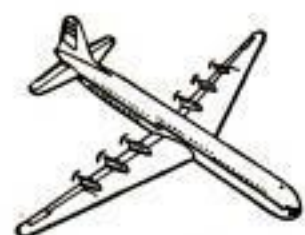
San Diego, Calif.
Vultee Field, Calif.
Fairfield, Calif.

Tucson, Ariz.
Fort Worth, Texas
New Orleans, La.

Nashville, Tenn.
Louisville, Ky.
Wayne, Mich.

Dearborn, Mich.
Allentown, Pa.
Elizabeth City, N. C.

Miami, Fla.
Member Aircraft
War Production Council



CONVAIRE MODEL 37
Pan American Clipper



LIBERATOR
4-engine bomber



LIBERATOR EXPRESS
transport



CORONADO
patrol bomber



PRIVATEER
search plane



CATALINA
patrol bomber



VALIANT
basic trainer



SENTINEL
"Flying Jeep"



ROARING OVER A RIVER IN JAPAN, A U.S. MUSTANG FIGHTER STRAFES A JAPANESE MILITARY RADIO STATION. BOAT AT RIGHT WAS SET AFIRE IN PREVIOUS RUN

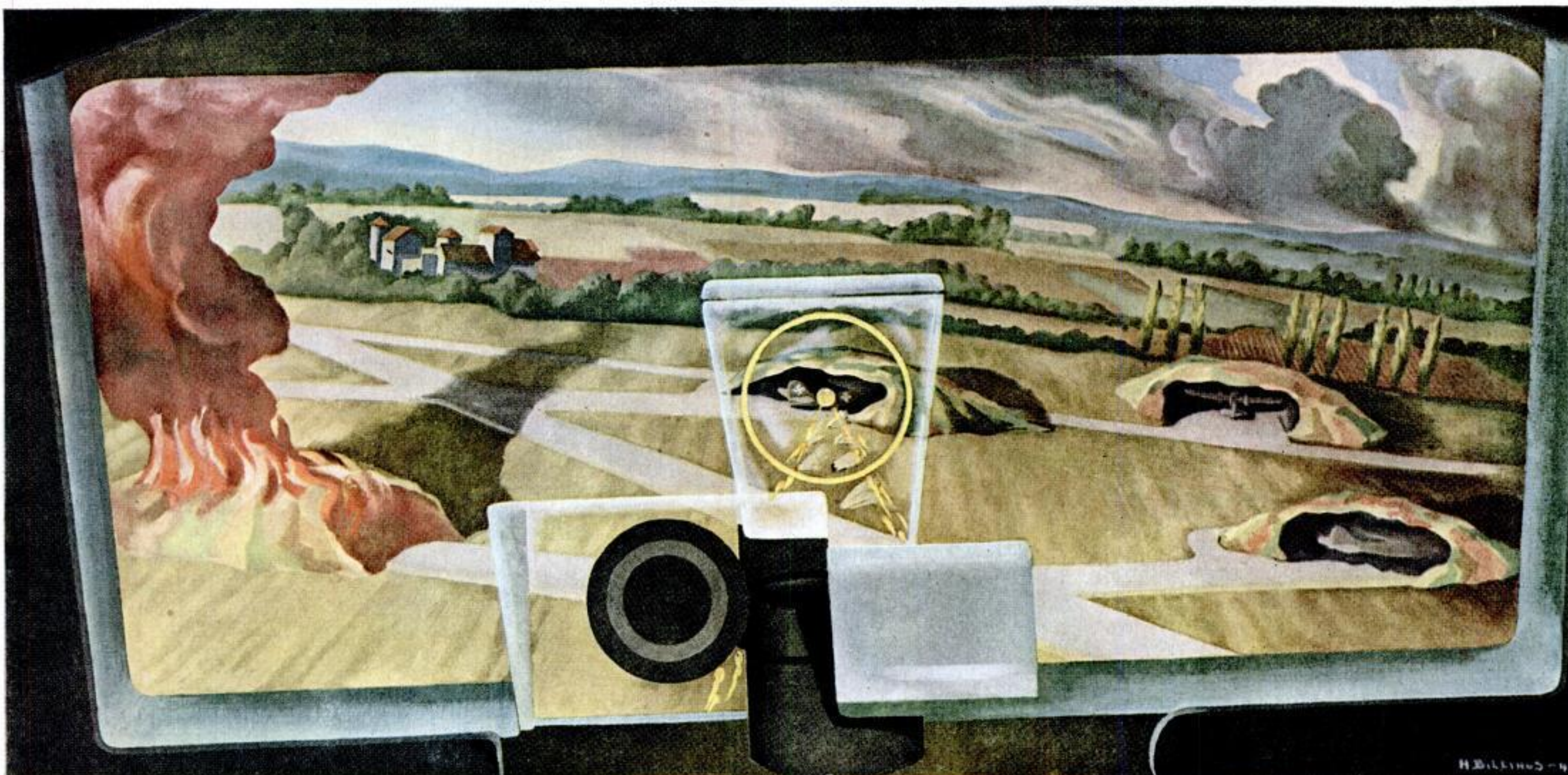
GROUND STRAFING

Paintings show what U.S. fliers see during low-altitude attacks

In recent weeks Army and Navy fighter planes have opened a new air campaign over Japan. Assisting the heavyweight bombing raids of the B-29s, they have begun large-scale ground-strafting sweeps against tactical targets on the Japanese mainland. As the invasion of Japan draws closer, these fighter sweeps will increase. Before the invasion of Europe last spring, swarms of Allied fighters helped weaken German defenses by picking off trucks, trains, barges

and grounded enemy planes (*see following two pages*).

These paintings, made for LIFE by Manhattan Painter Henry Billings, show strafing targets as they appear to the fighter pilot through the transparent rectangle of his reflector gunsight. Recently a major in the Army Air Corps, Painter Billings made his preliminary studies by flying with pilots in planes making practice strafing runs. His paintings are now on exhibition at New York's Midtown Galleries.



German fighters, seen through the reflector gunsight of a two-motored attack plane, are strafed in their camouflaged hangars. Tracers mark the line of fire from guns in the nose.

Row of bombers (below), loaded with gasoline for flight, is caught in vulnerable moment by a low-flying Lightning. Gasoline burns in pools after pouring out of bullet-pierced tanks.



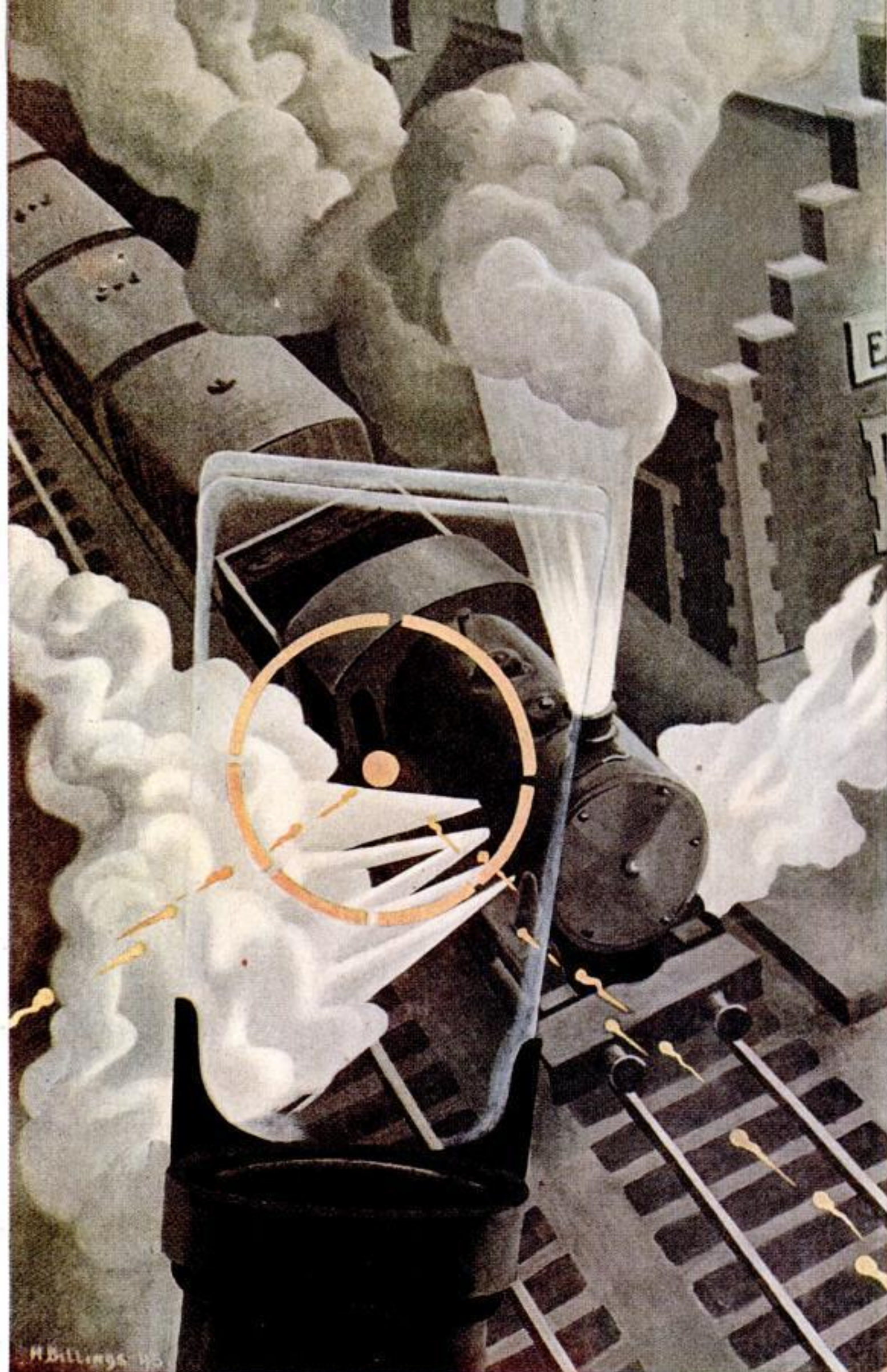
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Canal barges are riddled by a Mustang making a difficult banked approach through a break in the clouds. Strafing planes ideally make a long, straight run before firing.

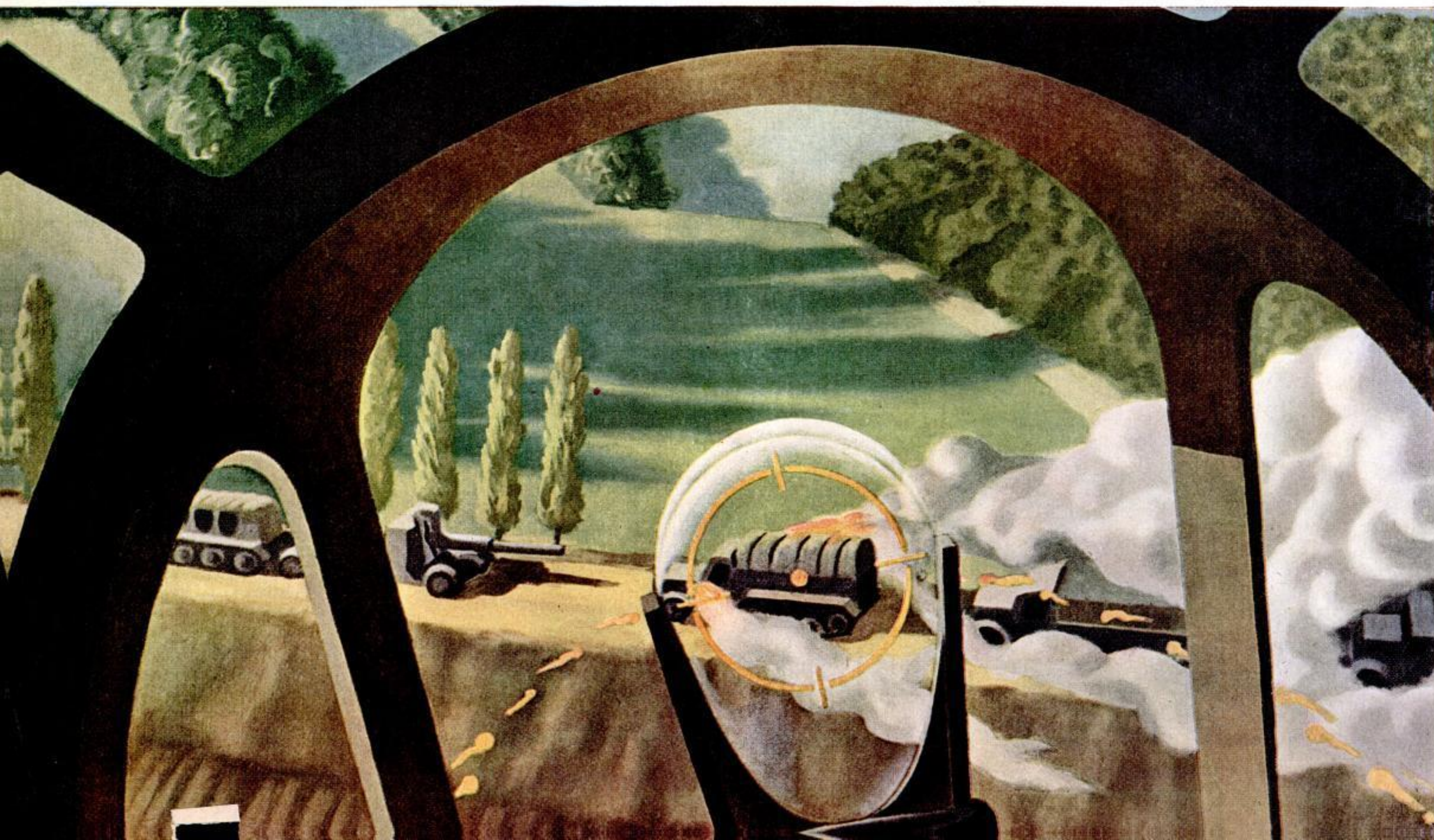
A truck convoy, seen through cockpit enclosure of a Thunderbolt, is attacked on a road. Approaching convoy from the

side, the plane picks off a single half-track. Strafing pilots usually avoid running the length of an armed truck convoy



A locomotive, sighted by Mustang pilot while standing in a station, spurts steam when its boiler is pierced by gunfire. The attacking plane has dived dangerously low to make the kill certain.

because this forces them to fly through a much more concentrated barrage from the convoy's light anti-aircraft guns.





The Gunsmith and the Lady

Once a great artist left his easel to plan the arsenals and siege guns of a mighty war. The man was Leonardo da Vinci—many-sided genius of the Middle Ages. His name will never die. His work lives on—but not in guns and things of battle. It lives on through the ages in the smile of a lovely lady, the Mona Lisa of the Louvre.

Over and over in our world's history the arts of peace have been abandoned to make

way for the crafts of war. Something like this has happened to us in America. To soldiers, to civilians and also to Olin Industries. Like everyone else, we've had to lay aside the job of peace to speed the hour of victory and hurry the day when we can all go back to making things that folks can enjoy in security and a world of peace.

All that Olin chemists, engineers, metallurgists and techni-

cians have learned in peacetime... and in wartime will go into the hopper. Then, instead of the many munitions of war out will come countless things—roller skates for children; guns and ammunition for sportsmen; flashlights and batteries; brass, bronze and other alloy metals needed by manufacturers to make the myriad commodities that help make living pleasant and profitable.

That's what we are constantly dreaming of.

It's a hope we share with all America, and it's bound to come true.



OLIN INDUSTRIES, INC.
East Alton, Illinois

Divisions, Subsidiaries, Affiliates

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AMERICAN SONGS

A NATION'S POETRY AND SENTIMENT
IS TREASURED IN OUR FOLK TUNES



IN THE FENCED-IN GRAVE ON HIS FARM NEAR NORTH ELBA, N. Y. THE BODY OF JOHN BROWN STILL LIES A-MOULDERING

America has an undeserved reputation as an unmusical nation. It is true that no American has ever written a great symphony or a great opera. But Americans have created great songs. Some of these songs, handed down through generations, have become a part of the great American heritage, expressing, as nothing else quite seems to, the restless energy, the homely religious fervor, the love of freedom, the poetic nostalgia for familiar scenes that typical Americans have always felt. Many of them, of unknown or uncertain origin, have welled up in the throats of backwoodsmen, cow hands, soldiers and rural religious congregations. Nearly all of them bear an unmistakable American stamp. They are simple, homely songs that every American knows. They are so familiar that few people stop to think that they are great music. On this and the following pages, LIFE Photog-

rapher William Shrout has recorded the American scenes associated with some of the most familiar of them.

One of the noblest of all these songs is *The Battle Hymn of The Republic*, more familiarly known as *John Brown's Body*. Its old tune originally had nothing to do with John Brown. It was a Sunday-school hymn written by one William Steffe of South Carolina to the words, "Say, brothers, will you meet us? On Canaan's happy shore?" With various sets of words (some of them ribald), it became the battle song of the Northern troops in the Civil War, celebrating the deathless spirit of the fiery Abolitionist John Brown. In December 1861, the New England poet Julia Ward Howe decided to give it a nobler set of lyrics and wrote the hymn as it is sung today. For her *Battle Hymn*, the *Atlantic Monthly* paid Julia Ward Howe \$4.



While the righteous, freedom-loving fervor of *John Brown's Body* went marching on through American history, a contrary sentiment still laid hold of the American consciousness—a deep nostalgia for the plantation life of the old South. Its most eloquent interpreter had been a Northerner, Stephen Collins Foster, whose tunes ended by becoming classics of American folk song. Best loved of all Foster's songs was *Old Folks at Home*, which celebrates the lazy, sunny life on the banks of Florida's serpentine Suwannee River (*above*). Curiously, Foster never saw the Suwannee River. Needing a river name of two syllables for his song, he picked Suwannee from a map, after successively discarding Pedee and Yazoo.

OLD FOLKS AT HOME

Way down upon the Swanee River,
Far, far away,
There's where my heart is turning ever,
There's where the old folks stay;
All up and down the whole creation
Sadly I roam,
Still longing for the old plantation,
And for the old folks at home.



HOME, SWEET HOME

'Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam,
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home;
A charm from the skies seems to hallow us there,
Which, seek thro' the world, is ne'er met with elsewhere.

Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
There's no place like home,
Oh, there's no place like home.

Most universally loved of all American nostalgic songs is probably John Howard Payne's *Home, Sweet Home*. It was written in a Paris garret where part-Jewish Payne, long an expatriate from his native America, was composing an operetta which he hoped would enable him to pay \$59 he owed in back rent. The operetta, *Clari* (one of some 60 works Payne wrote for the stage), was no great success, but *Home, Sweet Home* became one of the biggest song hits of its generation. Authorities concede that the home Payne was writing about was the old salt-box house at East Hampton, L. I. shown above. After a checkered career as a hand-to-mouth actor and playwright, Payne died in Tunis where he had gone as U.S. consul in 1843.



In the decades following the Civil War, "home" to increasing numbers of Americans began to mean the isolated cabins and farms of the Western prairies. The lonely ranchers and cow hands brought a new, plaintive, drawing note into America's folk music. In 1873 one of these isolated homesteaders, "Dr. Brewster Higley", wrote the words to *Home on the Range* in his Kansas cabin near Beaver Creek (above) and took them to his friend Dan Kelly, who lived at Gaylord, a Smith County trading post 20 miles away. Kelly, a good guitar player, fitted them with a tune. *Home on the Range* soon became popular all over the cow country. Like many other Americans, Franklin D. Roosevelt considered it a favorite song.

HOME ON THE RANGE

Oh give me a home where the buffalo roam,
Where the deer and the antelope play,
Where seldom is heard a discouraging word
And the skies are not cloudy all day.

Home, home on the range,
Where the deer and the antelope play,
Where seldom is heard a discouraging word
And the skies are not cloudy all day.

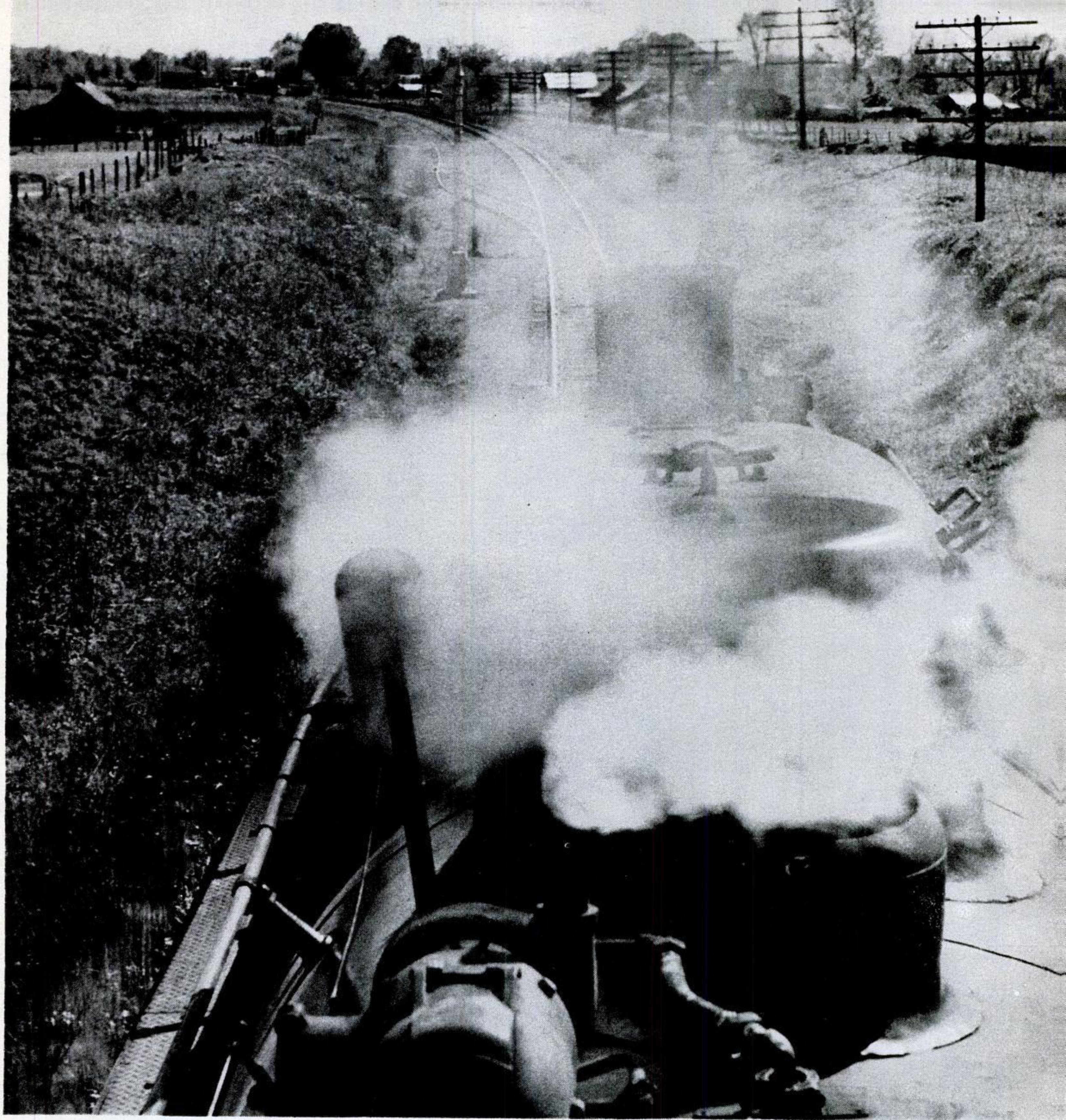


OH! SUSANNA

I came from Alabama wid my banjo on my knee,
I'm g'wan to Louisiana, my true love for to see.
It rained all night the day I left, the weather it was dry
The sun so hot I froze to death, Susanna don't you cry.

Oh! Susanna, Oh! don't you cry for me,
I've come from Alabama wid my banjo on my knee.

When the caravans of the forty-niners lumbered westward along the old Oregon Trail, their dusty covered wagons rang with the rousing ditty *Oh! Susanna*. Written two years before by Stephen Foster, who described it apologetically as an "Ethiopian song," *Oh! Susanna* was originally popularized by Christy's Minstrels. But its restless, adventurous rhythm made it the first great American song of the open road. Dropping its reference to Alabama, the forty-niners sang, "I'm going to Sacramento with my washbowl on my knee." The picture above shows the sweeping country at the Thornton and Minor Farm near Independence, Mo., where the ground is still marked with the ruts of the old Oregon and Santa Fe Trails.



A generation after *Oh! Susanna* made its appearance the caravan routes to the old West had been replaced with steel rails and the great American adventure in transportation had switched to steam. Railroading was not only an industry; it was a romantic enterprise and the engineer risking danger behind the "iron horse's" throttle was a glamorous figure. *Casey Jones*, greatest of railroading songs, celebrates the intrepid spirit of Engineer John Luther ("Casey") Jones, who met his death while rounding a curve near Vaughan, Miss. at 70 miles an hour in a heavy fog. The actual site of Casey's historic wreck is shown above. Tune was originally composed by "Wash" Saunders, a Negro engine wiper who was Casey's helper.

CASEY JONES

Come all you rounders, if you want to hear
 A story 'bout a brave engineer.
 Casey Jones was the rounder's name
 On a six eight wheeler, boys, he won his fame.
 The caller called Casey at a half-past four,
 Kissed his wife at the station door,
 Mounted to the cabin with his orders in his hand
 And he took his farewell trip to that Promised Land.

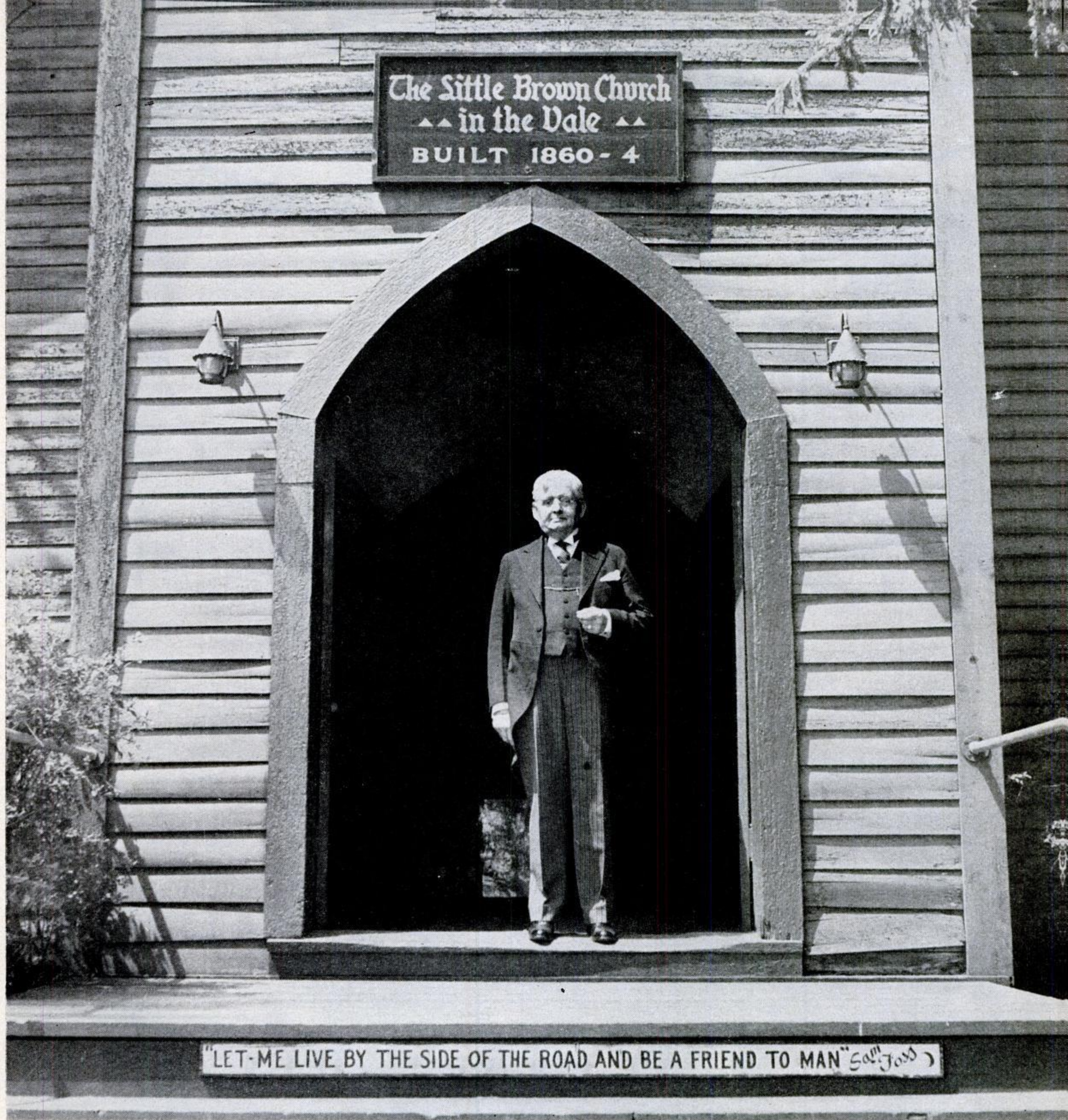
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JESUS, LOVER OF MY SOUL

Jesus, Lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high!
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life is past;
Safe into the haven guide;
O receive my soul at last!

Early Americans were great hymn singers, and many of the hymns they sang still ring in the memories of their present-day descendants. *Jesus, Lover of My Soul*, though American only by adoption, is one of the most widely loved of all these religious songs. Its words were written by the Anglican preacher Charles Wesley, brother of John Wesley, who founded Methodism, and the composer of no less than 6,500 hymns. Its tune, as sung today, was written by the English Church composer the Rev. John B. Dykes in 1861. Charles Wesley came to America with his brother in 1735, settled for a time in Savannah, Ga., and often walked in the old Trustees' Garden where a bust of John (*above*) commemorates their visit.



THE LITTLE BROWN CHURCH IN THE VALE

A more friendly, less austere song than *Jesus, Lover of My Soul* is the old American hymn *The Little Brown Church in the Vale*. Its composer, a New England vocal teacher named William Savage Pitts, thought up the words and melody while visiting the little town of Bradford in Iowa's Cedar River valley in 1857. Curiously, the song was not inspired by any particular church. But it quickly inspired the citizens of Bradford to name the church they built a few years later (*above*) after it. In 1863 Pitts returned to Bradford and sang his song in the church. Since then Bradford's Little Brown Church, presided over by Pastor Fred L. Hanscom (*in doorway above*), has attracted as many as 40,000 visitors a year.

There's a church in the valley by the wildwood,
No lovelier place in the dale;
No spot is so dear to my childhood
As the little brown church in the vale.

Come to the church in the wildwood,
O come to the church in the dale;
No spot is so dear to my childhood
As the little brown church in the vale.



AMERICA THE BEAUTIFUL

O beautiful for spacious skies,
For amber waves of grain,
For purple mountain majesties
Above the fruited plain!
America! America!
God shed his grace on thee
And crown thy good
With brotherhood
From sea to shining sea!

Americans love the American scene and have glorified both its open spaces and its slums with vocal enthusiasm. Their favorite hymn to the open spaces is probably *America the Beautiful*, whose resounding, rather Kipling-esque phrases were written by Katharine Lee Bates, a scholarly professor of English literature at Wellesley College. Most familiar musical setting is a tune by the late Samuel Augustus Ward of Newark, N. J., originally written to the words "O Mother Dear, Jerusalem." Katharine Lee Bates, who is also known for several books of poetry and literary criticism, got her inspiration for the song from view at the summit of Pikes Peak (above) near Colorado Springs where she was teaching at a summer school.

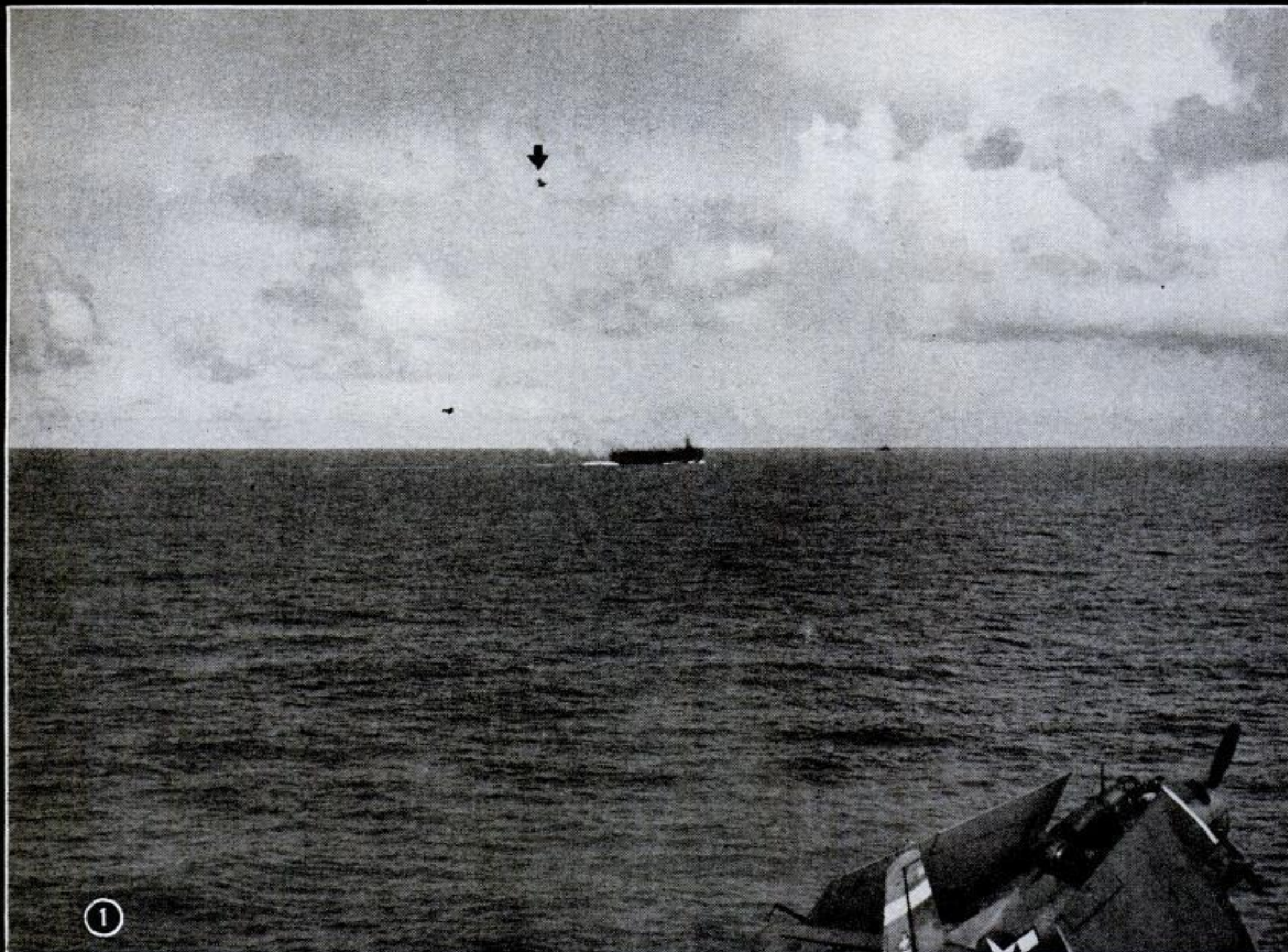


THE SIDEWALKS OF NEW YORK

Unlike *America the Beautiful*, *The Sidewalks of New York* was inspired by one of the most crowded spaces in America, New York's teeming Lower East Side. Welling out of the days of the Irish immigration (it has a distinctly Irish lilt), it was composed by a buck-and-wing dancer, named Charles B. Lawlor in 1894. But its author was virtually forgotten. The song created a furor when the late Al Smith adopted it as the campaign song of the 1924 Democratic convention. As it swept the ranks of coatless delegates, a reporter thought of looking up the author. He discovered Lawlor in an obscure Brooklyn vaudeville house, waiting for his act to go on. Lawlor hadn't been able to read of his triumph in the papers. He was blind.

East side, West side,
All around the town,
The tots sang "ring a rosie,"
"London Bridge is falling down."
Boys and girls together,
Me and Mamie O'Rourke,
Tripped the light fantastic
On the sidewalks of New York.

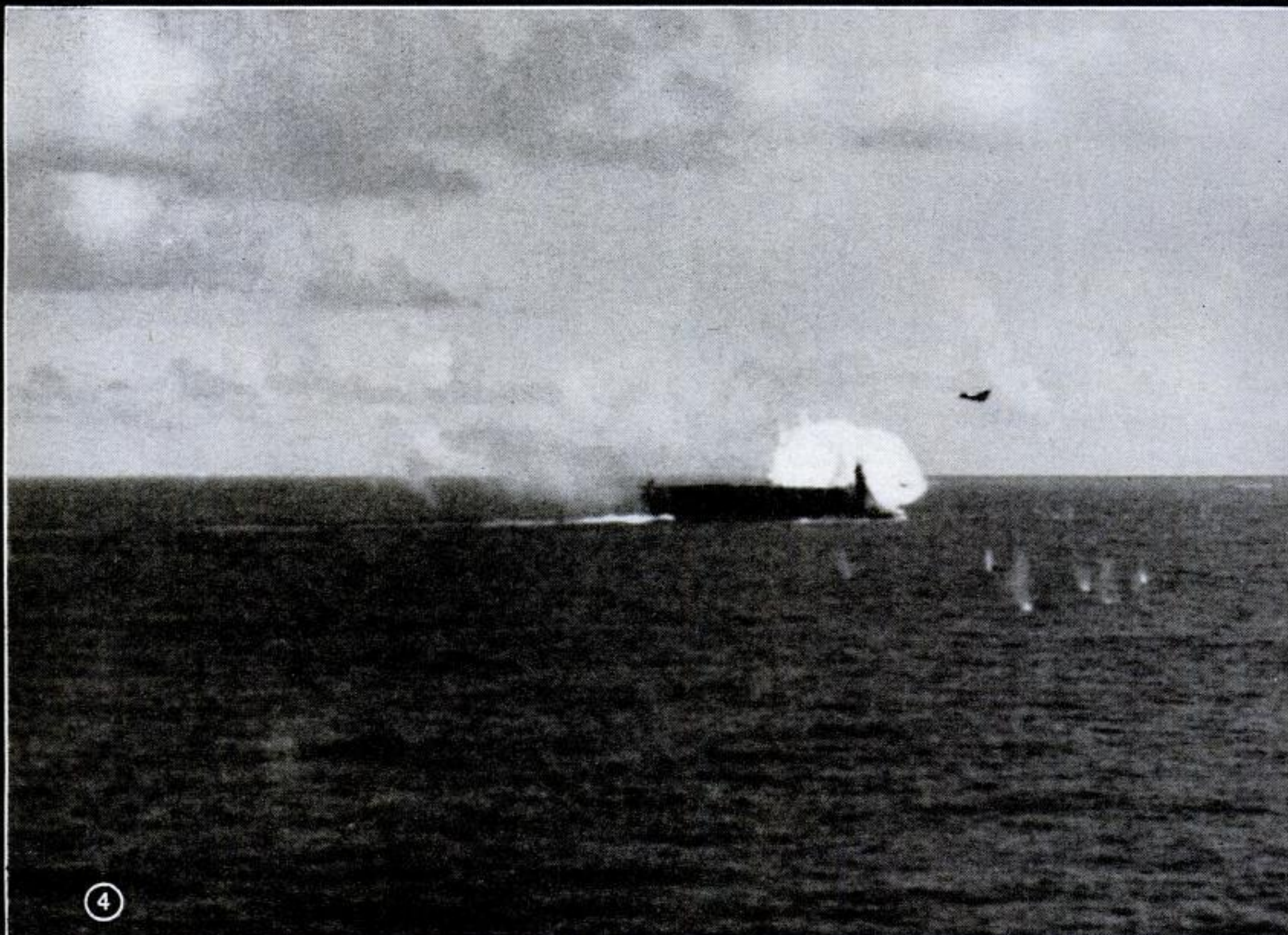
© 1934, HOWLEY, HAVILAND & CO. © RENEWED 1951 AND ASSIGNED TO PAUL PIONEER MUSIC CORP., N.Y.C. USED BY PERMISSION



① CARRIER "SUWANNEE" STANDS BY TO TAKE ABOARD ONE OF ITS PLANES (LEFT) AS JAP PLANE (ARROW) DIVES



② "SUWANNEE" SIGHTS KAMIKAZE, WAVES ONCOMING



④ NAVY HELLCAT SWERVES OFF COURSE, NEARS KAMIKAZE BUT IS NOT ABLE TO PREVENT JAP FROM CRASH-DIVING



⑤ SMOKE BILLOWS FROM BABY FLATTOP'S DECK AND

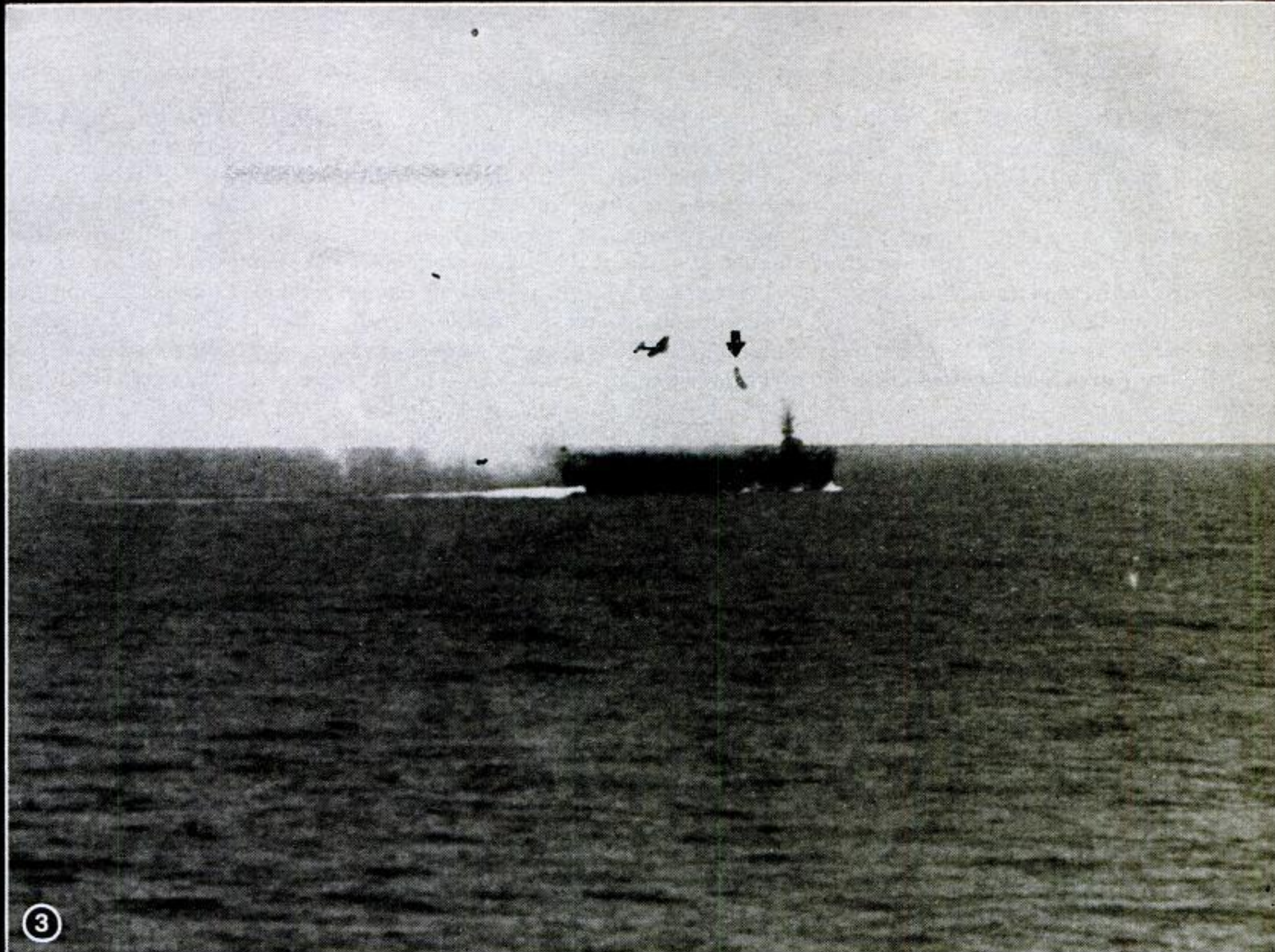
KAMIKAZE

The Jap air force has turned itself into a suicide weapon. . . . Its weirdly trained pilots seek glory in death. . . . They cannot win the war but do great damage

by JOHN HERSEY



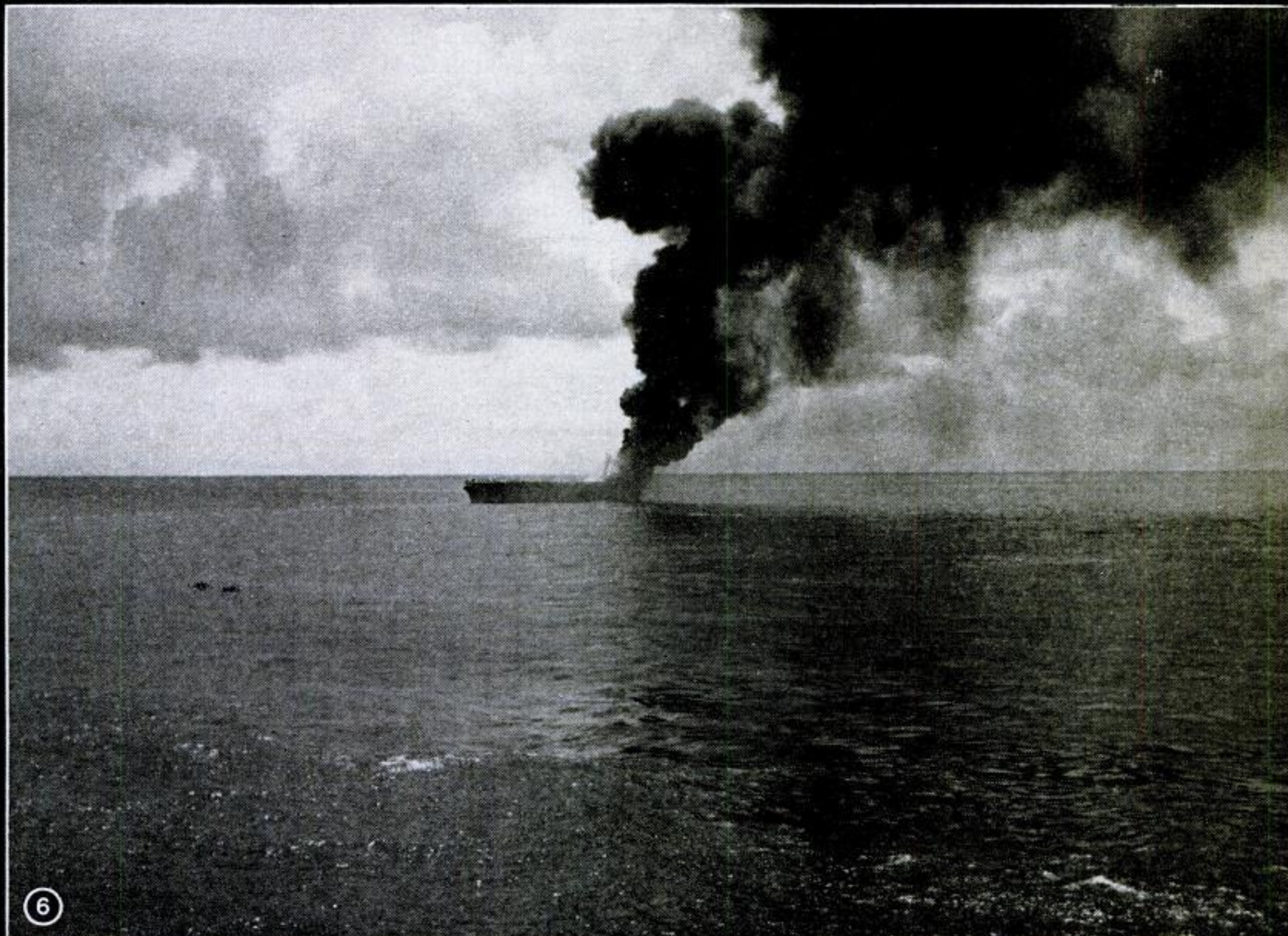
PLANE AWAY, DIRECTS ANTI-AIRCRAFT FIRE AT JAP



JAP PILOT MAKES PERFECT HIT ON "SUWANNEE'S" ISLAND (SUPERSTRUCTURE), THE NERVE CENTER OF THE SHIP



SUPERSTRUCTURE AS GRUMMAN HELLCAT FLIES OFF



BLAZING, "SUWANNEE" TURNS ABOUT. BATTLE WAS LAST OCTOBER IN LEYTE GULF, WHEN JAPS SUFFERED HEAVILY

One day during the Okinawa campaign a Japanese suicide plane came in low over the water to attack a warship on which Admiral William F. Halsey was the senior officer. The plane came at deck level on the port side and hit. There followed the usual confusion of such moments on shipboard. Admiral Halsey quickly told the boatswain to pipe an order. It was not one of the usual hasty commands directed to fire fighters, damage-control parties and the various personnel of emergency. It was, instead, pure Halsey.

The boatswain made his ridiculous piping sound and then roared into the ship's public-address system, "Now hear this! Sweepers, man your brooms. Clean sweepdown fore and aft."

When he tells this story, "Bull" Halsey adds a fillip. He says that in the time that it took him to go down from "flag country" in the superstructure to the deck, where he wanted to inspect the damage, the crew had removed every trace of the attacking aircraft and machinist's mates had already begun,

in the shops below, to fashion rings, bracelets, paperweights, napkin holders and other souvenirs from the wreckage of the plane.

Admirals of the U. S. Pacific fleets have been at some pains to scoff at the weird form of self-inflicted glory that the pilots of suicide planes seek. More deliberately and less spectacularly than when he tells the story above, Admiral Halsey has called the Japanese air force fifth- or sixth-rate, "instead of third-rate" as some people had thought. Vice Admiral Marc A. Mitscher has said that suicide planes were "not more than 2% effective," and he added, "They don't worry us very much." Admiral Chester W. Nimitz himself has said that suicide planes have enjoyed "negligible effect on the continuing success of our operations."

In spite of these sanguine and breezy announcements Japanese suicide planes have been no joke. They have been far more than a mere annoyance. They have done much more damage in the Pacific than most people in the U. S.

KAMIKAZE CONTINUED

realize. They have killed and hurt many men—656 on the *Bunker Hill*, 323 on the *Nashville*, 337 on the *Ticonderoga*, 62 on the hospital ship *Comfort* and many, many others, announced and unannounced. The Navy has admitted that the Okinawa campaign brought casualties, mostly caused by suicide planes, of 9,731 men, which compares with 3,385 at Pearl Harbor.

Suicide planes have caused a great amount of material damage as well. The Japanese have claimed, with their usual enthusiasm, 326 ships sunk or damaged: 15 carriers, 6 battleships, 49 cruisers, 70 destroyers, 59 transport and other smaller craft. The Navy has so far admitted damage to 19 ships. Since Tokyo Radio has declared that the entire Japanese air force is now suicide-bent, it can be presumed that some others among the 80-odd ships hit during the Okinawa campaign received their blows from suicide planes. The announced damage includes three carriers. Admiral Mitscher, in issuing his declaration of unworriedness, showed himself cool to an extraordinary degree, since he had been forced to ride in a boatswain's chair from one carrier, the *Bunker Hill*, which had been badly hit by suicide planes, to another, so far not identified, which was soon also hit.

Suicide planes cannot turn the tide of the Pacific war any more than buzz-bombs did in Europe. The peak of danger has already largely passed. During the first three months of 1945 Navy and Marine air units claimed a 9.4-to-1 ratio of kills over the Japanese. By April, after B-29 bombings were beginning to be felt, Admiral Nimitz was able to announce that for the first time in the Pacific war we were destroying planes faster than the Japs' ability to replace them. On April 15, Japanese plane strength was about 8,000 planes. Now it is less than half of that.

Nevertheless, Japanese suicide can and will make victory more expensive. It is a strange, unsettling weapon for human beings of the 20th Century to face. It is, indeed, no joke.

"For one man, one ship"

The Japanese organized self-destruction in the late summer and autumn of 1944. In all branches of the service suicide tactics were worked out in detail. The appeal was to fanaticism; the excuse was economy. One man was to slay a thousand. The slogan of all naval suicide forces was, "For one man, one ship." Tokyo Radio said, "In view of present conditions, it is imperative that all troops have a thorough understanding of tactics of a suicidal nature, with each man destroying a plane, a ship or a tank in order to smash the arrogant enemy, who depends on material superiority."

The naval air force was the first to devise a successful Special Attack Force, as suicide units in Japan are called. With typical Japanese mixture of science

and voodoo, the Jap navy called the first unit *Kamikaze*, or Divine Wind, after a gale which, in 1570 during the Yuan dynasty, considerably wrecked a Mongol fleet which was bearing down on the Japanese islands with intent to invade. From this name, also given to later navy (but not army) suicide units, has come the generic term usually applied by the U.S. Navy to all sorts of enemy suicide attack from the air. Army units were also organized during the late summer and autumn of 1944. These were called simply Special Attack Forces, *Tokubetsu Kogekitai*, usually abbreviated to TO.

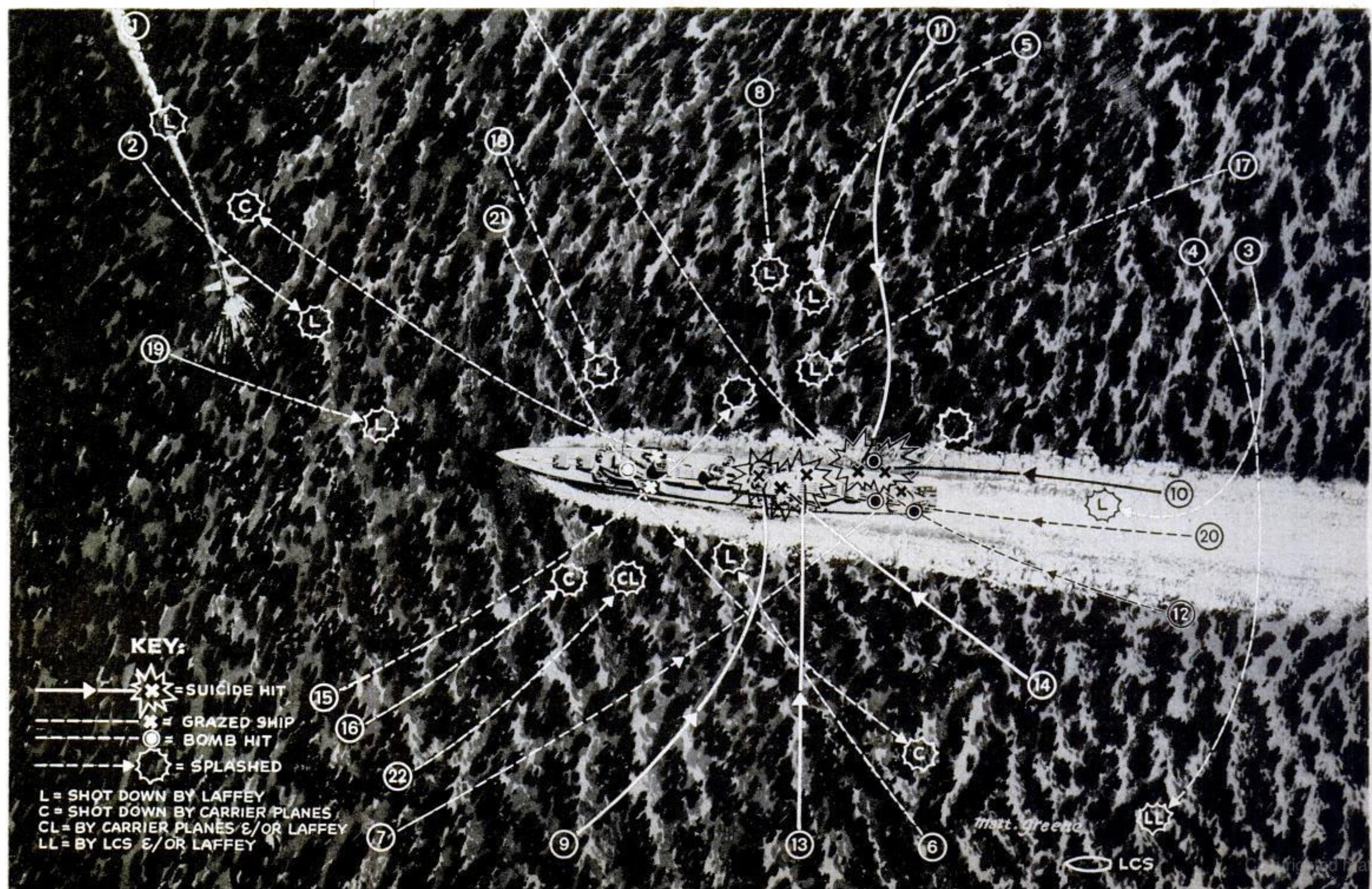
According to Tokyo Radio, the first organized suicide attack took place on Oct. 15, 1944. That day Vice Admiral Masabumi Arima, who had trained the first *Kamikaze* force, showed up at his unit's air base in the Philippines with his shoulder boards stripped off and the characters indicating his rank scraped off his binoculars. A mission was being mounted against U.S. task forces which had appeared in the waters east of the Philippines and Admiral Arima announced his intention of going along in the lead plane "with determination never to return." Staff officers tried to dissuade him but he said, "Unless we seize this opportunity to hit the enemy, the traditional spirit of the Japanese navy will be spoiled. You should know how to take care of this unit after my death." With that he took off. Hours later he sent a brief wireless report, "Going to body-crash against enemy aircraft carrier. Hope everybody will exert all-out efforts." Tokyo Radio said, "Eyewitness reports brought back to this base revealed Vice Admiral Arima scored a direct torpedo hit on an enemy regular aircraft carrier and then crash-dived against the same enemy warcraft." Unfortunately for Vice Admiral Arima's shade, now presumably hanging around the remains of the Yasukuni Shrine in Tokyo, to which the spirits of Japanese heroes are supposed to repair after death, no U.S. carrier, regular or converted, was hit that day.

But ten days later, on Oct. 25, the story was different. Off Leyte Gulf the Japanese mounted a suicide attack which was large-scale, determined, coordinated and effective. An escort carrier and a destroyer were sunk and several other units damaged. During the Leyte battle other attacks followed; altogether 40 navy and army suicide units took part. From that time the U.S. Navy also began to take Japanese suicides seriously. As the Pacific campaigns developed, the Japanese mounted attack after attack, climaxed by an assault of more than 500 planes off Okinawa on April 6, 1945.

The only thing which has been consistent about all these attacks has been inconsistency. Certain reports have filtered back to the U.S. press which have given a widespread impression of uniformity—an impression, for instance, that all pilots in suicide attacks are locked in their planes, that they all wear ceremonial robes, that their training has been uniform, their tactics standardized. Nothing could be further from the truth. The most that can be

KAMIKAZE ATTACK on the U.S.S. *Laffey* is diagramed below. Twenty-two Jap suicide planes sighted destroyer off Okinawa April 16 and for more than two hours bombed and crash-dived the ship in a wild and apparently unorganized attack. Five Jap *Kamikazes* crashed amidship,

four bombed it, three tore off parts of the superstructure. But the *Laffey* managed to stay afloat and crawl back to the U.S. for repairs. Only one Jap pilot (No. 12) may have managed to stay alive through the engagement. Of the *Laffey's* crew, 60 were wounded, 30 were dead or missing.



said is that there are apparently two types of units: those which have been organized specifically as suicide groups and those which are haphazard, spur-of-the-moment formations. But even among organized suicide units there has been a wide variance of technique from the moment of the units' activation to the moment of impact and death. And even within single squadrons there apparently has been great latitude, for each individual has considerable choice in his particular path to Japanese glory.

There is, in the first place, no uniformity whatsoever in the way suicide units are organized. When the first units were formed the army and navy both issued calls for volunteers. A tremendous propaganda campaign followed these calls. There were repeated broadcasts about three brave aviators who had crashed their fighters into enemy planes and who were said to be hobnobbing with Japan's suicidal greats at the Yasukuni Shrine. One broadcast told of a naval commander who restrained his young fliers because they were overly eager to fly out on their last mission. "There is no need to hurry so," he was quoted as saying. "Your chance will come soon." But the young fliers replied (according to Tokyo Radio), "There are swarms of the enemy around. If we do not hurry, the enemy will flee."

The entire air force volunteers

The propaganda also appeared in the press and it continued through the autumn, even after the first units had gone into action. One typical article on suicide units said, "The faithful *Kamikaze* special attack plane units—divine eagles, bombs composed of men and planes, which plunge down on enemy ships, young, ruddy-faced men—are ever ascending the glorious road, repeatedly dealing crushing blows to the enemy. Each man ties a white silken scarf firmly around his head. Their friends wave sad farewells to these broad-shouldered youths who are without even parachutes. The skies are slowly brightening. . . ."

But the Japanese mentality defeated the plan to gather suicide units by volunteering. According to the Japanese, volunteering was forestalled by "a mass show of patriotism" in which every pilot in the army air force asked to be assigned to suicide duty. There is evidence that there may have been some persuasion behind this all-out enthusiasm, but in any case general volunteering was soon called off in the navy as well as the army.

After that units were formed in various ways. Sometimes an order came down from above designating an entire squadron; often this seems to have been done at the eleventh hour. Sometimes a commanding officer volunteered his outfit. There is a story to the effect that in one squadron three fliers got their chance for the glorious honor of suicide when an officer came up one day

on parade and said, "I want three volunteers for suicide duty—you, you and you."

Similarly, training varies from extreme thoroughness to less than a lick and a promise. Some pilots are no more than 16 years old. These apparently have been drafted into the army, given about a two weeks' indoctrination course in ardor for death, plus about a dozen hours of flying instruction during which they learn to take off and make a few simple maneuvers, then have been bundled into white funeral robes and packed off to kill themselves.

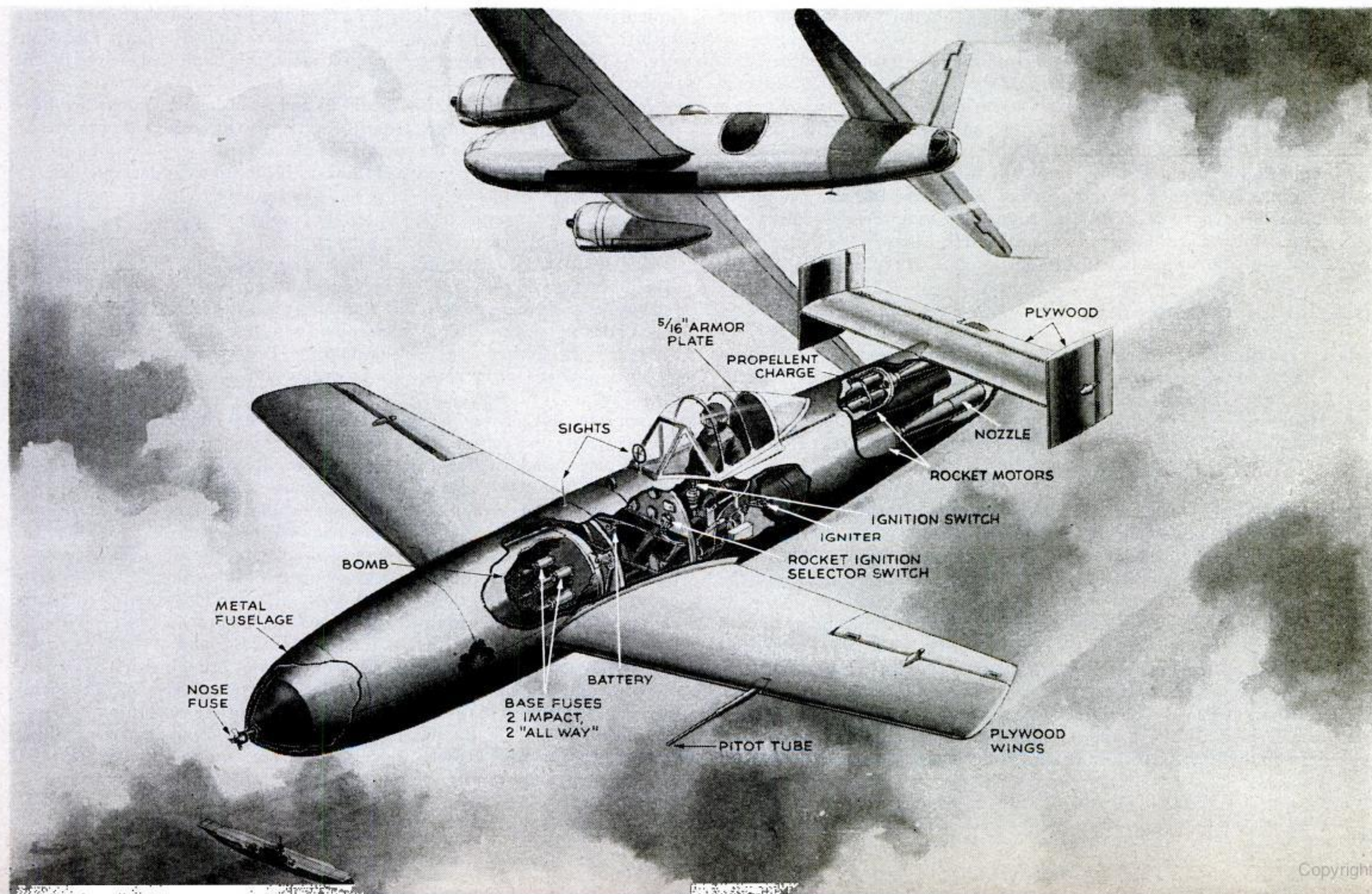
Some pilots, however, have been through extensive training especially for suicide: certain navy volunteers receive a fantastic education. At a typical training school the candidates are young men between 19 and 24 years old. The first stage of their course, which is called preparatory training and lasts about a month, is the period of "spiritual intoxication." The major subjects are physical training, general principles of land and sea warfare, code instruction, the principles of *Bushido* and so forth. On the one hand great emphasis is put on physical perfection, the subjugation of the body, a "slavish" life. The candidates are not given a moment's rest all day, and the days are long. On the other hand a mystical and gloomy atmosphere is wrapped around the men. There is a shrine inside the squadron's quarters where, two or three times a day, the candidates go and whisper to the dead of the naval aviation corps. From time to time the candidates are made to swear before these spirits, "We are certainly coming after you." Each cadet in the preparatory course is closely followed by a veteran cadet, who has finished the preparatory course and who constantly murmurs into the cadet's ear depressing and masochistic messages, "Be brave. . . . Make use of all your vigor and bodily strength to overcome your physical pains. . . . Orders from superior officers must be fulfilled without fail. . . ." In physical training the men do anachronistic, formal, dancelike exercises. With a heavy samurai sword they slice the whistling air and shout together, "Cut a thousand men!" and other battle cries such as the one which is supposed by the baseball-loving Japs to strike dismay into American hearts, "To hell with Babe Ruth!" They also learn slogans such as "Sure hit, sure death."

At the end of a month of preparation the men are "intoxicated" enough. They have become terrified automatons. They have no individuality. They are full of zealous, pitiful reflexes. They are, by our standards, crazy. At this point flying instruction commences. Discipline is now tightened even more. The most trivial operations of daily life, down to eating and breathing itself, are regulated by rigid formulas. The section commander, usually an experienced pilot, lives with his cadets and keeps urging them to have an appetite for glorious death. The length of this period of instruction depends on the tactical situation. The last lecture the section commander gives his men is

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

BAKA BOMB, Japs' newest suicide weapon, is not in widespread use. U.S. Navy experts call it the "perfect missile." It is a man-driven, rocket-propelled plane borne to within a few miles of its target, then released by its mother plane—usually a Jap medium bomber. It carries 1,135 pounds

of explosives. Light and small (19 feet, 10 inches long) it has a range of only 55 miles and is not very maneuverable. *Baka* carries no defensive weapons, depends on its great speed (up to 535 mph) to reach target. Warships are *baka*'s usual targets but they have also attacked B-29s over Japan.



this, "I have taught you all that I have learned from our seniors. There is, however, the lesson of *death* which I have not yet taught you. Be careful to heed the manner in which I am to die!"

After their training the men are assigned their stations, their planes and their equipment. There certainly has been no standardization of plane types for suicide missions. Various *Kamikaze* and TO squadrons have used the types nicknamed Zeke, Val, Oscar, Nate, Ida, Tojo, Tony, Judy, Betty, Frances, Irving, Dinah, Lily, Jill, Sonia, the obsolete Kate and even the trainers Hickory, Cypress and Spruce. The equipment of one suicide plane included obsolete landing lights and rusted inner parts and its paint job was just like that of the planes which bombed Pearl Harbor. Another plane had a plate on its engine showing that it had been built and inspected in 1940. A float-type plane, which was brought down by the splash from a five-inch shell fired by the destroyer *Hugh W. Hadley*, blew up the moment its pontoons struck the water. Presumably the pontoons were filled with explosive and equipped with contact detonators. Sometimes the planes the men finally get must be a shock to them. After their training, in which they have been given the best of equipment, quarters and food, many of them could not help being bitterly disappointed to be shipped to forward bases and receive old crates which, indeed, can just about make the one-way trip to suicide. But Japan's best remaining planes are also thrown into suicide attacks. Most attacks these days are made by perfectly good Vals and Zeke 52s. Whatever the plane, the pilot is supposed to learn to love it as if it were part of his own body.

The one thing which can be said to be fairly uniform practice among suicide units is the ritual before missions. This would naturally vary with the locale of the field, but it is always elaborate and highly emotional. It consists of the last spree for the doomed man and, just before take-off, his own funeral. The night before, the pilot usually attends a banquet at which, after suitable toasts served with suitable blandishments by geisha girls, he gives away his belongings—his watch, his clothes, his everything. His possessions acquire a kind of talisman quality with his death. One squadron banded together all its money and gave it to the government for aircraft production. The government decided to use the fund to make towels, embroidered with the Rising Sun and the word *Kamikaze* and to put them in aircraft-factory bathrooms to remind workers of these brave men.

Before the take-off the entire personnel of the base gathers on the field. Orders are read to the men, who are told that the Emperor himself gave them. The commanding officer makes a speech. One such speech, as quoted by Tokyo Radio, went like this, "Whether our nation can triumph or not depends on you. For His Majesty the Emperor and for your country, I ask you to give me your lives. I know your sole regret is to die without knowing what damage you have caused the enemy in your death dive. But rest assured. The planes which follow you have orders to ascertain your achievements and report them to me. I in turn will report your deeds to His Majesty the Emperor, so I want you to fly on your mission without a single worry."

First the pilots pretend to die

Then, symbolically, the men give him their lives. They bind the white band of death on their foreheads, and in some cases the white robe as well. Some have farewell poems inscribed on their headbands. One, according to Domei, had written,

*When I fly the skies,
What a fine burial place
Would be the top of a cloud!*

The men hand the commander the little white boxes which the Japanese use for human ashes and which are, in effect, the men's own coffins. The commander tells each man that he will see that his family receives his box. From that moment they are considered dead and they are worshiped as such by the personnel of the base.

The commander bids farewell to the men, saying something cheery to each man, such as, "I'll meet you at the Yasukuni Shrine." The pilots man their planes and take off. In some cases they circle the field three times as the personnel below stand salute.

The costumes the men wear seem to be strictly up to them. The first instance of a curious costume found on a pilot in a wrecked plane was a skin-tight green-and-white silk uniform, almost like a jockey's clothes. Most men

have worn orthodox flying clothes. Some seem to have given so much away the night before that they fly to death in nothing but a breech clout. Recently more and more suicide pilots have been dressed in the white silk ceremonial robe which, in the *hara-kiri* ritual, symbolizes honorable death. A Marine fighter pilot in action in the Okinawa area amused himself, while attacking a suicide plane with an inferior pilot, by flying wing on it for a time, and he later reported, "The Jap pilot opened the cockpit cover. . . . A white material flowed from his person and streamed in the wind. It appeared to be an Arab-type robe with large sleeves. It is possible that the robe suit had a white hood attached, but of this I could not be certain."

The pilots are neither locked in nor chained to their planes. The impression that they were locked in came from a widely printed news dispatch from Kunming, China, which was apparently based on inadequate information. The story that they were chained arose from one case in which the pilot had manacled his feet to the pedal controls of his plane. There has been no other instance of this practice. Probably the pilot in that case was unsure of his own courage and used the manacles as a check on himself. Although the Japanese radio states that suicide pilots go off without parachutes, several cases of men

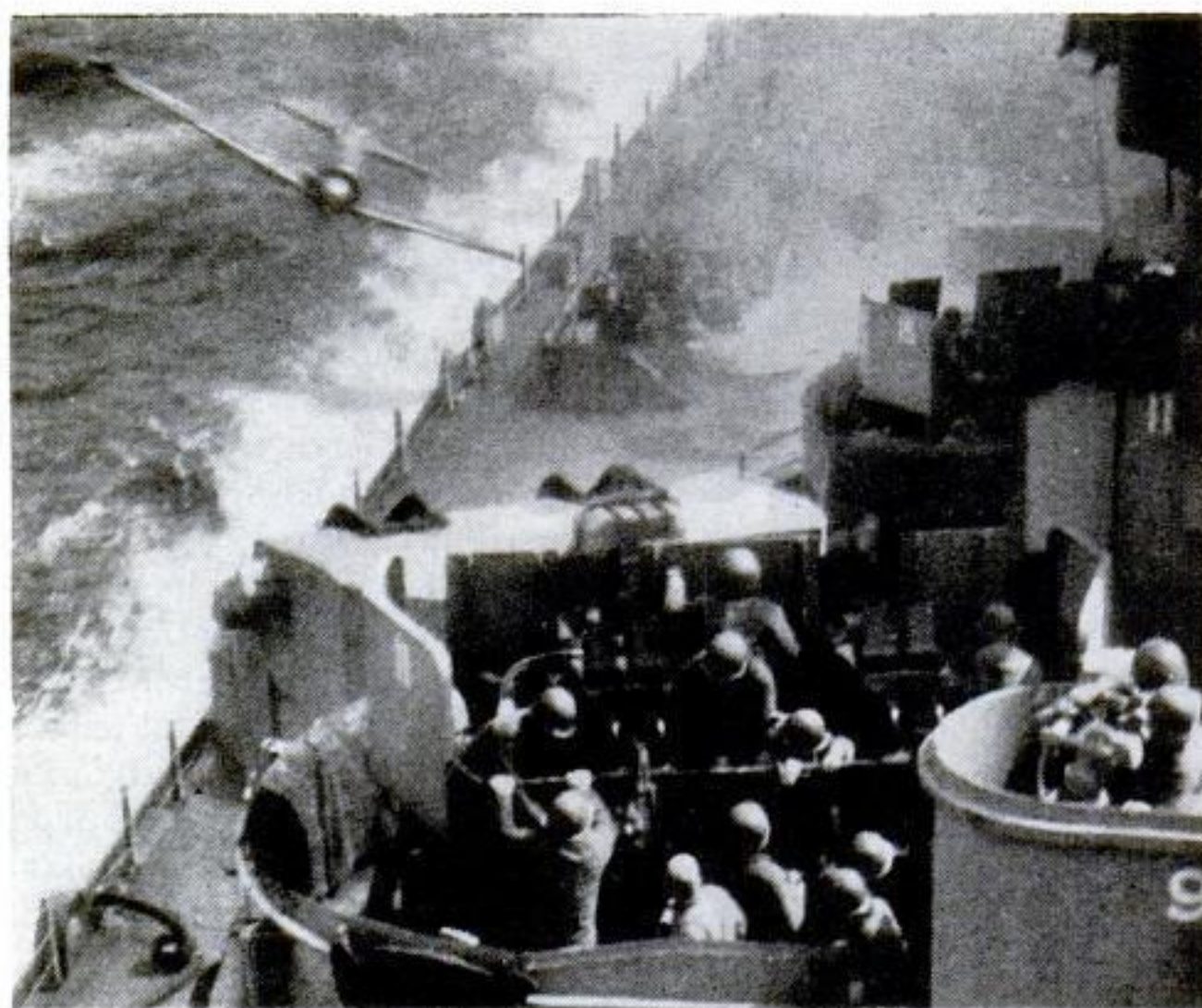
bailing out have been observed, and the action report of one ship which came under attack stated, "Oil, gasoline and parts of the plane were all over the ship. Most of the pilot was in the flying bridge and his parachute hung from the yardarm."

The men carry an ugly freight. Until recently there has been no uniformity in ordnance. Planes carried bombs, shells, torpedoes. One had a Type 89 50-mm. mortar shell which had not been modified for nose detonation and so did not explode; this indicated a hastily mounted suicide attack. Now more and more planes carry a 550-pound bomb, either armor-piercing or semiarmor-piercing. The light load of gas for a one-way trip makes it possible for planes to carry far more than their rated load of explosive. One Frances was estimated to have 3,000 pounds aboard. Sometimes the bombs are shackled to the planes, sometimes not. The planes have one mission only: to go in and attack, regardless of opposition. In the case of army planes (and the same is probably true of most navy planes) all guns and

ammunition are removed before take-off. The Japs feel that the extra speed pilots would get from the lightened plane would enable them to avoid engagement with enemy fighters. Multiple-seat planes like the Val go into attack with the rear seat, usually occupied by a defensive gunner, empty. Occasionally the planes' wings have been wired to set off the explosive charge on the slightest contact.

Some Japanese suicide pilots like all this and some do not. Quite a few have shown something less than the fanatical spirit which is expected of them. An American officer translates the complaints of one Japanese, "a Brooklyn-type Jap" captured off Samar Island, as follows: "I come to this Clark Field here a couple days ago and I have nothing to do so I go out to look at my plane. I find some dope of a mechanic has wired the bomb to my plane. I'm sore, I give this mechanic hell. He says, 'Very sorry, orders.' What are they trying to do to me? I go to headquarters and tell them what this dumb bastard done. They say, 'Oh, we all do that now.' I say, 'You do it, not me! I don't like this wiring business.' So what do they do? They arrest me. All night I'm under guard. I see I got to get cagey, so in the morning I say, 'Okay, I'll take this ride for the Emperor.' So they take the guard off me. Pretty soon I see my chance, I get my parachute in the plane. We go out on this mission, it looks lousy to me, so what do I do? I jump."

Even some instances which the Japanese radio has chosen to praise may be figured two ways: perhaps the pilots were heroic, perhaps they were very scared. One broadcast, for instance, told proudly of a Corporal Yamamoto who took off on April 12 with his TO squadron to attack the ships off Okinawa. The boy was said to be burning with ambition to die for the Emperor. After a while his plane came chugging back with alleged engine trouble. The boy wept bitterly that he had missed his chance. At the field they said, "Never mind, Yamamoto, you can go tomorrow." It happened that there was not another strike until the 16th. He took off. After a while his plane came chugging back; engine trouble; tears of disappointment. Yamamoto was so disappointed this time that he disappeared. He was found in the hills, weeping bitterly that he had failed the Emperor. He was brought back to the field and given another chance the next day. The plane revved up nicely. Suddenly Corporal Yamamoto jumped out of the plane. This time, according to Tokyo Radio, he did not cut for the hills; instead he ran around in front of the plane, patted its nose, bowed twice, got in, took off and, though they lis-



ZERO BORES IN on Admiral Halsey's flagship. Moment later it flew over this gun battery and hit the superstructure, starting small fire, then crashed into the sea.

tened for that faulty engine late into the evening, he never came back.

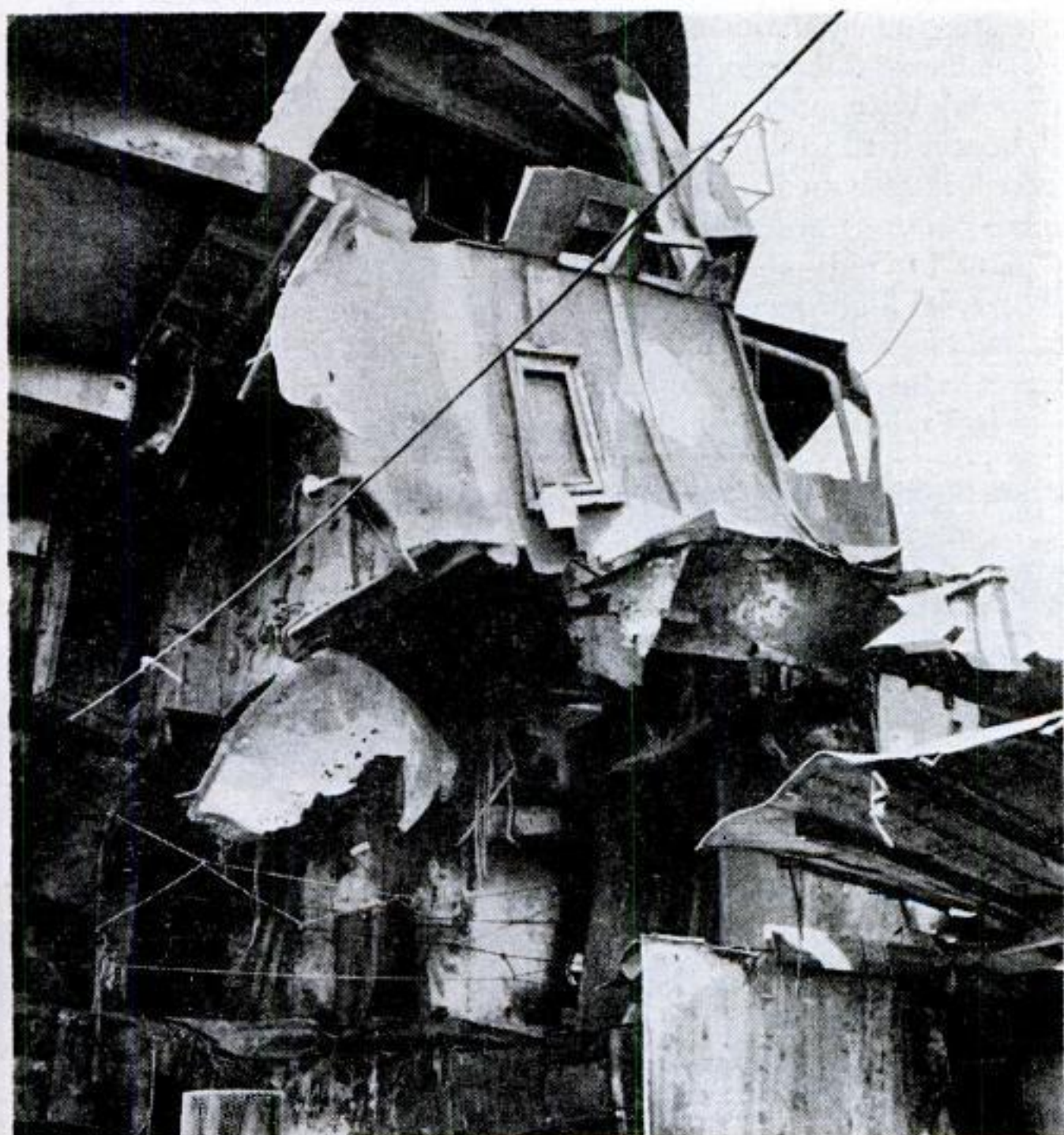
There are, however, plenty of pilots who really do seem to want to die for the Emperor. The pilots who survive and are captured can be assumed to be mostly malingerers and malcontents who care more about what happens to their earthly bodies than how their spirits make out later. There are hundreds who press the attack home for every one who surrenders. Even some of those who are captured are zealots. One man, an expert fighter pilot of long experience, closed for an attack and found AA fire so thick that he followed the instinct of an old hand and took evasive action. Then he remembered that he was on a mission on which he was not supposed to turn away. He swung back into the attack, but his plane was shot down. He was heart-broken that he survived and tried several times to kill himself in the brig of the ship that picked him up.

The *reductio ad absurdum* of this type of determination was set forth in a broadcast over Tokyo Radio by a certain General Endo. He told of a pilot who had flown to attack, had met bitter opposition and had had both his hands shot away. He flew all the way back to Japan, said General Endo, with his mouth around the joy stick, so that he could plan further action against the enemy. This, the general said, was an example of *Yamato Damashii*—superhuman Japanese spirit.

Pilots meet death in their own ways

The difficult and violent conditions at the time of an attack, coupled with the varying degrees of zeal and experience in the pilots, account for the extreme differences in tactics which suicide pilots employ. No matter how standardized training might become, each pilot would meet death according to his own genius. There are certain general outlines of tactics which both army and navy pilots employ. The two principal attacks are 1) a long, steep glide and 2) an approach only a few feet above the water, sometimes so low that the propellers make a wake, with a sudden climb and dive just before the target. There are, of course, many added twists. Some planes have flown right over the target and then suddenly have swung back to hit it before AA could be trained around. In attacking all types except carriers, the planes concentrate on the bridge structure where they hope to knock out the personnel and machinery of command, communications, gun controls and so forth. With carriers the standard attack is on the flight deck. Other tendencies are concentration on ships isolated from heavy anti-aircraft fire, such as the gallant destroyers out on picket duty, which have borne much the greatest weight of suicide attacks; simultaneous attack from two or more planes, to confuse gunnery defense; good use of cloud cover, the sun, land masses and other tricks to confuse spotting; and repeated attacks on ships which have already been hit (the *H.M.A.S. Australia*

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"U. S. S. PINCKNEY," hit by *Kamikaze* off Okinawa, lost 44 men, including 18 Okinawa wounded who were aboard transport. The ship is now in U.S. being repaired.

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KAMIKAZE CONTINUED

took aboard five suicide planes without sinking; the *U.S.S. Laffey* took five suicide hits, four bomb loads and three planes which grazed the ship).

But within these broad frames there are infinite variants, arising especially from the differing quality of pilots. One Marine fighter pilot who shot down two *Kamikaze* planes within a few moments reported, "In my opinion both pilots were poorly trained. Neither took any evasive action except kicking rudder and skidding. It appeared they were trained for *Kamikaze* duty and nothing else." Many pilots probably were flying their first mission. On the other hand some attacks come at night and must be flown by experts. After one crash an aviator's blouse was recovered which showed him to have been at one time a carrier pilot, the most experienced type of Japanese aviator.

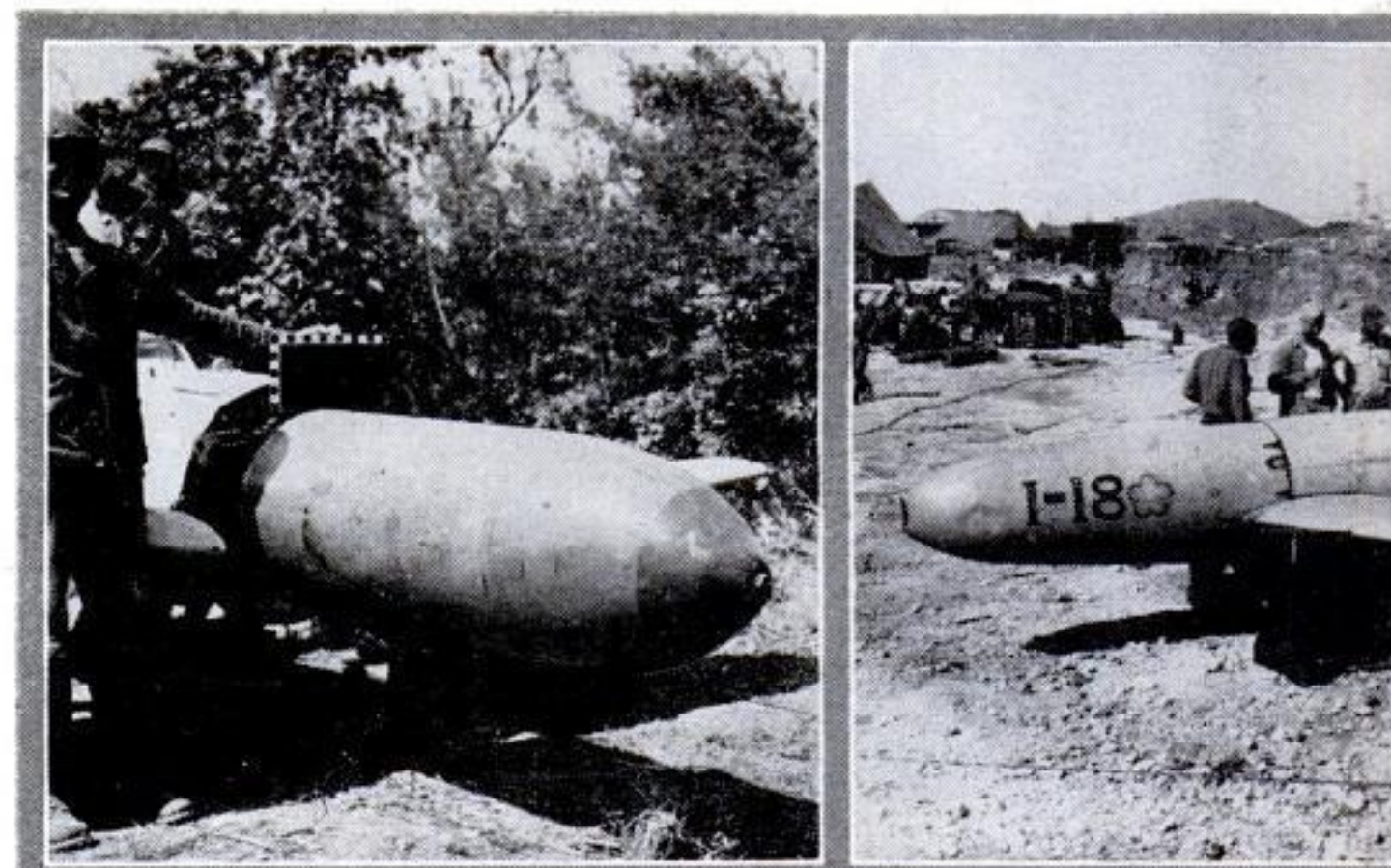
How skillful the pilots can be was indicated by the man who flew a Val in an attack on a U.S. warship on March 25, 1945, off Kerama Retto. As soon as the vessel opened AA fire the Val turned away in a great circle and firing ceased. Simultaneously with "cease firing" the Val swung in again. During his long approach the Val complicated the gunnery problem by zooming, climbing, slipping, skidding, accelerating, decelerating and even slow-rolling. When he had closed range to 4,000 yards he began coming in first with steep banks and then executing continuous, unrhythmical right and left skids at an altitude of about 150 feet. At 1,200 yards the plane was hit and began to smoke positively and blackly, but it came on. It passed over the stern at 100 feet and zipped over in a vertical crash directly into the still rapidly firing guns of a 40-mm. mount.

A marine discovers the "gizmo"

It was on March 21, 1945 that the Navy discovered a new wrinkle in *Kamikaze*. An ensign named Ward, flying a fighter plane from a U.S. carrier, dived on a formation of Bettys from above and astern and flew under the entire formation, about 2,000 feet below it. He looked up and saw that each Betty carried under its belly an object which looked something like the buzz-bombs Ward had seen in pictures. Whenever a Betty was hit by fire from U.S. planes, she released her baby, which glided down at about a 30° angle, in some cases trailing a light-brown smoke. The baby was at once dubbed "gizmo," which is Marine and Navy usage for any old thing you can't put a name to.

Gizmo turned out to be *baka*. The latter is a Japanese word meaning idiot or fool and it is the name which Americans gave to this winged, rocket-propelled, human-guided bomb. *Baka* has much in common with both the German buzz-bomb and the winged rocket bomb which Germans released from parent aircraft; there is evidence that the Japanese had German help in designing *baka*. But there is the added Jap touch: human life is considered as cheap as an automatic steering mechanism. The human steering gear is, no doubt, more efficient. *Baka* may be stupid, but the Navy has also called it "the bomb with a brain."

Baka is carried to within a few miles of the target at heights up to 27,000 feet and then released to glide to the target. Its maximum range is about 55 miles. With the help of three rockets, which push the plane for only about three miles, it can attain a speed of 535 mph in level flight and 618 mph in a dive. *Baka* is 19 feet 10 inches long and has a wing span of 16 feet 5 inches. At the highest point, where a transparent plastic bubble bulges out of the fuselage, it is only 3 feet 10 1/4 inches high. Nearly a third of the length of the plane



BAKA BOMB WARHEAD weighs 2,645 lb., including 1,135 lb. of trinitroanisole, explosive charge.

UNUSED BAKA was captured intact on Okinawa just

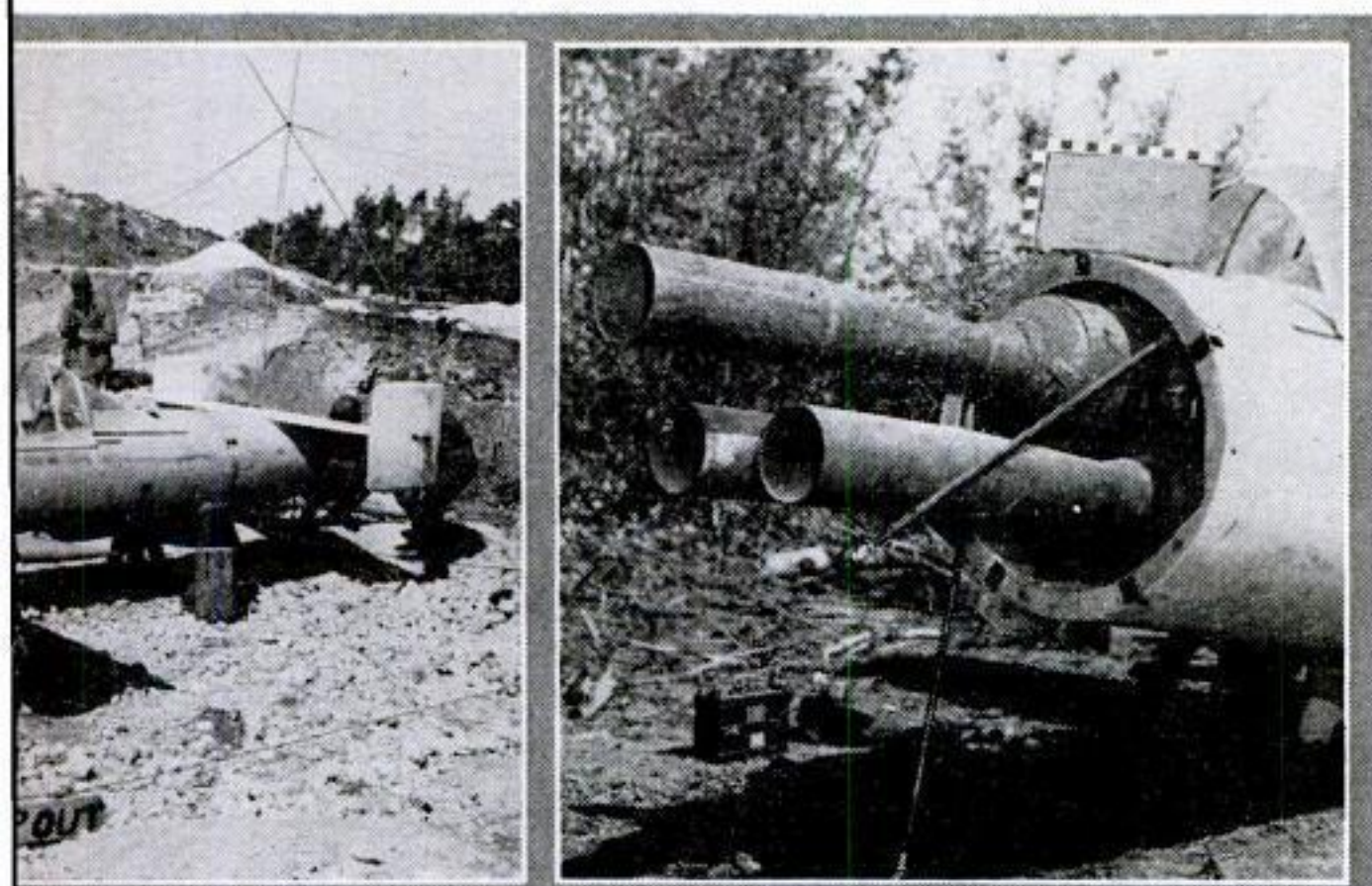
is taken up with the business end—a warhead weighing 2,645 pounds and containing 1,135 pounds of trinitroanisole, which has about the same sensitivity and power as TNT or picric acid. The one-trip pilot sits in a small bucket seat and controls the bomb with a standard joy stick and foot-rudder bar. Before him he sees an instrument panel with an intercommunication switch and lights by which (together with an electric horn) he can communicate with the parent plane in code until he is launched; a rocket ignition selector switch; an altimeter; a compass and deviation card; an air-speed indicator which goes up to 600 knots; a turn and bank indicator; an inclinometer; card holder and circuit test switch. The pilot has a small portable oxygen bottle which will last him about half an hour at 20,000 feet. *Baka* can be mothered by Betty, Liz, Peggy, Helen, Frances or Sally.

The Japanese have used suicide planes for air collisions. As early as February 1944, anticipating B-29 raids four months before they took place, they said, "We are now in a situation where we can demand nothing better than crash tactics, which insure the destruction of an enemy plane at one fell swoop, thus striking terror into his heart and rendering his powerfully armed and well-equipped airplanes valueless, by the sacrifice of one of our fighters." Cases of successful ramming have, however, been extremely rare. Probably the most spectacular was on Aug. 20, 1944 when, during a B-29 raid on Yawata, a Jap banked his plane so that it sliced off a Superfort's wing midway between the No. 1 engine and the tip. The explosion shattered both planes and flying debris brought down a second B-29. On May 26 the Japanese began using *baka* against B-29s. On night raids the mother plane turned a searchlight on a target plane and then released *baka*. One B-29 shot down both a Betty and her *baka*.

These and other types of suicidal defense can be expected to continue. A few days ago a voice on Tokyo Radio exhorted the entire Japanese empire of 100,000,000 men, women and children to "rise as one Special Attack Force to defend our own soil from enemy invasion." All of Japan has been ordered to become a great suicide unit. The whole Japanese nation has been asked to tear its own guts out in the very moment of trying to prevent an inevitable invader from doing just that. Premier Kantaro Suzuki promised his nation victory "even if, when it is won, no Japanese still is alive to enjoy it."

This is a crazy paradox and it is made even more bizarre by the fact that many Japanese are capable of carrying out the order. Japan has been conditioned for this irony by her history, which is not blotched with a single great defeat, by the alarming turn this war has taken and by a queer, myth-ridden, inflated mentality which actually might burst out of the narrow confines of the human skull into some such madness as a national suicide pact. A Japanese correspondent recently said over Tokyo Radio, "I even hope for an early landing of enemy forces on our mainland, just to sense the thrill when we strike a deadly blow to the enemy, and in expectation of worldwide amazement when our special attack weapons display full activity."

Suicide as a military device in times of desperation is nothing new. The British have often been able to ride handsomely to certain death; Tennyson praised this ability after the Light Brigade made its hopeless charge. Many awards of our own Congressional Medal of Honor celebrate moments of suicidal glory. But there is a difference. Most military suicides have been isolated acts of mad courage. The Japanese have done something no other nation in the world would be capable of doing. They have systematized suicide; they have nationalized a morbid, sickly act.

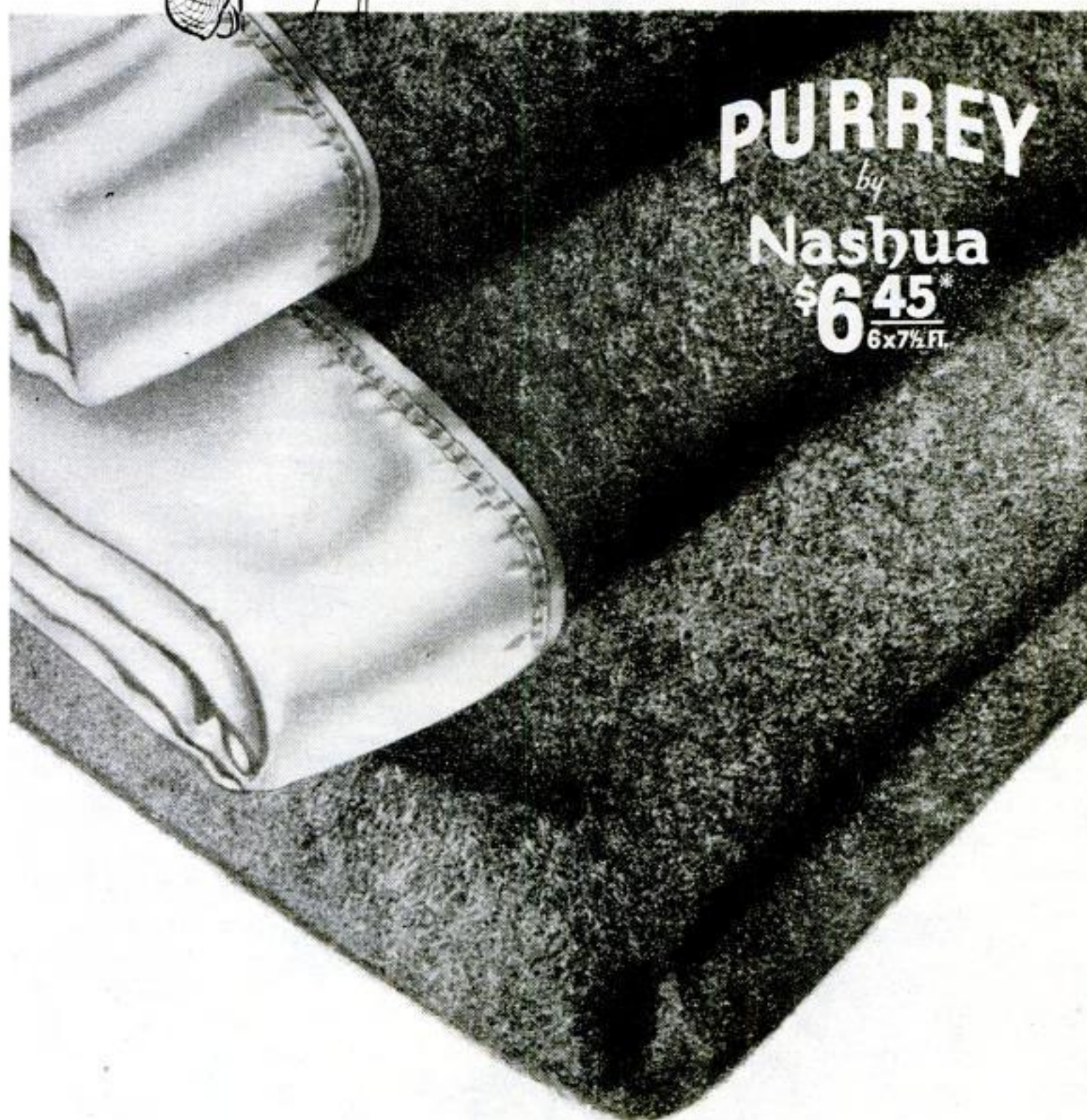


after invasion. Here it is examined by Marine officials.

THREE EXHAUST NOZZLES located beneath tail of *baka* bomb discharge gas from rocket motors.



Your Home-Coming Soldier
Rates the Best . . .
'Neath Warm, Light Purreys
Let Him Rest!

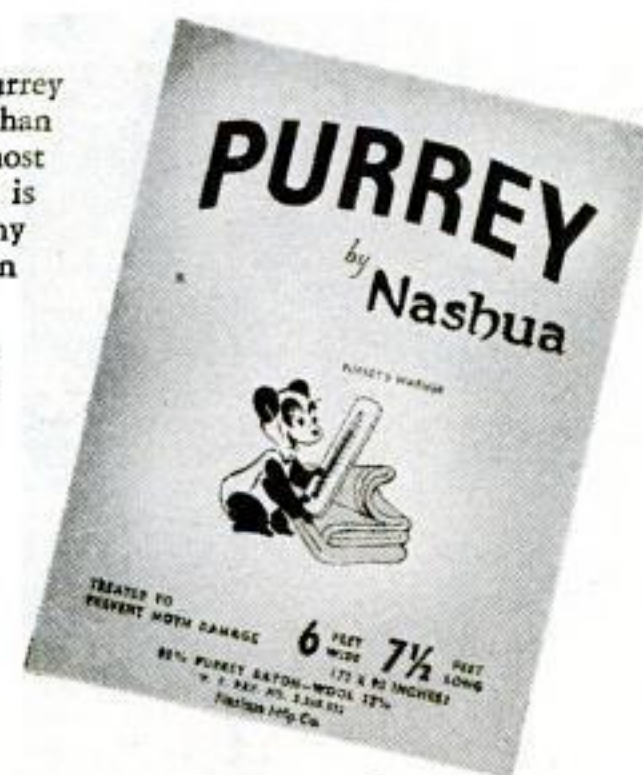


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AS SUN RISES OVER LAKE MEAD, ELLA RAINES
AND HER HUSBAND START OUT ON FISHING TRIP

Life Goes on a Holiday with Ella Raines

After three years of marriage, movie star and her flier-husband have their first real vacation together in Nevada

The day before she was to be graduated from the University of Washington, Ella Raines got a wire from Lieut. Kenneth Trout, AAF, asking if she would come to Florida to marry him. Foregoing graduation, Ella flew down and was married three days later. That was August 1942. They had 11 days together in Miami before Ken left for India and Burma as a bomber pilot.

Ever since, they have tried to vacation together and succeeded only last month. In the meantime Ella had gone to Hollywood, made a hit, become one of screen's busiest young stars. Ken, by now a major, had flown 28 missions in the CBI Theater, returned to the States, served up to last week as chief of operations at Muroc Army Air Base, 70 miles from Los Angeles and Ella.

They planned to leave on a Friday, but Ella was due at Universal studios the following Monday for retakes on her newest picture, *Uncle Harry*. At noon they set out for the Last Frontier Hotel at Las Vegas, Nev. There they spent ten days fishing, swimming and picnicking—the things they liked to do best when they were sweethearts at Snoqualmie (Wash.) High School.



Ella fishes, in man's pork-pie hat, with her husband and host. They got up at 3:30 a.m., fished all morning, caught nothing.



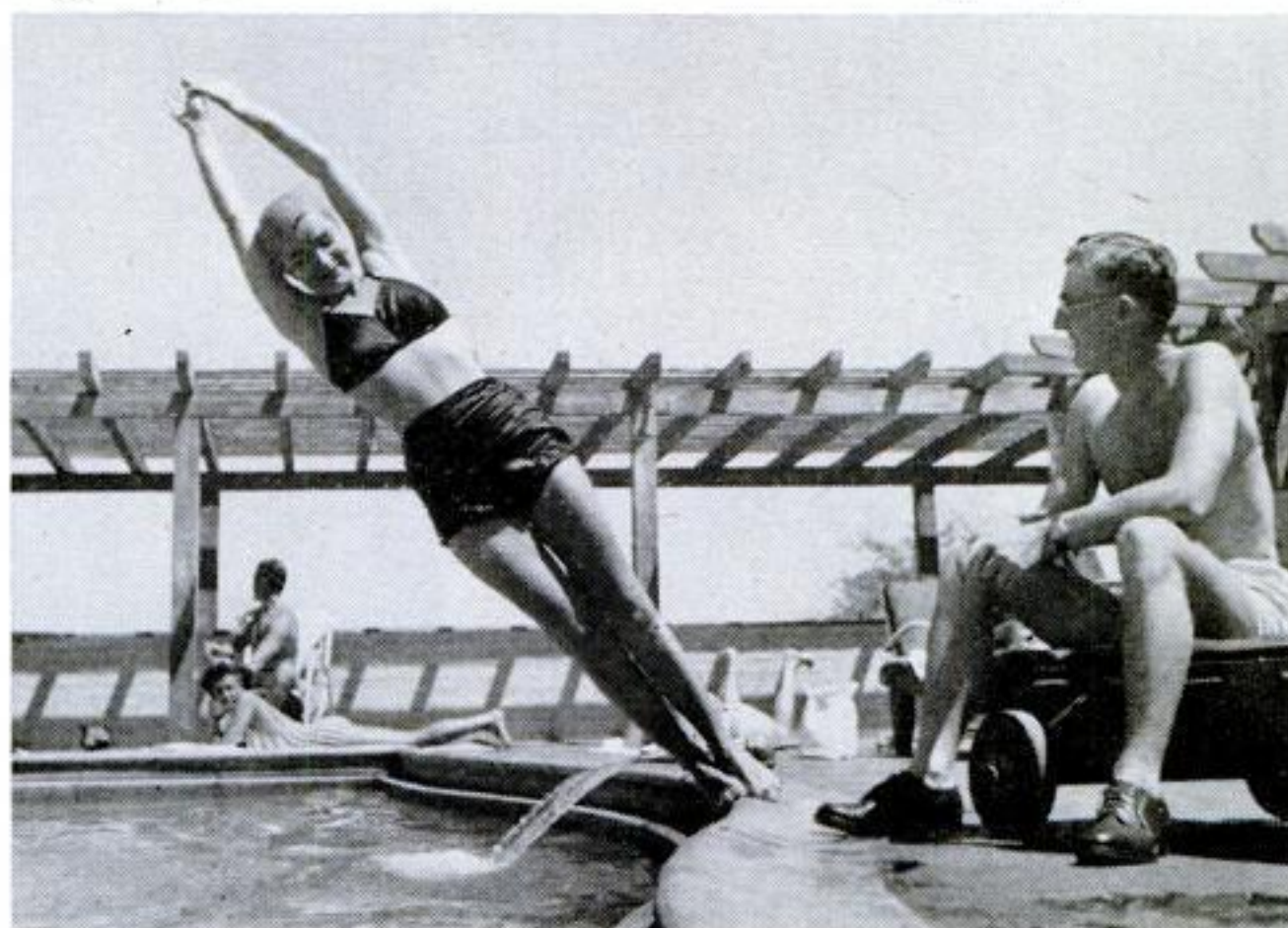
She gets a ride pickaback over the hot stones. Ken is clutching two black bass borrowed from a more successful angler.



Ken throws a noose about his wife, who is an expert rider. One of her recent pictures was a western, *Tall in the Saddle*.



At the pool Ella cools off after a fast game of Ping-pong, which Ken won. Ella beat him at badminton.



"Side belly-flop" is Ella's name for this original dive, which she demonstrates for her admiring husband. They lunched on turkey sandwiches delivered to the pool.



Ella greased Ken's back every few minutes. Both got a burn under hot sun. Temperature was 100°.



Wiener roast ends hike through the woods at Mt. Charleston, a mountain resort 6,500 feet high, an hour from Las Vegas.



Gin rummy on porch passes the time before dinner. Last Frontier Hotel is a kind of dude ranch with air-conditioned rooms.



In gay nineties bar, modeled on old Las Vegas bordello, Ella and Kenneth have cocktails. After dinner they went dancing.



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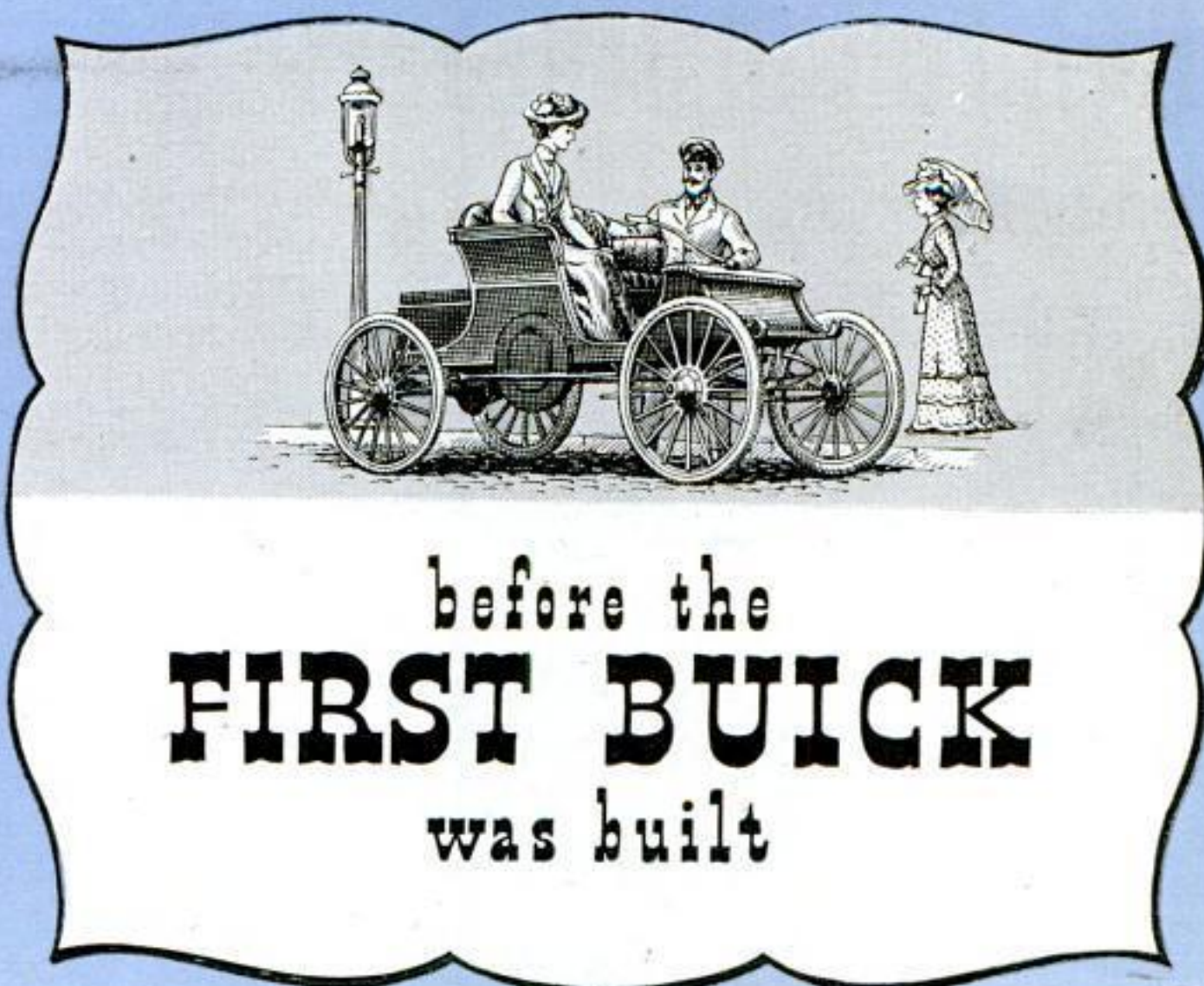
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Shadow and sunlight form a huge checkerboard over Ella as she lies near the pool. Just after this holiday together her husband got his discharge from the Army. He



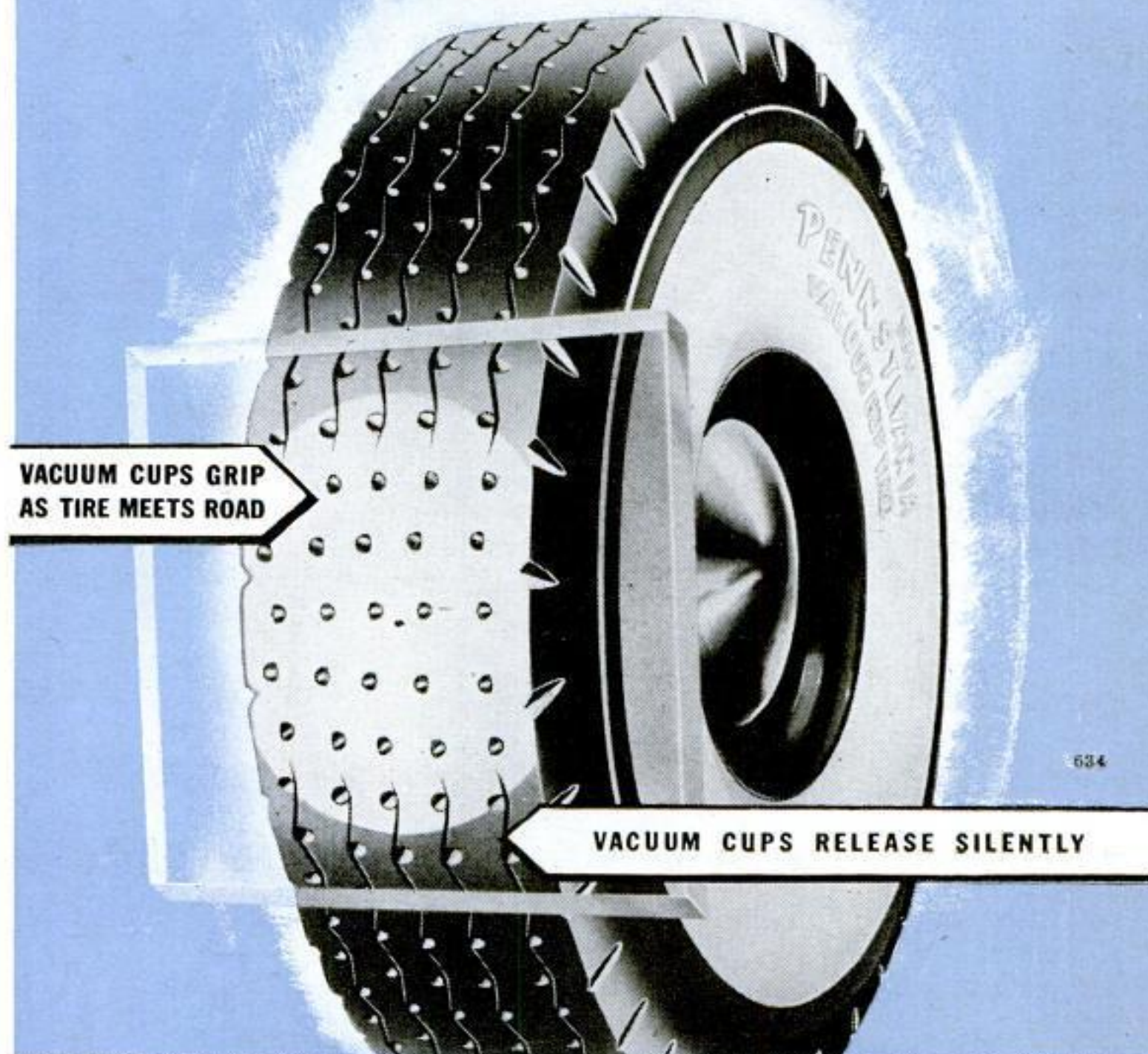
has now joined her in Beverly Hills. Their dream is to have a home filled with rugs and furniture Ken bought in Far East, to be shipped home when the war is over.



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HUNT FOR CLOTHES

Veterans have hard time buying the civilian outfits they want

When a man is discharged from the Army he has from one to 30 days in which to get out of uniform and into civilian clothes. S/Sgt. Paul Steffens of East Orange, N.J. is one of nearly 100,000 men who made this transition last month, with the results shown here. Like most veterans he had found that his old suits and shirts either did not fit or had been given away. What he wanted to buy was tropical-worsted suits, white broadcloth shirts, striped pajamas, lounging

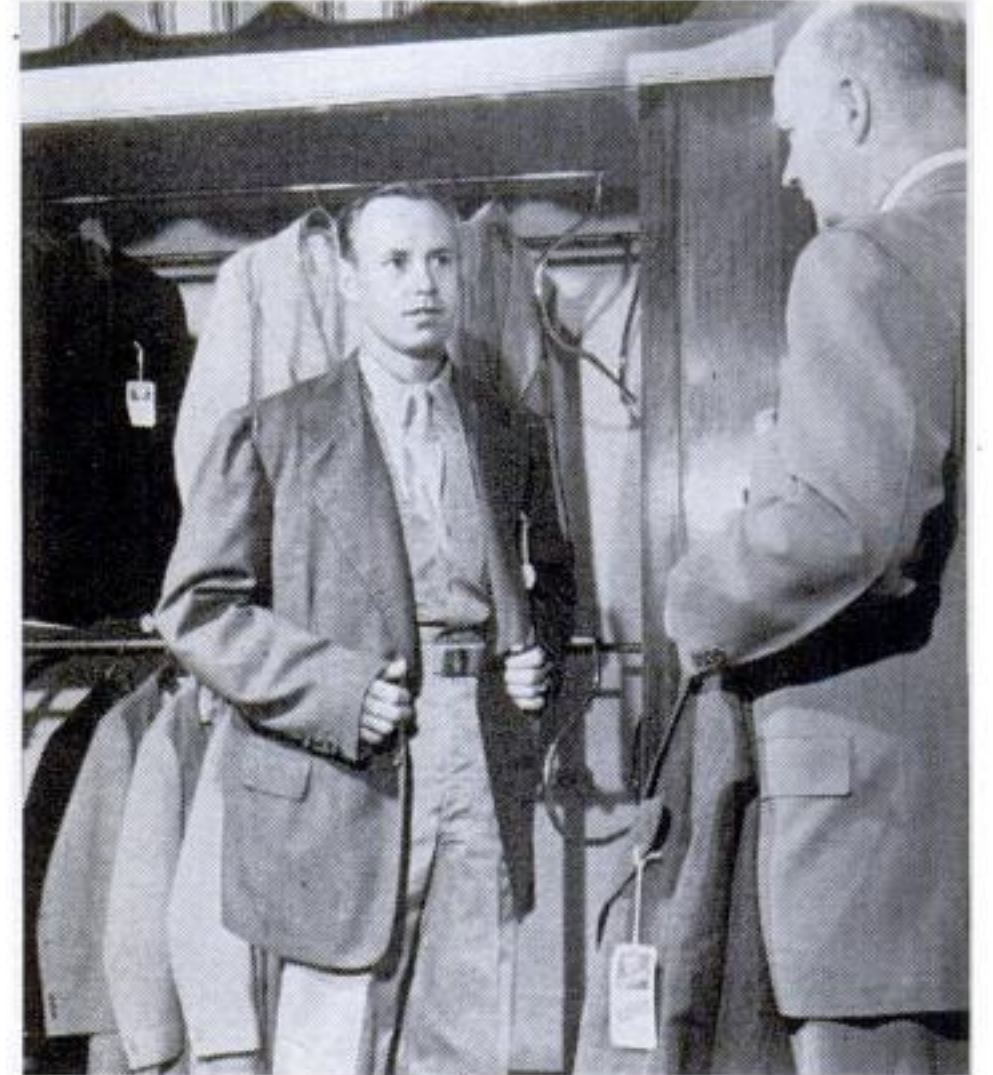
robe and underwear. What he found was practically bare racks and shelves. Government needs have frozen all worsted fabrics (of which 80% of all men's suits are made) and taken most of cotton yardage. Thousands of veterans every day have the same shopping experience that Sergeant Steffens had. A veteran with the stamina of a bargain-hunting female may find some of the things he wants. But most veterans, like Sergeant Steffens, will compromise and take substitutes.



S/Sgt. Paul Steffens, honorably discharged, is allowed to take home complete outfit he is wearing, plus OD uniform.



His civilian suit, last worn in 1941, is too tight. Most young men gained weight in the Army, older men lost excess fat.



On shopping tour he tries on a tropical-worsted, first choice of most veterans in summer. Only odd sizes are now left.



At the shirt counter Steffens tries to buy a white broadcloth shirt but he has no more luck than President Truman had in Kansas City. Instead he buys striped rayon sports shirts.



Plain white shorts are hard to find. Paul considers buying Tahitian bathing trunks for use as shorts. These display cases, which were once full of underwear, now have only fancy socks.



What he hoped to buy—tropical-worsted suit, flannel robe, pajamas, white shirts, shorts, sports clothes—is shown here.



What he got was a herringbone-weave, medium-weight wool suit, warm for summer but good for fall, and a striped shirt.



For summer wear he compromised on a seersucker. In package are bathing shorts and pajamas. Uniform was sent home.

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other better. Whether in Rio or in Richmond, when you say *Have a Coke* you've said it all, in a way that people like and understand. *The pause that refreshes* with ice-cold Coca-Cola is a happy symbol of friendliness everywhere.

* * *

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